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THE BONAPARTE FAMILY.

1. *Mémoires de Lucien Bonaparte, Prince de Canino.* Ecrits par lui-même. Londres, 1836.
2. *Le Duc de Reichstadt ; notice sur la vie et la mort de ce Prince.* Par M. de MONTBEL, ancien Ministre du Roi Charles X. Paris, 1832.
3. *Histoire de Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte.* Par AMEDEV HENNEQUIN. Paris, 1848.
4. *Œuvres de Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte.* Paris, 1849.
5. *History of the year 1848.* By W. K. KELLY. London, 1849.

IN the year 1785, there died at Montpellier, in the prime of life, a Corsican lawyer, who, in his early youth, had fought by the side of Paoli in the war of Corsican independence, but had afterwards submitted to the fortune that had attached him, together with about 150,000 persons, his fellow-islanders, all of Italian origin, as subjects to the crown of France. His place of residence was the town of Ajaccio, in his native island, where he held the post of assessor to the judicial court; but business obliged him occasionally to visit France, and it was during one of those visits that he died. He left a widow, still a young and beautiful woman, and eight children, of whom the eldest was but seventeen years, and the youngest only three months old. Left in somewhat straitened circumstances, the chief reliance of the family was in a rich old uncle, an ecclesiastic in

the Corsican Church. Two of the children, indeed, had already, in a manner, been provided for. The eldest, a son, had begun the study of the law. The second, a youth of sixteen, had completed his education at the military academies of Brienne and Paris, and had just received, or was on the point of receiving, a sub-lieutenancy of artillery in the French king's army. It was on this young soldier, rather than on his elder brother, that the hopes of the family were fixed. Even the poor father's ravings on his death-bed, it is said, were all about his absent boy, Napoleon, and a "great sword" that he was to bequeath to him.

Sixty-four years have elapsed since then—two generations and part of a third—and what changes have they not seen in the fortunes of the Corsican family! In the first, issuing from their native island, like some

band of old Heracleidæ, and pushing, with their military brother at their head, into the midst of a Revolution that was then convulsing Europe, these half-Italian orphans, whose dialect no one could recognize, cut their way to the centre of the tumult, seize the administration, and are distributed as kings and princes among the western nations. In the second, shattered and thrown down as by a stroke of Apocalyptic vengeance, they are dispersed as wanderers over the civilized world, to increase their numbers, and form connections everywhere. And now, again, at the beginning of a third, there seems to be a gathering of them towards the old centre, as if for a new function in regard to the future. Let us glance for a little at these successive chapters of a most extraordinary family-history, not yet ended.

The outbreak of the Revolution in 1789-90 found the Bonapartes all living together at Ajaccio—the eldest, Giuseppe, or Joseph, in his twenty-third year, a lawyer entering into practice; the second, Napolione or Napoleon, now twenty-one years of age, a lieutenant of artillery on leave of absence; the third, Luciano, or Lucien, a hot-headed young man, five years younger than Napoleon, (one or two intermediate children having died,) and fresh from the College of Autun; the fourth a daughter, Mariana-Anna, afterwards called Eliza, then in her fifteenth year; next to her, Luigi or Louis, a boy of twelve or thirteen; and lastly, the three youngest, still mere infants, Maria-Annonciada, afterwards called Pauline, Maria-Carolina or Caroline, and Gierolamo or Jerome. In the same house with the Bonapartes, and about three years older than Joseph, lived the Abbé Fesch, a half-brother of Madame Bonaparte. All the family, as indeed almost all the Corsicans at that time, were admirers of the Revolution; but the most fervid revolutionist of all was Lucien, who was the juvenile prodigy of the family, and whose speeches, delivered at the meetings of a popular society that had been established at Ajaccio, were the delight of the town. Joseph, older and steadier, took his part, too, in the general bustle; while the lieutenant amused his idleness by long walks about the island, and by writing various essays and sketches, among which is mentioned a History of the Revolutions of Corsica, a manuscript copy of which was forwarded to Mirabeau.

At the second great epoch of the Revolution (1792-3) the Bonapartes were again assembled at Ajaccio, Napoleon having just

returned from that memorable visit to Paris, during which he and Bourrienne, sauntering through the streets, saw the mob attack the Tuileries. At this time the Corsicans were in a fever of excitement, having just received back among them their long-lost idol Paoli, whom the course of events had permitted to return from his exile in England, and whom the French King and National Assembly had invested with the supreme authority in his native island. To the Bonapartes the return of the old friend of their father was particularly welcome; and Joseph and Napoleon willingly gave him their help in the government of the island, while young Lucien, who was his chief favorite, went to live with him as an adopted son. But the progress of the Revolution had stirred strange thoughts in the heart of the veteran. Disgusted with the conduct of the Parisian leaders, he was secretly planning a revolt under the patronage of England, the result of which should be the permanent emancipation, as he hoped, of his darling island from all foreign thralldom. Accordingly, in January, 1793, the Corsicans, under Paoli, again unfurled their old flag of independence. But a movement like this, though it might carry away the rude peasantry of the island, could not draw with it educated young men like the Bonapartes, accustomed to see the future of Corsica only in that of France. Exposed, therefore, to the vengeance of Paoli and his adherents, they were obliged hurriedly to escape from the island altogether, and to cast themselves, as refugees of the Revolution, on the hospitality of their adopted country. What a waif was then cast ashore on France in that Corsican lady and her eight children!

Marseilles became the head-quarters of the Bonaparte family during the Reign of Terror. Here, from 1793 to 1796, they were severally to be either seen or heard of—Joseph, employed as a commissary of war, living in the town, wooing, and at last (1794) marrying a Mademoiselle Clary, the daughter of a wealthy merchant, another of whose daughters became the wife of a young officer, named Bernadotte; Napoleon, occasionally at Marseilles, but usually absent in Paris, or elsewhere, already a general of brigade, having been raised to that rank for his services at the siege of Toulon, yet grumbling at his poverty and inactivity, and thinking his brother Joseph “a lucky rogue” in having made so good a match; Lucien, a young firebrand, known over the whole district as “Brutus Bonaparte,” and extremely

popular as a Republican orator, first at Marseilles itself, and afterwards at the small town of St. Maximin, some leagues distant, where he held a civil commission under the Convention, and where, in 1795, he married Mademoiselle Boyer, the sister of an inn-keeper; and lastly, the five younger members of the family living under the same roof with their mother and the Abbé Fesch, and supported jointly by Napoleon and Joseph.

The fall of Robespierre and his party (July, 1794) was a temporary blow to the fortunes of the Bonapartes, connected as they were, on the whole, with that side of the Revolution. General Bonaparte, arrested, and, though almost immediately liberated, still suspected and degraded, thought of quitting France to seek employment in the Turkish service. His brothers Joseph and Lucien lost their appointments and shared the same disgrace. It was not till after the famous 13th Vendemiaire, (4th October, 1795,) when Napoleon blew the insurgent mob to pieces with grapeshot, and thus established the government of the Directory, that the fortunes of the Bonapartes were decided. Appointed in consequence to the supreme command of the army of Italy, Napoleon was able instantly to provide for three of his brothers. Joseph and Lucien received important civil appointments in connection with the army; and young Louis, after a short training at the artillery school of Chalons, was to go to serve under his brother in Italy. To these members of his family, General Bonaparte, before his departure for Italy, in March, 1796, was able to introduce, in the character of relatives, three other persons, whose names were thenceforward to be conspicuous in his history—his bride Josephine, the widow of the Viscount de Beauharnais, then in her thirty-third year, and consequently six years his senior; and that lady's two children by her former marriage—a boy, Eugene, aged about sixteen, and a girl, Hortense, aged thirteen years.

By the splendid successes of Bonaparte in Italy and in Egypt, (1796–9,) a still higher position was earned for his family in the public regard. Corsica, abandoned by the English in 1796, and immediately recovered by the French, was proud to claim as her sons men of such note in Paris as the Bonapartes. In the Council of Five Hundred, both Joseph and Lucien sat as deputies from their native island. Here, partly from their own activity, and partly from their connection with the great General of the Republic, they became at once important men; and Joseph,

on his return from an embassy to the Papal States in 1798, was elected to the secretaryship of the Assembly. The same year (1797) that saw the two brothers in the Council of Five Hundred, saw two of their sisters married—the eldest, Eliza, to Felix Bacchiochi, a Corsican of good family, but then only a captain of infantry, and, as Bonaparte thought, not a suitable match for his sister; and the second, Pauline, who was the sprightliest and most beautiful of the three, to General Leclerc, an excellent officer of humble origin, who had become enamored of her during a military mission to Marseilles, and who carried her off from hundreds of despairing lovers. Eliza and Pauline being thus married, and Louis being absent in Italy, where he served along with young Eugene Beauharnais on the staff of his brother, there remained under their mother's roof at Marseilles only Caroline and Jerome, the former about seventeen, and the latter about fifteen years of age.

After the Revolution of the 18th Brumaire, (9th October, 1799,) the various members of the Bonaparte family were all re-united in Paris round the persons of the First Consul. Madame Bonaparte, with Caroline and Jerome, came up from Marseilles in the winter; and with them, or about the same time, came, infinitely to the annoyance of the First Consul, hosts of unknown relations by marriage—Bacchiochis, Boyers, Clarys, Leclercs, and other odd people from the country—all building high hopes on their connection with the great man that had become the head of the State.

The position of the Bonapartes during the Consulate was that of the first family in France. Joseph, performing the functions of Councillor of State and Tribune, was intrusted by his brother with various important diplomatic commissions, and, among them, with the business of arranging the Concordat with the Pope in 1801. The publication in 1799 of a romance called "*Moina*," had already made him known as an author. Lucien, who had also just made his first literary attempt in a romance called "*Stellina*," published in the same year, was appointed Minister of the Interior, superseding in that office the celebrated mathematician, Laplace. As Minister of the Interior he displayed very great talent and activity; and discourses delivered by him on various public occasions during his brother's Consulate may yet be read with interest. To his two brothers-in-law, Bacchiochi and Leclerc, the First Consul also behaved handsomely. Bacchiochi

was raised to a colonelcy, and marked out for farther promotion, more for his wife's sake than his own; and Leclerc was first appointed to the command of the army of Portugal, and afterwards (1801) sent out as Governor of the West Indian island of Hayti or St. Domingo, which had been in a state of insurrection since the emancipation of the blacks in 1794. In this expedition Leclerc was accompanied by his wife, the beautiful Pauline Bonaparte, accounts of whose fêtes, balls *al fresco*, and magnificent gracefulness, mingle, in the French narratives of the expedition, with the horrors of the yellow fever and the massacres of negro warfare. Meanwhile, Pauline's younger sister, Caroline, was given in marriage at home to a dashing cavalry officer in her brother's army, named Joachim Murat, the son of an innkeeper at Perigord. The history of Louis Bonaparte under the Consulship of his brother was a singular one. Sent by his brother from Italy with dispatches to the Directory, in 1796, he had (being then in his nineteenth year) met at Paris Mademoiselle de Beauharnais, the daughter of an *émigré* Marquis, a relative of Josephine's first husband, and had fallen violently in love with her. Informed of the circumstance by an old friend of the family, who feared that a marriage relationship with a Royalist house might prove injurious to the interests of the Republican general, Bonaparte, to break off the connection, had hastily removed Louis from Paris on a pretended military mission to Lyons. Neither this absence, however, nor the subsequent campaign in Egypt, could remove the impression that had been made on the young man's heart; and Mademoiselle de Beauharnais having been shortly afterwards married to M. de Lavalette, frustrated passion resulted, in a character naturally pensive and affectionate, in a settled and unconquerable melancholy. The entire subsequent conduct of Louis towards his brother was a silent reproach for that one act of fraternal cruelty; and Napoleon, on his side, conscious of the wrong he had done, tried to atone for it by the peculiar kindness with which he ever afterwards treated the unfortunate Louis. After having served as a dragoon officer against the Chouan insurgents of La Vendée, Louis was recalled to Paris. Here Josephine, who had long desired a counterpoise in her husband's family against the influence of his brothers Joseph and Lucien, which she knew to be hostile to her, worked hard to bring about a marriage between him and her daughter Hortense. The young man, still full of his first love, avoided

all advances; nor was Hortense more willing, her heart having been already given to the handsome Duroc, the favorite aide-de-camp of Napoleon. The manœuvres of Josephine, however, prevailed over all obstacles; a ball at Malmaison brought affairs to a point; and on the 4th of January, 1802, was celebrated, amid the rejoicings of the Court, this marriage of state-arrangement—a marriage, on both sides, of reluctance and tears. Hortense's brother, Eugene Beauharnais, had, in the mean-time, notwithstanding his youth, been raised by his all-powerful step-father, to the rank of general; while Jerome Bonaparte, a young scapegrace of sixteen, had entered the naval service, and having gone out, as a ship's lieutenant, in the expedition to St. Domingo under his brother-in-law Leclerc, had, on his return, been sent back, as captain of a frigate, to cruise between Martinique and Tobago. Meanwhile Madame Lætitia, the mother of the Bonapartes, was living in Paris, enjoying the success of so many that were dear to her. Even her half-brother, the Abbé Fesch of Ajaccio, had not been forgotten; ecclesiastical forms having been restored in France, Napoleon took advantage of having a relative in holy orders, and, through his influence with the Pope, had him created first (1802) a Bishop, and afterwards (1803) a Cardinal.

The accession of Napoleon to the imperial dignity, (18th May, 1804,) opened a new era in the history of the Bonaparte family. Civil titles and decorations having been restored, the relatives of the Emperor naturally formed the nucleus of the new aristocracy, that was created in France. Joseph, now thirty-seven years of age, and who was already senator, and grand-officer of the Legion of Honor, was named Prince of France, and Grand Elector of the Empire. Lucien, who was also grand-officer of the Legion of Honor, would have had the same honors as Joseph, had he not about this time incurred the displeasure of his peremptory brother. Napoleon had never been satisfied with the marriage that Lucien had contracted in his youth with Mademoiselle Boyer, the innkeeper's sister of Saint-Maximin, and when, after that lady's death, Lucien again frustrated the scheme of a high alliance, by marrying (1803) the beautiful Madame Jourberteau, a young widow whose husband had died at Saint Domingo of yellow fever, the rage of the Emperor knew no bounds. Lucien, who was moreover sufficiently high-spirited to differ from his brother occasionally in matters of policy, quitted France altogether, and

(1804) took up his residence in Rome, where he was kindly received by Pope Pius VII., who had previously contracted a personal regard for him. In Rome or its neighborhood, accordingly, Lucien Bonaparte continued to reside during the first years of the Empire, a man of Republican sentiments and liberal tastes, patronizing the arts in a munificent way, talking somewhat freely of his brother, and known to be engaged on a great epic poem in the French language, the subject of which was the Life of Charlemagne, and, in particular, the connection of that hero with the early Papacy. More obedient to his imperial brother than the literary and republican Lucien, Louis Bonaparte was created Prince and Constable of France; Cardinal Fesch received the Archbishopric of Lyons; Eugene Beauharnais was made a prince; Murat also became a prince, and a marshal of the Empire; Bacchiocchi shared his wife's dignity as a French princess; and Pauline Bonaparte who had returned a widow from Saint Domingo, where the yellow fever had carried off Leclerc, and who had been given in second marriage (Nov. 1803) to the Italian Prince Camille de Borghese, became also a French princess in her own right, and continued to reside in Paris, the delight of the salons, and the pride of her imperial brother, whom she alternately pleased and provoked by her haughty sisterly ways. A separate establishment, with secretaries, chamberlains, &c., was also assigned to the mother of the Emperor, or, as she was now called, MADAME MERE; and with this was conjoined, by way of occupation, a special office created expressly for her by the admirable good taste of Napoleon, and designated the Protectress-ship-general of Charitable Institutions. Lucien was not the only one of her sons for whom the poor lady had to intercede with the Emperor. The young sailor, Jerome, the Benjamin of the family, with whose conduct Napoleon had more than once found fault, was again in disgrace. Driven from his cruising station at Martinique by English vessels, he had touched at the North American coast, and had there (1803) married a Miss Elizabeth Patterson, the daughter of a Baltimore merchant. When the young couple came to Europe in 1805, Napoleon would not receive the bride as a member of the imperial family; and, at length, not without opposition on the part of the young sailor, the marriage was annulled after one or two children had been born.

The same *Senatus-Consultum* that raised Napoleon to the Empire, provided for the

succession in case of his death. By this decree the imperial crown was settled, first, on Napoleon, and his legitimate male descendants in the order of primogeniture, to the perpetual exclusion of females. Secondly, failing these, on any son or grandson of any of his brothers that Napoleon might adopt, and on the heirs-male of such son or grandson. Thirdly, on Napoleon's eldest brother Prince Joseph Bonaparte, and on his heirs-male in due order; and fourthly, on Napoleon's third brother, Prince Louis Bonaparte, and on his heirs-male in the same order. The exclusion of Lucien and Jerome shows that they were not in such favor with Napoleon as the other two brothers. When, on the 27th November, 1804, the decree was referred for ratification to the French people in their departments, the result was as follows: total number of votes, registered 3,524,254; affirmative votes, 3,521,675; negative votes, 2579.

Another stage still was in reserve in the career of the Bonapartes. A succession of victories and conquests (1805-10) made Napoleon master of continental Europe from the Atlantic on the one side to and beyond the Danube on the other. Here again his relatives and friends were of signal assistance to him. So long as he was only Emperor of France, they had formed but the nucleus of a nation's aristocracy; but now, distributed over a wider space, and bulking individually larger, they were to fulfil his designs as vassal kings and princes among foreign populations.

The following was the manner in which the various members of the Bonaparte family were distributed over Europe during the plenitude of the imperial power. To Eugene Beauharnais was assigned the vice-royalty during Napoleon's life, with the subsequent possession in full, of the so-called kingdom of Northern Italy. To Joseph Bonaparte was assigned (1806) the kingdom of the Two Sicilies; but afterwards, (1808,) greatly to the regret of the Neapolitans, to whom he had rendered himself dear by his really efficient and conscientious government, Joseph was transferred to the less stable throne of Spain. He was succeeded on the throne of the Sicilies by his brother-in-law Murat, whom Napoleon had already created Grand Duke of Berg; nor did the Neapolitans suffer from the change, for Murat and his wife Caroline Bonaparte, fulfilled the duties of king and queen better than any royal pair, their predecessors excepted, that had occupied the Neapolitan throne within recollection. In the parts of Italy that lay be-

tween the Northern kingdom and the kingdom of Naples, territories were assigned to the other sisters of Napoleon—the duchy of Guastalla to the Princess Borghese, and the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, with the principalities of Lucca and Piombino, to the Princess Eliza, who, though conjoined with her husband Bacchiochi in the sovereignty, so completely set him aside in the actual administration, as to procure for herself the name of “the Semiramis of Lucca.” While Spain and Italy were thus provided for, the more northern and eastern parts of Europe were not overlooked. In May, 1806, the inhabitants of Holland received an admirable king in the melancholy and amiable Louis; while Jerome had the kingdom of Westphalia created for him out of certain Prussian and Hessian provinces, and other fragments of the dissolved German empire. As even then the Napoleonic influence in the Germanic parts of Europe might not have been sufficiently strong, care was taken to fortify it by several new alliances arranged by Napoleon between disposable members of his family, and native Germanic houses. Thus for Eugene Beauharnais, who was still unmarried, a wife was found in the Princess Amelia Augusta, the daughter of the King of Bavaria; and in lieu of his former American wife, so harshly parted from him, King Jerome of Westphalia received a royal bride in the Princess Katharina, the daughter of the King of Wurtemberg. Upon all these distributions and alliances of her sons and daughters, the venerable Madame Lætitia is said to have looked with a calm and only half-believing eye, living quietly at Paris, and carefully economizing her income. “Who knows,” she is reported to have said, “but I may have to keep all those kings and queens one day?” Her son Lucien was the only one of her family that did not wear a crown. At an interview between the two brothers at Mantua, after the peace of Tilsit, Lucien had, indeed, been offered his choice of several thrones, if he would divorce his wife and contract a new alliance agreeable to the Emperor. This offer, however, he had steadily refused, and returning to the Roman dominions, he was glad to retreat into literary leisure at his estate of Canino, near Viterbo, talking somewhat less of politics, and employing himself on the last cantos of his bulky epic, now drawing to a close. The Pope, his constant friend, enrolled him among the Roman nobility with the title of Prince of Canino.

When, to the facts just enumerated, we

add that Prussia and Austria were servile through defeat, that Sweden was governed by the Frenchman Bernadotte, a relative of the Bonapartes, that Russia was acquiescent, and that only Great Britain was stubborn and irreconcilable, we shall have an idea of the distance that Napoleon had advanced in his path to universal empire. To secure what had already been attained, to put all else within his grasp, and to give to the work of his life that roundness and finish that he wished it to have in the eyes of posterity, only one thing farther seemed necessary—his own marriage, namely, with a Princess of the House of Austria. By such a measure, it seemed, two things would be accomplished—the East of Europe would be permanently linked with the West, forming a confederacy so vast in the body, that mere extremities like Russia, Sweden, and Great Britain, would be forced to give in to it; and the triumphant work of modern genius would be guaranteed in a manner satisfactory to the spirit of progressive civilization, by being grafted on the gnarled stock of the whole European past. By such calculations of a moral algebra, did Napoleon reconcile himself to these two important steps in his life—his divorce from the Empress Josephine, registered the 16th of December, 1809; and his marriage with the Archduchess Maria-Louisa, daughter of Francis II. To consummate all his expectations from this marriage, only one thing remained to be desired—the birth of a son. In this also his wishes were satisfied; and on the 20th of March, 1811, the booming of a hundred and one guns over Paris proclaimed the birth of a King of Rome. At his christening, a few days afterwards, the imperial child received the name of Napoléon-François.

But the star of Napoleon had reached its zenith. The disastrous invasion of Russia, followed by the memorable campaigns of 1813–14, laid the work of years in ruins; the entry of the Allied armies into Paris, 31st March, 1814, was the crowning stroke of misfortune; and on the 4th of April was signed the famous act whereby Napoleon unconditionally abdicated, for himself and his heirs, the empire he had so long held. Retaining the imperial title, and receiving from France, as a tribute for his past services, an annual revenue of six millions of francs, (£240,000,) the conqueror was to be shut up for the rest of his days, a splendid European relic, in the little island of Elba. For ten months he endured the captivity, the assembled diplomatists of Europe mean-

while re-arranging at Vienna the chaos that he had left behind him; but at length the old spirit prevailed in him; France again contained the Emperor; Louis XVIII. fled; and the fluttered diplomatists, kicking over the table at which they had been sitting, had to postpone further proceedings till they should again have caged their imperial bird. But the struggle was short, for the decree had gone forth; the last hopes of Napoleon were crushed on the field of Waterloo; and a few months more saw him confined to the distant and solitary rock where he was to wear out the remainder of his grand existence, and from the peaks of which he was still visible to half the world; a figure to be surpassed, in its kind, only by that of the possible man yet to come, who, receiving the planet in the more manageable shape, to which our telegraphs and our engines for locomotion are fast reducing it, shall deal not with a mere portion of it, like Napoleon, but with its whole rotund mass, handling Europes and Australias as his units, instead of Spains and Englands, absorbing reluctant China in his empire, among whose myriads even Napoleon was unheard of, and pioneering the way by some stupendous despotism, for that concluding era of our civilization, when the human race shall exist but as one self-conscious whole.

At the death of Napoleon in St. Helena, (5th of May, 1821,) there were alive of his family the following individuals: his wife, Maria-Louisa, and her son the ex-king of Rome; his mother, Madame Lætitia, and her half-brother, Cardinal Fesch; his four brothers, Joseph, Lucien, Louis, and Jerome, with their respective families; his youngest sister, Caroline, the widow of Murat, with her family; and finally, his step-son, Eugene de Beauharnais, and his step-daughter, Queen Hortense, the wife of his brother Louis. Three of his relatives, therefore, had deceased in the interval—his first wife, the Empress Josephine, whose death had taken place at Malmaison, on the 19th May, 1814, while Napoleon was at Elba; his second and favorite sister, Pauline, the Princess Borghese, who, abandoned by a timorous husband in 1814, when the fate of the Bonapartes seemed sealed, had gone to cheer her brother's exile at Elba, and returning thence, had died at Rome in 1815, leaving no children; and his eldest sister, the wife of Bacchiochi, who had died at Trieste on the 6th of August, 1820, leaving two children, a son and a daughter. Of the remanent members of the family, scattered, as they

were, at the time of Napoleon's death, over all parts of the civilized world, we have now to trace separately the farther fortunes.

And, first, of Maria-Louisa, and her infant son, the king of Rome. Left in Paris by Napoleon, when he set out on the campaign of 1814, the responsibility of protecting them was entrusted to Joseph Bonaparte, who, having been finally expelled from Spain in June, 1813, when the Peninsular war had been brought to a close, had since acted as one of his brother's assistants in the work of retrieving his Russian losses, and had been invested, at this important juncture, with the military command of Paris, in nominal subordination to the regency of the Empress. The orders of Napoleon on his departure had been, that, in the event of an interruption of communications between his army and the capital, the Empress and her son should by all means be placed out of the way of danger. Accordingly, on the news of the approach of the Allies upon Paris, they removed from the Tuileries, and went to Rambouillet. Joined at Rambouillet, after a few hours, by Joseph, the fugitives proceeded to Blois; and here it was that they heard of the capitulation of Paris, (20th March, 1814,) and of the subsequent abdication at Fontainebleau. One solitary proclamation, dated the 7th of April, and calling on the French people to disregard the proceedings at Paris, and rally round herself and her son, marked the residence of the regent at Blois. When, however, the day after it had been issued, her advisers, Joseph and Jerome Bonaparte, wished her to accompany them with her son into the south of France, there to make a last effort, she positively refused. Accordingly, committing herself to the care of the Count Schouvalou, whom the Allied Sovereigns deputed to Blois to wait upon her, she suffered her advisers to consult their own safety by dispersing themselves, and then rejoining her father at Rambouillet, awaited leisurely, like a cold wife and a dutiful daughter, whatever decision the Allies might come to. The provision made for her was sufficiently generous. While her husband was to enjoy in solitude his small sovereignty and large pension at Elba, she and her son, breaking forever all connection with him, were to pass under the tutelage of Austria; she receiving the duchies of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla, in full property and sovereignty; and her son as heir to these duchies, renouncing his title of King of Rome, and assuming that of Prince of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla.

It was on the 2d of May, 1814, that the son of Napoleon quitted the soil where so great a fortune had awaited him, and which he was never to revisit more. A journey of many days conveyed him and his mother from the Rhine to Schönbrunn; crowds gathering in all the towns on the route to see them pass with their escort. The Imperial palace at Schönbrunn, the beautiful summer retreat of the royal family of Austria, where Maria-Louisa had spent her infant years, and where, ere he had contracted his alliance with her, Napoleon had dictated the disorganization of her father's empire, became the residence of the illustrious exiles. Here the infant received the caresses of his Austrian relatives of the Imperial House, who, on examining his features in detail, were delighted to discover in them, as they thought, the true Austrian character. During the sittings of the Congress of Vienna, too, the sovereigns, and other distinguished strangers that were assembled in the Austrian capital, could ride out to Schönbrunn to pay their respects to the daughter of Francis, and to see her little son. So some months passed, when suddenly the startling news reached both Vienna and Schönbrunn, that Napoleon was again in France. Letters even were received by Maria-Louisa from her husband, requiring her immediate return to France with her son; but these, as well as the letters sent to her father, demanding her restoration, remained unanswered. The sovereigns made their preparations; Europe was once more in arms; and the Empress and her infant awaited the issue in the quiet splendors of Schönbrunn. There were some rumors of attempts to carry them off; at all events, a few victories gained by Napoleon would, certainly, have restored them in triumph to his arms, together with all that he had lost; but this was not to be; and the battle that decided so much else, decided that Maria-Louisa and her son were to remain at Schönbrunn. In Napoleon's second abdication, indeed, drawn up three days after the battle of Waterloo, the renunciation was made expressly in favor of his son, whom, accordingly, the document proclaimed Emperor of the French, under the title of Napoleon II. But, though Fouché and others made a stand for a settlement on these terms, as being both the most legal and the most agreeable to the wishes of the nation, the Allied Powers, including even the Emperor of Austria, refused their consent, and Louis XVIII. was reinstated on the throne.

The life of the young Napoleon makes but a meagre little story, interesting, one might say, only from its very insignificance. As if to sever him completely from all the circumstances that had marked his birth, he had hardly set his foot in Austria when the very name he bore was taken from him. The arrangement has been mentioned whereby the duchies of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla were assigned to Maria-Louisa, with the reversion to her son. A protest, however, having been lodged against this arrangement by the ex-Queen of Etruria, who demanded the duchy of Parma in behalf of *her* son, the diplomatists were obliged to adjust the matter by a compromise. Maria-Louisa, accordingly, was to possess Parma and the other two duchies during her lifetime; but the reversion of them at her death was to belong, not to her son, but to the Bourbon claimant, Don Charles Louis. Thus was the young Napoleon stripped even of the small heritage that had been guaranteed to him out of all that was once to have been his. During his mother's life, he was to depend on her; and only after her death was he to enter on the possession of a property assigned to him by his grandfather—an estate in Bohemia with a revenue of about £20,000. In the mean time, laying aside his baptismal name of Napoléon-François, he was to assume the name and title of Francis Joseph Charles, Duke of Reichstadt, ranking, by virtue of that title, among the nobility of the Austrian Empire immediately after the princes of the Imperial family, and the Archdukes of Austria.

Only three years of age, when he came with his mother to reside at Schönbrunn, the young Duke of Reichstadt spent the whole remainder of his life either there or at Vienna; only on one or two occasions travelling from either beyond the distance of a few miles. By his grandfather, the Emperor, as well as by all the other members of the Royal family, he seems to have been always treated with extreme kindness. After the departure of his mother for her Italian States, he was committed to the care of various masters, under the superintendence of an Austrian nobleman of rank, the Count Maurice de Dietrichstein. Regarding his early education, only two facts of any interest are mentioned; his excessive reluctance at first to learn German, which, however, soon became more his own than French; and his fondness for historical reading, and especially for books relating to the career of his father. As a boy, he was, on the whole,

dull, grave, and mirthless; but docile and affectionate.

The news of his father's death, which occurred when he was ten years of age, is said to have produced a visible effect on him. It was evident, indeed, that the boy, young as he was, had been brooding in secret over the mystery of his own changed condition, and cherishing, as well as he could, the thought of his connection with the extraordinary being whom he could dimly recollect as his father; whose busts and portraits he could still see; and who, as they tried to explain to him, was now living shut up in an island on the other side of the earth, whither the nations of Europe had conspired to send him for their own safety. This thought of his father became the boy's single passion; and when he could no longer think of that father as still existing on the earth, his respect for his memory amounted to a worship. Every book that could tell him anything about his father he devoured with eagerness; and if he chanced to hear of the arrival of any one at Vienna who had had personal relations with the Emperor, he was uneasy till he had seen him. At last, to gratify this anxiety for information about his father, his tutors, at his grandfather's command, began to instruct him systematically in modern history and politics; concealing from him nothing, says M. de Montbel, that could enlighten him as to the real course of his father's life, and its effects on the condition of Europe, and only adding such comments and expositions as might make him aware, at the same time, in what points his father was to be reprehended. Perplexed by such lessons in history according to Metternich, the poor boy did his best to come to the right conclusion, and to express himself judiciously to his tutors regarding what he was taught to consider his father's errors and excesses. In all cases of feeling and instinct, however, his reverence for the memory of his father prevailed. The very books that his father had liked, such as Tasso and Ossian, became, for that reason, his favorites. His father's campaigns and dispatches he made a subject of diligent study, using them as the texts for his own military lessons. In short, before he had attained his seventeenth year, he had read and re-read everything that had been written regarding Napoleon, and had fixed in his memory all the most minute particulars relating either to his military or his political life, the names of his generals, his chief battles, and the various incidents in his long career, from his birth

in Corsica to his burial in St. Helena. One point in this great history he would dwell on with special interest—that where, amid universal acclamations, he himself had come into the world, the unconscious heir of a mighty empire.

This brooding on the past naturally assumed, as he grew up, the form of a restless anxiety respecting the future. That he, the son of Napoleon, was no common person; that, as the owner of a great name, superior actions and qualifications would be required of him; that in some way or other, he must take part in the affairs of Europe—such was the idea that inevitably took possession of him. The pedantry of his teachers appears to have fostered it to an undue extent. If, for example, the poor youth contracted an admiration for the poet Byron, his teachers were at hand to criticise the poet for him, and to reduce his opinion to the just shape and standard, lest he should commit what in his case would be the signal impropriety of exaggerated praise. If, again, he was seen to be falling in love with a lady of his grandfather's court, they were at hand to reason him out of the affair by considerations of what was due to his peculiar situation, and his importance in the public eye. With this notion of the peculiarity of his position brandished before him from morning to night, he would go moping about the imperial court, an amiable youth, the prey of unknown cares. And what, after all, *was* the peculiarity of his situation, except extreme insignificance? A pensioner, in the mean time, on the imperial bounty, ultimately the mere possessor of some Bohemian estates, (his mother's second marriage in 1828 with the Count Neipperg having severed him from Italy still more completely than before,) doomed to inactivity by the very misfortune of too great a name, was there not a mockery in all this solicitude of which he found himself the object? Haunted, it would appear, by some such feeling, and yet carried forward by the restless sense that he must do something or other to merit his name, he seems to have grasped eagerly at the only chance of activity that was presented to him—military promotion in his grandfather's service. Hence the assiduity with which he pursued his military studies, and the regularity with which he presented himself on horseback at all reviews and parades, the Viennese pointing him out to strangers on such occasions as the son of Napoleon. When at last, after going through the previous grades, he was permitted by his grand-

father to assume the rank and uniform of a lieutenant-colonel, his delight was unbounded. For three days the poor youth appeared at the head of his regiment, giving the word of command; on the fourth he was laid aside with loss of voice and hoarseness.

There was one quarter of the political horizon, however, to which the son of Napoleon would often wistfully look—that France to which he belonged; to which his dying father had bequeathed him with such solemn injunctions that they should be true the one to the other; and where, even yet, there were myriads of veteran hearts that beat high at the name of Bonaparte. His Austrian education had indeed isolated him from all means of direct communication with his native country, and had made him, in many respects, an alien from it; but certain chords there were that no force could snap, and that still secretly bound him to France. “I know no one at Paris,” he said to a French officer that was on the point of returning home after a visit to Vienna, “but salute for me the column in the Place Vendôme.” On the other hand, if he was personally forgotten or unknown in the city that he thus knew only from the map, there were at least principles and men there that were ready to burst out in his behalf. So, at all events, it appeared when the Revolution of July, 1830, came to be transacted. Had the young Napoleon been in Paris, or near it, when that revolution occurred, how different might have been the issue! “Absent as he was,” says Louis Blanc, “if an old general of the Emperor had but pronounced his name to the people, while Lafitte and Guizot were chaffering for the Duc d’Orléans, France might have had a Napoleon II. instead of a Louis-Philippe.” Some timid Bonapartist attempts, it appears, were actually made. In Paris, one Bonapartist, who came to a meeting of the leading politicians with the name of the Duke of Reichstadt on his lips, was dexterously locked up in a room till the business was over. Communications were even conveyed to the Duke himself. When the news of the revolution reached Vienna, the young man could not conceal his agitation; he even requested, it is said, in the flutter of the moment, to be allowed to go to the assistance of Charles X. But with the news of the accession of Louis-Philippe, other thoughts succeeded. One evening, as he was ascending a staircase in the imperial palace, a young woman, enveloped in a

Scotch plaid, rushed forward from a landing-place where she seemed to have been waiting, and taking his hand, pressed it eagerly to her lips. His tutor, who was with him, asked her business. “May I not kiss,” she said, “the hand of my sovereign’s son?” and immediately disappeared. For some time, the incident could not be explained, but at length no doubt remained that the fair stranger was his cousin, the Countess Camerata, a married daughter of his deceased aunt Bacchiochi. On a visit to Vienna, the Countess had constituted herself the medium of communication between the Bonapartists and her young cousin, to whom she even ventured, some months after the Revolution of July, to address a letter, encouraging him, even then, to assume a decided part. From these, and all overtures of the same kind, the poor youth seems to have shrunk with a kind of dutiful horror; and his excitement regarding the Revolution of 1830 soon subsiding into a calmer mood, he began, we are told, to write down, in the form of an essay, a series of very Austrian reflections on his own life, and the relations in which he stood to France. Only once did his agitation return—on the occasion, namely, of the political movements in his mother’s state of Parma. When the news of these movements reached Vienna, he was extremely anxious to be allowed to go to Italy to his mother’s assistance; but neither on this occasion could his wish be granted.

From the very first, indeed, it had been seen that the young Napoleon could not live long. Undoubted symptoms of the presence in his constitution of the seeds of that malady that had carried off his father early presented themselves; and to these were added other symptoms, too clearly marking him out as the prey of consumption. From being a handsome, delicate boy, he had suddenly shot up, before his eighteenth year, into a tall, feeble, and sickly, though still handsome young man, the constant care of the imperial physicians. Towards the end of the year 1831 he became rapidly worse, and was obliged to abstain from his military exercises, and from all active exertion whatever. During the winter of that year, and the spring of 1832, he lived at Schönbrunn, almost wholly confined to his chamber. It had been resolved to remove him to Naples, should it be possible to do so, in the autumn of 1832; but the disease made such progress, that before that time the fatal result had taken place. For many weeks he had been in great pain, and incapable of any

change of position, save that of being wheeled to a window-balcony overlooking the gardens of Schonbrunn. Even this was at last beyond his strength; and, stretched on his bed in great suffering, he waited anxiously for his release. Maria-Louisa arrived from Italy only in time to see him die. It was on the 22d of July, 1832, and in the very room that had been occupied by his father on his famous visit to Schonbrunn, that he breathed his last. Some days after, there was a funeral procession through the streets of Vienna, and the body of Napoleon's son was committed to the imperial vaults. The people of Vienna showed much feeling on the occasion; cholera had just been thinning their own households.

While the heir of Napoleon was thus living and dying at Vienna, the minor Napoleonidæ were dispersed over the world, gazed at everywhere as relics of a grandeur that had passed away.

Joseph Bonaparte, the ex-king of Spain, who had retired into Switzerland after the catastrophe of 1814, with an income of £20,000 secured him by the Allies, had rejoined his brother on his escape from Elba, and had taken part in the transactions that preceded the battle of Waterloo. After that battle, and the subsequent abdication in favor of Napoleon II., he accompanied his brother to Rochefort, with the intention of embarking with him for America. The presence of English cruisers on the coast rendering their joint escape impossible, Napoleon gave himself up to the captain of the *Bellerophon*, and Joseph was obliged to emigrate alone. Arriving at New York in the month of September, 1815, he settled ultimately in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, purchasing land, and becoming a practical farmer on a large scale. Here, under the name of the Count de Survilliers, he continued to reside for many years. So popular did he make himself with the Americans that, when he returned to Europe on a temporary visit in 1832, they regretted his loss as that of an important and well-known citizen. In Europe it was imagined that some political design was involved in this return of the eldest Bonaparte from the other side of the Atlantic. It was especially remembered that, by the *Senatus-Consultum* of 1804, the succession to the empire was to devolve upon him, in default of any direct male heir of Napoleon, and hence rumor sought to establish a connection between his arrival and the death of the Duke of Reichstadt. The more likely sup-

position was, that this journey, undertaken by an old man of sixty-five, arose simply from a natural desire on his part to see old friends and relatives, and especially his wife and two daughters, who had intended to follow him to America when he went there, but had afterwards seen occasion to remain in Europe. The three years that Joseph was absent from America he spent chiefly in England. In 1835, however, he again crossed the Atlantic; and it was not till 1841, that, obtaining leave to pass the remainder of his chequered life in Italy, he finally quitted his American home. The last years of his life were spent between Genoa and Nice. He died on the 7th of April, 1845, at the age of seventy-seven.

The fortunes of Jerome Bonaparte, after the fall of his imperial brother, were somewhat upheld by the rank of his wife, the daughter of the King of Wurtemberg. Retaining nominally the crown of Westphalia, even after the disastrous result of the Russian campaign, in which he took so conspicuous a part, he was obliged finally to resign it in 1814, receiving from his father-in-law the title of the Prince de Montfort. Flying to his brother's side in 1815, he held a command at Waterloo, and it was to him that Napoleon left the task of collecting the wreck of the French army after the defeat. On his brother's deportation to St. Helena, Jerome rejoined his wife in Wurtemberg, where, shielded by her affection against the harshness even of her own father, who would willingly have separated her from a man so fallen in fortune, he continued to reside for some years in comparative wealth and comfort, as a German nobleman and land-owner. He was able to purchase property in Italy and Switzerland, in both of which countries he occasionally resided after 1822. In 1835 he lost his excellent and devoted wife, who died at Lausanne, leaving three children—two sons and a daughter. The daughter was married (1841) to the Russian Count Demidoff; the elder son died in 1847, leaving the title of Prince de Montfort to his brother Napoleon Paul.

Made a widow in 1815 by the execution of her brave and good-hearted husband, Murat, Caroline Bonaparte, with four children that remained to her, settled, after various changes of place, at Trieste, where, under the name of the Countess of Lipona, (anagram for *Napoli*,) she resided with her sister Eliza. Eliza dying in 1820, Caroline remained at Trieste till 1836, when she returned to Paris. Here she resided for some

time, enjoying a pension from Louis-Philippe; but finally she removed to Florence, where she died in May, 1839, at the age of fifty-seven. Of her four children, the eldest, Napoléon-Achille-Murat, (born in 1801,) formerly Crown Prince of Naples, went to America to push his fortune in 1820, married there, and resided at New York, practised as an advocate in Georgia, bought land in Florida, came over on a visit to Europe in 1831, but returned to the United States, and wrote a book, "on their moral and political condition;" and finally, in 1839, more completely an American than his uncle Joseph, returned to Europe, and died in 1847. His younger brother, Napoléon-Lucien-Charles, once Prince of Pontecorvo, went through a similar career—going to America when young, marrying an American wife, entering into practice as a lawyer at New York, and yet, notwithstanding this virtual naturalization, finally brought back to Europe by the ineradicable Napoleonic instinct. His two sisters, likewise born to a royal inheritance, were married, the one to Count Rasponi, the other to the well-known patriotic Italian, Count Pepoli, recently resident as a political exile in London, where he held the Professorship of Italian Literature in University College.

Perhaps the most fortunate branch of the Napoleonidæ, since the fall of the Emperor, has been that of which Josephine's son, Eugene Beauharnais, was the head and representative. Unconnected with the final effort in 1815, although he had taken part in the Russian campaign, and in all the subsequent transactions of 1813-14—resulting for him in the loss of his Italian vice-royalty—he resided after Napoleon's downfall in the dominions of his father-in-law, the king of Bavaria, by whom he was created Duke of Leuchtenberg and Prince of Eichstadt. Dying in 1824, he left his widow with two sons and six daughters. The marriage alliances of these sons and daughters have rivalled even those that have aggrandized the house of Saxe-Coburg. Of the daughters, the eldest married (1823) Oscar, the son of Bernadotte, then crown-prince, and now king of Sweden; the second married Frederic, prince of Hohenzollern-Hechingen; the third married (1829) the widower Don Pedro I., then Emperor of Brazil, and afterwards Regent of Portugal in the name of his daughter, Donna-Maria; and the fourth married (1841) Count William of Wurtemberg. Of the two sons, the elder became (1835) the husband of his sister's

step-daughter, Donna-Maria, queen of Portugal, but died in the same year; the younger (1839) obtained the hand of Maria Nicola-jewna, daughter of the Emperor of Russia—strange alliance for the son of one of the heroes of Moscow!

More complex still become the ramifications of the Bonaparte story, when we follow the diffusion of the Lucien branch of the family. Our last glimpse of Lucien Bonaparte was when, as Prince of Canino, he lived in the Papal States, at variance with his imperial brother both on political and private grounds, and cultivating an æsthetic leisure amid books and works of art. Led, however, partly by his Republican opinions, and partly by that mysterious tendency towards the other side of the Atlantic, that seems to have swayed all the Bonapartes at some time or other during their lives, he had resolved in 1810 to abandon Italy, and, with it, all the associations of his past life, and to go out to carve for himself and his family a new destiny, where his brother could not come either to harass or to eclipse him. He had actually embarked for the voyage to North America, when, the vessel having been put back by English frigates, he was detained and sent as a prisoner to England. Here he remained for several years, residing at large in Shropshire, although under *surveillance*. Liberated, however, by the peace of 1814, he returned to Italy, where he was again welcomed by his constant friend the Pope. During his brother's exile at Elba, he corresponded with him in such a manner, that a reconciliation was effected between them; and chancing to be sent on a mission to Paris, connected with the Papal affairs, in 1815, he was obliged to act a part in the fatal struggle of that year. For this he would probably have suffered, but for the intercession of the Pope, who procured his liberation from arrest at Turin, with permission for him to resume his old residence and status in the Papal dominions. Accordingly, during the remainder of his life, that is to say, under the successive pontificates of Pius VII., Leo XII., Pius VIII., and Gregory XVI., Lucien Bonaparte was heard of merely as a Roman nobleman of taste, at once a patron and a practitioner of literature. His great epic of "Charlemagne," on which he had spent so many years, had just seen the light in two ponderous quartos, beautifully printed; and, although (if we may judge from a slight glance at the extremely heavy translation of the work executed for

the Prince by two English clergymen,) it can hardly have procured him the laurels he coveted, it was probably regarded by those who obtained presentation copies as a very creditable performance. The poem was dedicated to Pope Pius VII., and the views expressed in it are those of a dutiful son of the Church. Subsequent literary attempts of the Prince of Canino were the "Cyrneide," a poem of Corsican history, published at Rome in 1819; and, in prose, a "Defense of Napoleon," published at Paris in 1826, and a volume of his own memoirs, published in 1836. During the last ten or twelve years of his life, he found a new and congenial occupation in the collection of Etruscan remains. The estate of Canino being a portion of the extensive tract of country that the Etruscans had once occupied in Italy, it might have been anticipated that it would be found to contain ancient tombs, such as had been already discovered in other parts of the Roman States, near the known sites of pristine Etruscan cities. It was not, however, till the year 1828, that, in consequence of the accidental exposure of one such tomb in a field, systematic excavations were commenced on the estate, with a view to exhaust it of its Etruscan antiquities. From that time forward the Prince, and in his absence, the Princess, zealously prosecuted the work, employing workmen to dig continually in various parts of the estate; and the result was the accumulation at Canino of a vast number of vases, bronzes, and other relics, forming a museum of Etruscan antiquities superior in some respects to any that existed in Italy. The name of the Prince of Canino became known in all the antiquarian circles of Europe; travellers in Italy used to visit his museum; and at one or two balls in Rome, the Princess created quite a sensation by appearing in a magnificent *parure* of ornaments that had been taken from the ancient tombs on her husband's estate.

Dying at Viterbo, in June, 1840, at the age of sixty-five, the Prince of Canino left a numerous family of children, of various ages. Two daughters, the issue of his first marriage, had been married, the one to an Italian, the Prince Gabrielli, the other, first to a Swedish Count, and afterwards, in 1824, to an Englishman, Lord Dudley Stuart. Of his children by the second marriage, there survived four sons and four daughters. One of the daughters, Lætitia, born in 1804, became the wife of an Irish gentleman, and member of Parliament, Mr.

Thomas Wyse. The sons, all of whom are still alive, have distinguished themselves in various ways. The eldest, Charles-Lucien, styled until his father's death Prince de Musignano, and afterwards Prince of Canino and Musignano, was born in 1803, and married, in 1822, his cousin Charlotte, one of the daughters whom Joseph Bonaparte had left in Europe. Selecting a path that had not yet been trodden by any member of his versatile family, he devoted himself from the first to natural history, in which science he soon attained eminence. Crossing the Atlantic after his marriage, on a visit to his father-in-law, he took the opportunity of making himself acquainted with the ornithology of America; and was able after a year or two to produce, as the result of his rifle-practice in the American woods, a description of many new birds not figured by his predecessor, Wilson. Devoting himself with similar assiduity after his return to the zoological illustration of Italy, he gave to the world in 1832-41, a magnificent work in three folio volumes, containing, under the name of "*Iconografia della Fauna Italica*," perhaps the most detailed and elaborate account of the animals of the Peninsula that has yet been attempted. Meanwhile his three brothers—Louis, born in 1813; Pierre, born in 1815; and Antoine, born in 1816—had been employing themselves differently. Concerned more or less in the political agitations that marked the beginning of the pontificate of Gregory XVI., they became travellers like the rest of the family.

It was in the same country that afforded a refuge to her son Lucien and his family, that the venerable mother of the Bonapartes spent the concluding years of her life. She had come to Rome with her half-brother, Cardinal Fesch, after Napoleon's ruin in 1814; and from that time forward she continued to reside in the Papal city with little interruption. Her death, which was preceded by long and severe bodily suffering, took place in February, 1836, fifteen years after the decease of her imperial son at Saint Helena, and nearly four after that of his sickly heir at Vienna. Of the eighty-six years that she had lived, fifty had been passed in widowhood—a widowhood how eventful! Ah! could the husband of her youth have lived to see and share her glory, to soothe and solace her age! That Napoleon, what a son he had been!

Of only one branch of the Bonapartes does it remain still to speak, that represented

in the amiable and pensive Louis. Quitting the throne of Holland in 1810, rather than yield to his brother in what he considered would be an infraction of the liberties of the people he governed, he resided successively in Austria, Switzerland and Italy, under the name of the Count de Saint Leu, taking no part in the events of 1814-15. The marriage between him and Queen Hortense never having been one of affection, they separated by mutual consent, as soon as the political necessities that had kept them together ceased to exist. Louis finally settled in Italy, whence he gave to the world in succession various performances of the literary kind—a novel entitled “*Marie, ou les peines de l’Amour*,” in whose style and story one discerns the expression of the author’s own early grief, and still abiding melancholy; a collection of political and historical documents relating to Holland; an essay on versification; a number of poetical pieces; and finally, in 1829, a critique on Sir Walter Scott’s *Life of Napoleon*. Hortense fixed her residence at the castle or mansion of Arenenberg, in the Swiss canton of Thurgau. In this retreat she occupied herself with the education of her two surviving children—Napoléon-Louis, born in 1804, and Charles-Louis-Napoléon, born at Paris on the 20th of April, 1808. Her eldest son, the Crown Prince of Holland, had died in infancy at the Hague. All the three children had seen and prattled with their imperial uncle; and, till the birth of the King of Rome, it did not appear unlikely that to one or other of them the imperial dignity might one day belong.

Receiving such a mixed general and military education as was supposed to be suitable for young men in these circumstances, the two sons of the ex-king of Holland attained the age of early manhood, without having often quitted the free valleys of their adopted country. It was in these valleys, and amid young military comrades, that the intelligence of the Revolution of July reached them. In the following year, excited afresh by the news of the revolutionary movements in Italy, they hurried off together to take part in the insurrection that had been planned by the enthusiasts of the Romagna. The fatigues endured in this unfortunate expedition proved fatal to the elder brother, who died at Forlì, leaving a widow—his cousin, the younger daughter of his uncle Joseph, to whom he had only recently been married. The younger brother likewise fell ill at Ancona; and it was not without extreme

difficulty that his mother Hortense, who had anxiously followed her sons, to withdraw them, if possible, from a hopeless enterprise, succeeded in snatching him from the clutches of the Austrians. Escaping from Italy together, they passed through France, came to England, but after a short stay returned to Switzerland.

Naturally of a restless, hair-brained character, no one member of the dispersed Bonaparte family seems to have retained in exile such a concentrated amount of the Napoleonic spirit as the young half-Swiss son of the melancholy Louis. From his earliest years he seems to have realized the position in which his birth and name placed him, never forgetting that he was a Bonaparte, and that, as such, he had duties to fulfil, more important than those of ordinary people. This egotism, however—this innate conviction of the existence of secret relations between himself and all Europe, was a more healthy thing to be felt among Swiss mountains than in the confined air of an Austrian palace; and hence that which in the poor Duke of Reichstadt was but a morbid pining after activity, showed itself in his more fortunate cousin as a frank, daring self-conceit. Even before the death of the Duke of Reichstadt, Louis-Napoleon was virtually his senior and superior in all that concerned the active assertion of the family claims; and after the death of the Duke, this virtual precedence was converted into a sense of legal right. By the terms of the *Senatus-Consultum* of 1804, Louis-Napoleon now assumed the first place in the second generation of Bonapartes; the lawful heir, after his uncle Joseph, and his father Louis, to all that could be recovered of the imperial fortunes. This consideration was not lost on the young exile of Arenenberg. He became, after 1832, the declared imitator and executor of his uncle, the acknowledged chief of the younger Napoleonidæ. Yet, in many respects, he appeared little fitted for this post of honor. In person, he was the least like the Emperor of all the surviving Bonapartes; the Beauharnais features of his mother predominating in his heavy, sombre countenance, over whatever of the Napoleonic he may have derived from his father. Nor could he claim the precedence on the score of talent, judging at least from such intellectual exhibitions of himself as he has subsequently made—exhibitions which present him as an exceedingly rambling, incoherent, commonplace person, with hardly a clear idea in his head. But his courage,

his half-stupid self-confidence, and a certain soldierly good-nature, and kindly sensibility, that people liked him for, made up for these defects, and were, perhaps, the only qualifications necessary in the leader of an enterprise that all the world thought absurd.

After his share in the brief Italian movement of 1831, and an attempt, when it was too late, to take part in the Polish movement of the same year, Louis Napoleon was obliged for five years to lay aside all hope of effecting the opening he desired to make for himself into the sphere of European politics. During this time, however, he was not idle. By the composition and publication of three works, entitled respectively, *Reveres Politiques*, *Considérations Militaires sur la Suisse*, and *Manuel d'Artillerie*, he was able secretly to nurse in himself the Napoleonic ambition, at the same time that he acquired by their means that consequence in the public eye that is always accorded to a man that has used the printing-press, whether for rubbish or sense. One of the results of his book on Switzerland, and his *Manual of Artillery Practice*, was his appointment, in 1834, to a captaincy of artillery in a Swiss regiment at Berne.

It was in the autumn of 1836, during a visit to the baths of Baden, that the half-Swiss adventurer, then in his twenty-ninth year, planned the first of those two mad enterprises that, till the other day, were his sole title to historic notice. France, he conceived, was at that time ripe for a new revolution. Disgusted with the reactionary policy of Louis Philippe, and, in particular, still smarting under the infliction of the laws of September, all the liberal spirits in the country were eager for some decisive change, and all the people, with the exception of the Bourgeoisie, were willing to support them. Knowing, as Louis Blanc says, that in times of uncertainty revolutions accomplish themselves according to the programme that is laid down for them, and adopt whatever flag is offered, Louis Napoleon did not doubt that a successful rising effected in his favor, in some frontier town, and the neighboring district, would be the signal for a general explosion, which would result in the expulsion of the Orleans dynasty, and the restoration of the Bonapartes. Secret communications with the Bonapartists in the army had confirmed this impression; and, as regarded the Republicans, it was supposed that they would be sufficiently reconciled to the projected revolution, in case of its success, by the immediate advantages it

would secure them, and by declarations already made in Louis Napoleon's works, to the effect that he approved of a republic, provided it had an imperial head. It was accordingly resolved to make an attempt on the frontier town of Strasbourg, the situation of which made it more convenient for the purpose than any other. On the 30th October, 1836, at five o'clock, on a cold, snowy morning, the men of one of three artillery regiments, which, with three regiments of infantry, and one of engineers, constituted the garrison of the town, found themselves drawn up in the barrack-yard, having been summoned from their beds by the trumpet-call. They stood, wondering what was to take place, when seven or eight persons in the costume of French officers entered the yard, carrying a standard, surmounted by an eagle. One of them came hastily up to the colonel of the regiment, who forthwith presented him to the men as the nephew of the Emperor, come, as he said, to place himself at their head, and effect a great revolution in France. The trick was successful; the speech of their colonel, the eagle, the words and look of Louis Napoleon, and especially his cocked hat, hurried them away; the old imperial shiver ran through their veins; and a shout of *Vive l'Empereur* rang through the court-yard. Hastily the regiment was set on march through the town with the band playing; windows were opened, and heads popped out all along the streets to see what was the matter; and the citizens unbarring their doors, and tumbling out in twos and threes, followed the column. At head-quarters, the general in command of the town was arrested by the insurgents. So far all had gone well; but the tide was soon turned. One of the infantry regiments, occupying a barrack apart, acted more coolly than their brothers the artillerymen; wavered a little at first when Louis Napoleon addressed them, but ultimately stood firm and prepared to give battle. Seeing the cause lost, the Prince and his companions surrendered, and the town was restored to quiet. The government, on hearing of the affair, lost no time in disposing of the offenders. Louis Napoleon was brought as a prisoner to Paris, but, in two hours after his arrival, was sent off under guard to the coast, to be shipped for America. The persons that had been arrested with him, including the insurgent colonel, were reserved for trial, but were ultimately acquitted by an Alsace jury.

Early in 1837, the hero of Strasbourg,

who had only just landed in America and re-embarked, was to be seen in the streets of London. A report had been spread that he had pledged his word to remain in America for ten years; but this report, it appears, had no foundation in truth, and was raised, his adherents said, from malicious motives. Scarcely had he arrived in London, when the news of his mother's illness caused him to return once more to Switzerland. Here, after receiving her last breath, (5th October, 1837,) he continued to reside, till, finding that he was likely to be the occasion of a rupture between the French and Swiss governments, he voluntarily returned to London. For more than two years he remained in the British capital, one of the bevy of distinguished foreigners that the Londoners like to point out to each other in the parks or at the opera. Regarding his habits during this period, one of his eulogists has taken care to be sufficiently particular; telling us how the Prince uniformly rose at six o'clock; worked till mid-day; then breakfasted and read the journals, causing notes to be taken of what interested him; at two, received visitors; at four or five, rode out; at seven, dined, &c., &c.—in all respects, it seems, the very nephew of his uncle! One of the fruits of those rather apocryphal laborious mornings was the *Idées Napoléoniennes*, of which everybody must have heard; a sort of pamphlet purporting to be an exposition of the main ideas that had formed the political creed of the Emperor. This production, the most celebrated of the author's writings, is, as our readers may find out on trial, the poorest imaginable series of sententious common-places.

The pitiful result of the Strasbourg affair, it might be supposed, would have effectually cured the Prince of all such sudden strokes for the future. But his impetuosity was incorrigible; and the very ridicule that his former trial had provoked, prompted him to make a new one that might succeed better. Accordingly, when everybody had ceased to think of him, he again flashed into notice. The time chosen for his new attempt did not seem unpropitious. Still less attached to the dynasty of Louis Philippe than in 1836, the French nation chanced, in the year 1840, to be under the influence of one of those emotional frenzies to which it is so liable, the cause of the excitement being nothing else than the expected arrival of the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena. Availing himself of the Napoleonic fever thus originated, Louis Napoleon resolved to land in France,

effect a revolution, drive out the Orleans family, and as it were prepare the country for his uncle's reception. The means for effecting all this did not appear by any means formidable. On Sunday, the 4th of August, 1840, a small hired steamer, *The City of Edinburgh*, Capt. Crow, commander, dropped down the Thames from London, with what seemed a pleasure-party of foreigners on board. There were about sixty passengers in all, including gentlemen, grooms, lacqueys, &c.; and the place of destination was said to be Hamburg. But when the steamer was out at sea on the 5th, the Prince harangued his companions, told them the object of the voyage, distributed money among them, and caused them all to put on false French uniforms which he had brought with him. Captain Crow received orders to make for Boulogne; and during the rest of the voyage, the cabin was the scene of feasting and uproar. Captain Crow had never seen people drink so much, he afterwards deposed in the witness-box; and poor Hobbs, the steward, did nothing all night but draw corks. By midnight the steamer was off the French coast, and at six o'clock in the morning of the 6th, the party landed at Vimereux, near Boulogne. Having formed in marching order, they set out for the town, the Prince at their head, after him an officer carrying a gilt eagle, and then the men in uniform. The Prince had with him a sum of 500,000 francs (£20,000) in bank-notes and gold; his companions likewise carried bags of money and bottles of rum. Other parts of the furniture of the expedition were a live eagle, which, however, never made its appearance, and copies of three proclamations privately printed in England, one addressed to the French people, another to the army, and a third to the department of Pas-de-Calais. Passing a custom-house station, where the men would have nothing to do with them, the band, with a crowd of fishermen, children, &c., hallooing in their train, reached Boulogne, the garrison of which consisted of two companies of the 42d line. The soldiers were at breakfast in the barracks when the party entered. Rum was distributed as well as money; the soldiers were ordered to cry *Vive l'Empereur*; and Louis Napoleon, addressing them, promised them promotion if they would join him. Totally confused and bewildered, and seeing one of their own lieutenants in the Prince's company, the soldiers offered no resistance; some cried *Vive l'Empereur*, uncertain, as afterwards appeared, whether to believe the

person before them to be the Emperor himself come back; or his son, or only his nephew. By the presence of mind of a sergeant, however, any decided act of adhesion was prevented; and meanwhile, the alarm having been given, the colonel and other officers rushed to the barracks. The parleying now gave way to vehement altercation; the soldiers gathered round their officers; the Prince fired a pistol at the colonel, missing his aim, but wounding a soldier in the neck; and, at last, totally defeated in their object, the whole party left the barracks and took to their heels through the town, showering pieces of money among the crowd that ran after them. The Prince seemed out of his senses; he ran at the head of his little band brandishing his cocked hat which he had stuck on the point of his sword, and crying out *Vive l'Empereur*. Meanwhile the soldiers had set out in pursuit; and with little difficulty the whole party was captured.

Brought to trial before the Chamber of Peers, the prisoners were found guilty, and condemned as follows: the Prince to perpetual imprisonment; his chief associates, such as Count Montholon, M. de Parquin, and M. de Persigny, to twenty years' detention; and the minor culprits, such as Dr. Conneau, to lesser terms of the same punishment. The various offenders were then distributed through different prisons. The Prince, Count Montholon, and Dr. Conneau, were sent to the fortress of Ham. There they remained for nearly six years, Dr. Conneau voluntarily protracting his term of imprisonment in order to continue near the Prince. The occupations of the three companions during these six years were sufficiently various. They read together, made experiments in chemistry, &c.; and the Prince, his literary propensities still remaining, not only amused himself by translating poems, and penning occasional letters to newspapers and to private friends, but continued his connection in a more express manner with the world without, by means of one or two new publications, the chief being an odd tract of military statistics, entitled *De l'Extinction du Paupérisme*, copies of which he sent to George Sand, Chateaubriand, the poet Béranger, and other persons of note. He also meditated, it appears, a life of Charlemagne, and corresponded on the subject with the historian Sismondi. From these and other entanglements, however, he was glad to shake himself loose, by escaping from the fortress, in the disguise of a laborer, on the 25th of May, 1846. He had previously been in negotiation with the

French government, with a view to obtain permission to visit his father Louis, who was lying dangerously ill at Florence; and it was for this especial object, he said, in a letter to the French ambassador, that he had planned his escape. Unable, however, to procure the necessary passports, he was obliged to remain in London, where he had again taken up his abode, and where, two months afterwards, he received the news of his father's death. After the escape of the Prince, the French government did not think it necessary to continue the duration of Count Montholon and the other prisoners; and by the end of the year 1846 the Boulogne business, like that of Strasbourg, was well-nigh forgotten. Coincident with the extraordinary movement that is still accomplishing itself in all the continental countries, we have to mark, as a striking fact, the reinstatement everywhere of the overthrown Bonapartes.

It was the Italian branch of the family that first experienced the favorable turn of fortune. Restricted, during the oppressive pontificate of Gregory XVI., to the exercise of his talents as a naturalist, and a man of general literary tastes, the Prince of Canino, the son of Lucien Bonaparte, and now a man in the prime of life, and the father of a large family, was one of those influential Romans that gladly gathered round the present Pope on his accession, and assisted him in his reforms. Throughout the subsequent revolution that drove the Pope from his dominions, he equally distinguished himself; and, at the present moment, holding the vice-presidency of the representative chamber of the Roman republic, the former ornithologist of America figures as one of the most conspicuous men on the busy theatre of Italian politics.

While, however, one shoot of the prolific Napoleonic stock appears thus to have found permanent root in Italy, it is in France, their own France, that the general re-union of the dispersed Bonapartes has taken place. Scarcely had the Revolution of February, 1848, occurred, when, rising from their haunts in all parts of Europe, the various members of the family, with the old ex-king of Westphalia at their head, hurried to the scene of action. France received them with open arms. At the first elections to the National Assembly three of them were returned as representatives—Pierre Bonaparte, the second son of Lucien, and the brother of the ornithologist, aged thirty-three; Napoleon Bonaparte, the son of King Jerome, aged twenty-six; and Napoleon-Lucien-Charles Murat, the former New York lawyer, aged

forty-five. The case of Louis Napoleon was more peculiar. People naturally hesitated before admitting to the benefits of Republican citizenship so exceptional a personage as the Imperialist adventurer of Strasbourg and Boulogne. Twice he was elected by several departments simultaneously, and twice he found himself compelled to decline the honor; and it was not till after the supplementary elections of September, 1848, when he was returned at the head of the poll for Paris with a number of other candidates, that he was able to defy opposition and take his seat. Once restored to France, the outburst of opinion in his favor was instantaneous and universal. From Calais to the Pyrenees, from the Bay of Biscay to the Rhine, he was the hero of the hour. Lamartine, Cavaignac, and everybody else that had done an efficient thing, were forgotten; and the result of the great election of the 10th of December was that, as if in posthumous justification of enterprises that the world till then had agreed to laugh at, the former prisoner of Ham was raised, by the suffrages of five millions of people, to the presidency of the French Republic. How he may continue to deport himself in this office, which he has already held for several months, it would be difficult to say. That he has not mind enough to perform of himself any original or decisive part in European affairs, must be clear to every one that has read a page of his writings; but whether he may not possess those minor qualities that would make him a suitable constitutional puppet, either as president or as emperor, in the hands of a ministry, experience must yet prove. One thing may even now be decidedly asserted with regard to his political posi-

tion, and that is, that, since his elevation to the presidency, he has thrown aside all his former half-connections with the Revolutionary party, and become the head and representative of the reaction. Meanwhile, as a private man, he has yet one important step in life before him. Although in his forty-second year, he is still unmarried. We have heard it jocosely proposed that he should marry a daughter of his transatlantic brother, President Taylor, provided, that is to say, the tough old general has any daughters. Such a marriage would certainly have a splendid effect.

And here we have to conclude our sketch of the history of the Bonaparte family. The impressions that remain on our mind after such a survey, are principally these two: *first*, that of all known families now in existence, the Bonapartes are, in point of fact, the most cosmopolitan, the most considerable, that is, whether as regards diffusion or elevation; and *secondly*, that, on the whole, they have merited this distinction, having remained, on the whole, individually faithful to the cause of progress, in whose name they first obtained power and credence. And yet, after all, one cannot help remembering that they owe their reputation, and all the European facilities that they enjoy, to the greatness of the one man whose name they bear; and that there are, doubtless, at this moment, in all our cities, hundreds of abler and better men, who, less favorably circumstanced, have to languish their lives away in indigence and obscurity, expending more intellect in the single task of keeping themselves alive than all the existing Bonapartes need expend in order to secure the thanks and good-will of Western Europe.

THE LATE EARL OF DURHAM AND THE PRINCESS (NOW QUEEN) VICTORIA.—The many admirers of the late excellent Earl of Durham will read the following paragraph with interest. It is from the *Eclectic Review*. "We were told by the late Earl of Durham, that he had succeeded in inducing the Duchess of Kent to read with her daughter the whole series of Miss Martineau's tales in illustration of political economy. The young Princess becomes Queen—the liberal Earl dies a broken-hearted man. Years revolve, and free trade becomes the great question of the day. When calculating the strength of the cause of right against wrong,

many wonder what the Queen will do. Monopolists surround her. But she had not read in vain. Her Minister, who was nobly struggling amidst a coil of difficulties to make the food of the people free, found in her a warm and intelligent assistant and admirer. In the ingenuous years of youth, her mind had perceived economical truths, and the interested partisans of error could no more turn her Majesty against it than they could persuade her that twice two make five. Now, this elementary reading, we submit, was a beneficial thing for the people, and quite as good a thing for the crown."

From the British Quarterly Review.

GIORDANO BRUNO—HIS LIFE AND WORKS.

1. *Jordano Bruno*. Par M. CHRISTIAN BARTHOLMESS. 2 vols. Paris. 1848.
2. *Opere di Giordano Bruno, Nolano, ora per la prima volta raccolte e pubblicati da Adolfo Wagner*. 2 vols. Leipsig. 1830.

ON the 17th February, 1600, a vast concourse of people were assembled in the largest open space in Rome, gathered together by the irresistible sympathy which men always feel with whatever is terrible and tragic in human existence. In the centre there stood a huge pile of fagots; from out its logs and branches there rose up a stake. Crowding round the pile were eager and expectant faces, men of various ages and of various characters, but all for one moment united in a common feeling of malignant triumph. Religion was about to be avenged: a heretic was coming to expiate on that spot the crime of open defiance to the dogmas proclaimed by the church—the crime of teaching that the earth moved, and that there were an infinity of worlds: the scoundrel! the villain! the blasphemer! Among the crowd might be seen monks of every description, especially Dominicans, who were anxious to witness the punishment of an apostate from their order; there were also wealthy citizens jostling ragged beggars— young and beauteous women, some of them with infants at their breasts, were talking with their husbands and fathers—and playing about amidst the crowd, in all the heedlessness of childhood, were a number of boys, squeezing their way, and running up against scholars pale with study, and bearded soldiers glittering in steel.

Whom does the crowd await? Giordano Bruno—the poet, philosopher, and heretic—the teacher of Galileo's heresy—the friend of Sir Philip Sidney, and open antagonist of Aristotle! Questions pass rapidly to and fro among the crowd; exultation is on every face, mingled with intense curiosity. Grave men moralize on the power of Satan to pervert learning and talent to evil: Oh, my friends, let us beware!—let us beware of learning!—let us beware of everything! By-standers shake significant

heads. A hush comes over the crowd. The procession solemnly advances, the soldiers peremptorily clearing the way for it. "Look, there he is—there, in the centre! How calm—how haughty and stubborn, (women whisper, 'how handsome!') His large eyes are turned towards us, serene, untroubled. His face is placid, though so pale. They offer him the crucifix; he turns aside his head—he *refuses to kiss it!* The heretic!" They show him the image of Him who died upon the cross for the sake of the living truth—he refuses the symbol! A yell bursts from the multitude.

They chain him to the stake. He remains silent. Will he not pray for mercy? Will he not recant? Now the last hour is arrived—will he die in his obstinacy, when a little hypocrisy would save him from so much agony? It is even so: he is stubborn, unalterable. They light the fagots; the branches crackle; the flame ascends; the victim writhes—and now we see no more. The smoke envelopes him; but not a prayer, not a plaint, not a single cry escapes him. In a little while the wind has scattered the ashes of Giordano Bruno.

The martyrdom of Bruno has preserved his name from falling into the same neglect as his writings. Most well-read men remember his name as that of one who, whatever his errors might have been, perished as a victim of intolerance. But the extreme rarity of his works, aided by some other causes into which it is needless here to enter, has, until lately, kept even the most curious from forming any acquaintance with them. We have all of us caught glimpses of him in Coleridge* and the Germans, and we have,

* Coleridge proposed to place Bruno in his *Vindiciæ Heterodoxæ*, (one of the hundred intentions which never became realities,) by the side of Böhmen, Swedenborg, and Spinoza.

perhaps, some vague notion of him as a poetical pantheist, whom modern Germany, in its rage for rehabilitation, has undertaken to prove one of the great thinkers who have advanced the world. The rarity of the writings made them objects of bibliopolic luxury: they were the black swans of literature. Three hundred florins were paid for the *Spaccio* in Holland, and thirty pounds in England. Jacobi's mystical friend, Hamann, searched Italy and Germany in vain for the dialogues *De la Causa* and *De l'Infinito*. But in 1830, Herr Wagner, after immense toil, brought out his valuable edition of the Italian works named at the head of this article, and since then students have been able to form some idea of the Neapolitan thinker. The edition is, however, but little known, even to those to whom it will be interesting, and we are almost introducing a new book in giving it a place in our pages. By way of an introduction to the study of these writings, we propose to sketch the life of Bruno, and the outlines of his system. In this task, we shall mainly follow the excellent guidance of the work by M. Bartholmess, who has with great zeal and some skill collected all the facts relative to Bruno's career, written his life in an erudite and agreeable volume, and devoted a volume to the analysis of his writings. Besides the work of M. Bartholmess, we must also call to our aid the *étude* on Bruno by that learned and sagacious critic, M. Emile Saisset;* and with these materials, and the works of Bruno before us, we may perhaps succeed in interesting the reader.

It was not without design that we opened this account of Bruno with a picture of his death. Philosophical systems, from Thales to Schelling, may be likened to works of art, inasmuch as they are indissolubly bound up with the philosopher's individuality, and have no impersonal vitality. A Raphael dies, and carries with him to the grave the sweet secret of his genius. In his atelier there are many admiring imitators, but no successor; there is no one capable of taking up the art where Raphael left it, and carrying it still higher upwards towards perfection. Plato dies, and in passing away he leaves an academy, which must fall to pieces now that his potent spirit is no longer present to animate it. The philosopher, like the artist, leaves behind him rivals, but no successors; disciples, but no continuators; disciples, who can neither enrich the heritage of his genius,

nor preserve it from the assaults of others. That is why systems rise and fall. They live an individual life, because they are not impersonal. The great plastic power of imagination, which presides over the elaboration of every system of philosophy, is a quality which is not transmissible from master to disciple. If the man of positive science is more fortunate in this respect—if he can transmit to disciples a heritage which they will enrich—it is because science is impersonal; it is because the hoarded treasures of observation which, with the ascertained laws of nature's processes, constitute the wealth of every scientific system, *can* be handed down from master to disciple, and receive fresh accumulations from every earnest seeker.

"Et quasi cursores vitæ lampada tradunt."

The *mind* of a Newton can no more be left as a legacy to his disciples than can the mind of a Plato; but the truths which a Newton discovers are impersonal, and are truths for all time. His philosophy becomes extended and improved: his imperfect views become developed. But who *continues* Plato? Plato's philosophy remains confined to Plato, just as Shakspeare's poetry remains the sole possession of Shakspeare.

It is this *personal* nature of philosophical systems which lends such peculiar interest to the biography of great thinkers: their lives are parts of their philosophies. To show how impersonal science is, we may ask what light could be thrown upon the "Principia" by any details of Newton's life? Should we understand Faraday's views a little better, if we could penetrate into his private life, and learn his heroisms and his foibles, his sympathies and antipathies?—Not one iota. But rightly to understand a system of philosophy we must understand its source. Its source is personal, and the *man* attracts us. What manner of man was Bruno?

Giordano Bruno was born at Nola, in La Terra di Lavoro, a few miles from Naples, and midway between Vesuvius and the Mediterranean. The date of his birth is fixed as 1550—that is to say, ten years after the death of Copernicus, whose system he was to espouse with such ardor, and ten years before the birth of our own illustrious Bacon. Tasso well says:

"La terra
Simili a sè gli abitor' produce;"

and Bruno was a true Neapolitan child—as

* *Révue des Deux Mondes*, tome 18, p. 1070.

ardent as its volcanic soil and burning atmosphere, and dark thick wine (*mangia guerra*)—as capricious as its varied climate. There was a restless energy in him which fitted him to become the preacher of a new crusade—urging him to throw a haughty defiance in the face of every authority in every country—an energy which closed his wild adventurous career at the stake lighted by the Inquisition. He was also distinguished by a rich fancy, a varied humor, and a chivalrous gallantry, which constantly remind us that the athlete is an Italian, and an Italian of the sixteenth century. Stern as was the struggle, he never allowed the grace of his nature to be vanquished by its vehemence. He went forth as a preacher; but it was as a preacher, young, handsome, gay, and worldly—as a poet, not as a fanatic.

The first thing we hear of him is the adoption of the Dominican's frock. In spite of his ardent temperament, so full of vigorous life, he shuts himself up in a cloister—allured, probably, by the very contrast which such a life offered to his own energetic character. Bruno in a cloister has but two courses open to him: either all that affluent energy will rush into some stern fanaticism, and, as in Loyola, find aliment in perpetual self-combat, and in bending the wills of others to his purposes; or else his restless spirit of inquiry, stimulated by avidity for glory, will startle and irritate his superiors. It was not long ere Bruno's course was decided. He began to doubt the mystery of transubstantiation. Nay, more, he not only threw doubt upon the dogmas of the church, he had also the audacity to attack the pillar of all faith, the great authority of the age—Aristotle himself. The natural consequences ensued—he was feared and persecuted. Unable to withstand his opponents, he fled. Casting aside the monkish robe, which clothed him in what he thought a falsehood, he fled from Italy just as Montaigne, having finished the first part of his immortal Essay, entered it, to pay a visit to the unhappy Tasso, then raving in an hospital. Bruno was now an exile, but he was free; and the delight he felt at his release may be read in several passages of his writings, especially in the sonnet prefixed to *l'Infinito*:

"Uscito di prigione angusta e nera
Ove tanti anni error stretto m'avvinse;
Qua lascio la catena, che mi cinse
La man di mia nemica invida e fera," &c.

He was thirty years of age when he began his adventurous course through Europe—to

wage single-handed war against much of the falsehood, folly, and corruption of his epoch. Like his great prototype, Xenophanes, who wandered over Greece, a rhapsodist of philosophy, striving to awaken mankind to a recognition of the deity whom they degraded by their dogmas, and like his own unhappy rivals, Campanella and Vanini, Bruno became the knight-errant of truth—according to his views of truth—ready to combat all comers in its cause. His life was a battle without a victory. Persecuted in one country, he fled to another—everywhere sowing the seeds of revolt, everywhere shaking the dynasty of received opinion. It was a strange time—to every earnest man a sad, an almost hopeless time. The church was in a pitiable condition—decaying from within, and attacked from without. The lower clergy were degraded by ignorance, indolence, and sensuality; the prelates, if more enlightened, were enlightened only as epicures and pedants, swearing by the gods of Greece and Rome, and laboriously imitating the sonorous roll of Ciceronian periods. The Reformation had startled the world, especially the ecclesiastical world. The Inquisition was vigilant and cruel; but among its very members were sceptics. Scepticism, with a polish of hypocrisy, was the general disease. It penetrated almost everywhere—from the cloister to the cardinal's palace. Scepticism, however, is only a transitory disease. Men *must* have convictions. Accordingly, in all ages, we see scepticism stimulating new reforms; and reformers were not wanting in the sixteenth century. Of the Lutheran movement, it is needless here to speak. The sixteenth century marks its place in history as the century of revolutions; it not only broke the chain which bound Europe to Rome, it also broke the chain which bound philosophy to scholasticism and Aristotle. It set human reason free; it proclaimed the liberty of thought and action. In the vanguard of its army, we see Telesio, Campanella, and Bruno, men who must always excite our admiration and our gratitude for their cause and for their courage. They fell fighting for freedom of thought and utterance—the victims of a fanaticism, the more odious because it was not the rigor of belief but of pretended belief. They fought in those early days of the great struggle between science and prejudice, when Galileo was a heretic, and when the implacable severity of dogmatism baptized in blood every new thought born into the world.

One spirit is common to all these reform-

ers, however various their doctrines: that spirit is one of unhesitating opposition to the dominant authority. It is the crisis of the middle ages—the modern era dawns there. In the fifteenth century men were occupied with the newly awakened treasures of ancient learning: it was a century of erudition. The past was worshipped at the expense of the present. In art, in philosophy, and in religion, men sought to restore the splendors of an earlier time. Brunelleschi, Michael Angelo, Raphael, disdaining the types of Gothic art, strove to recall, once more, the classic type. Marsilio Ficino, Mirandola, Telesio, and Bruno, discarding the subtleties and disputes of scholasticism, endeavored to reproduce Pythagoras, Plato, and Plotinus. In religion, Luther and Calvin, avowedly rising against papal corruptions, labored to restore the church to its primitive simplicity. Thus the new era seems retrograde. It is often so. The recurrence to an earlier time is the preparation for a future. You cannot leap far from the spot where you stand; you must step backwards a few paces to acquire the right momentum.

Giordano Bruno ceaselessly attacked Aristotle. In so doing he knew that he grappled with the Goliath of the Church. Aristotle was a synonym for reason. They made an anagram of his name, "Aristoteles: *iste sol erat.*" His logic and physics, together with the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, were then considered as inseparable portions of the Christian creed. One man having detected spots in the sun, communicated his discovery to a worthy priest: "My son," replied the priest, "I have read Aristotle many times, and I assure you there is nothing of the kind mentioned by him. Go, rest in peace; and be certain that the spots which you have seen are in your eyes, and not in the sun." When Ramus solicited the permission of Beza to teach in Geneva, he was told, "the Genevese have decreed, once for all, that neither in logic, nor in any other branch of knowledge, will they depart from the opinions of Aristotle—*ne tantillum quidem ab Aristotelis sententiâ deflectere.*" It is well known that the Stagyrte nearly escaped being canonized as a saint. Are you for or against Aristotle? was the question of philosophy; and the piquant aspect of this ἀριστοτελουμαχία is the fact that both parties were profoundly ignorant of the real opinions of the Stagyrte; attributing indeed to him doctrines the very reverse of what a more ample knowledge of his writings has shown to have been his.

Bruno, as we said, took his stand opposite to the Aristotelians. Pythagoras, Plato, and Plotinus were his teachers. Something of temperament there may be in this, for, as Frederick Schlegel admirably said, and as Coleridge often repeated, all men are born either Aristotelians or Platonists; and Bruno undoubtedly belongs to that class of thinkers in whom logic is but the handmaid of imagination and fancy. To him the Aristotle of that age was antipathetic—and to be combated on all points. The Aristotelians taught that the world was finite, and the heavens incorruptible. Bruno declared the world to be infinite, and subject to an eternal and universal revolution. The Aristotelians proclaimed the immobility of the earth: Bruno proclaimed its rotation. Such open dissidence could of course only enrage the party in power. It would have been sufficiently audacious to promulgate such absurdities—*horrenda prorsus absurdissima*—as the rotation of the earth; but to defy Aristotle and ridicule his logic, could proceed only from insanity, or impiety! So Bruno had to fly.

To Geneva he first directed his steps. But there the power which had proved stronger than the partisans of Servetus, was still dominant. He made his escape to Toulouse; there he raised a storm among the Aristotelians, such as compelled him to fly to Paris.

Behold him then in Paris, the streets of which were still slippery with the blood of the Eve of St. Bartholomew! One expects to see him butchered without mercy, but, by some good fortune, he obtains the favor of Henry III., who not only permits him to lecture at the Sorbonne, but would admit him as a salaried professor, if Bruno would but attend mass. Is it not strange that at a time when attendance at mass was so serious a matter—when the echoes of that lugubrious cry, *la messe ou la mort!* which had resounded through the narrow murky streets, must have been still ringing in men's ears—that Bruno, in spite of his refusal, not only continued to lecture, but became exceedingly popular. Since Abelard had captivated the students of Paris with his facile eloquence and startling novelties, no teacher had been so enthusiastically received as Bruno. Young, handsome, eloquent, and facetious, he charmed them by his manner no less than by his matter. Adopting by turns every form of address—rising into the aerial altitudes of imagination or descending into the kennel of obscenity and buffoonery—now grave, prophet-like, and impassioned—now

fierce and controversial—now fanciful and humorous—he threw aside all the monotony of professional gravity, to speak to them as a man. He did not, on this occasion, venture openly to combat the prejudices and doctrines of the age; that was reserved for his second visit, after he had learned in England to speak as became a free and earnest man.

To England let us follow him. On the foggy banks of our noble Thames, he was rudely initiated into the brutality of the English character; but he was amply compensated by his reception at the court of Elizabeth, who extended a friendly welcome to all foreigners, especially Italians. Nor was his southern heart cold to the exquisite beauty and incomparable grace of our women. England was then worth visiting; and he had reason to refer with pride to “questo paese Britannico a cui doviamo la fedeltà ed amore ospitale.” It was in England Bruno published the greater part of his Italian works. It was here, perhaps, that the serenest part of his life was spent. Patronized by the queen—(“l’unica Diana qual è tra voi, quel che tra gli astri il sole,” as he calls her)—he had the glory and the happiness to call Sir Philip Sidney friend.

In the high communion of noble minds, in the interchange of great thoughts and glorious aspirations, another than Bruno might have been content to leave the world and all its errors in peace; but he had that within him which would not suffer him to be at rest. He could not let the world wag on its way, content to smile, superior to its errors. He had a mission—without the cant of a mission. He was a soldier, and had his battles to fight. In the society of Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Fulke Greville—of Dyer, Harvey—and most probably of Antonio Perez, and Shakspeare’s Florio—Bruno *might* have discussed with calmness every question of philosophy—that is, had he been of an epicurean turn—had he not been Bruno. As it was, lured by his passion for publicity—by his vanity, no less than by his love of truth—he rushed into the arena,

“Confident as is the falcon’s flight.”

If we attribute to him motives not altogether pure—if we see as much ostentation as devotion in this conduct, let it be remembered that in this life the great aims of humanity are worked out by *human* means, wherein the impure and selfish are as much vital elements as the noble. In the great mechanism there are numberless trivial wheels, and littleness is often the necessary spring of some heroic

act. This is no concession to the school of Rochefoucauld. That school makes the great mistake of attributing the splendor of the sun to its spots—of deriving the greatness of human nature from its littleness. The presence of a selfish impulse is no real diminution of an heroic act. We have only to reflect on the numerous instances of selfish impulse *unaccompanied* by any heroism, to be assured that if selfishness and disinterestedness may be found conjoined in the mingled woof of human nature, it in nowise alters the fact of disinterestedness, it in nowise lessens the worthiness of heroism. What philosophy is that which sees *only* vanity in martyrdom, *only* love of applause in the daring proclamation of truth? Gold without dross is not to be found in the earth; but is it therefore copper?

Let us follow Bruno’s course with other feelings than those of a short-sighted philosophy. It was not very long after his arrival in England (1583) that Leicester, then Chancellor of Oxford, gave that splendid fête in honor of the County Palatine Albert de Lasco, of which the annals of Oxford and the works of Bruno have preserved some details. In those days a foreigner was “lionized” in a more grandiose style than modern Amphitryons concede. It was not deemed sufficient to ask the illustrious stranger to “breakfast;” there were no “dinners” given in public, or at the club. The age of tournaments had passed away; but there were still the public discussions, which were a sort of passage-of-arms between the knights of intellect. And such a tourney had Leicester prepared in honor of the Pole. Oxford called upon her doughty men to brighten up their arms—that is to say, to shake the dust from their volumes of Aristotle—and all comers were challenged. Bruno stepped into the arena. Oxford chose her best men to combat for Aristotle and Ptolemy. On that cause her existence seemed to depend. Her statutes declared that the Bachelors and Masters of Arts who did not faithfully follow Aristotle, were liable to a fine of five shillings for every point of divergence, or for every fault committed against the *Organon*. Oxford has always had a talent for retrogression, and prides itself on the success with which it keeps behind the age it professes to instruct, and she was then, as now, what Bruno wittily called her—the *widow* of sound learning—“la vedova di buone lettere.”

The details of this “wit combat” are unknown to us. Bruno declares that fifteen

times did he stop the mouth of his pitiable adversary, who could only reply by abuse.* But there is considerable *forfanterie* about the Neapolitan, and such statements may be received with caution. That he created a "sensation" we have no doubt; his doctrines were sufficiently startling for that. We also find him, on the strength of that success, soliciting permission of the Oxford senate to profess openly. With his usual arrogance he styles himself, in this address, as a "doctor of a more perfect theology, and professor of a purer wisdom," than was there taught. Strange as it may appear, permission was granted; probably because he had the patronage of Elizabeth. He lectured on cosmology, and on the immortality of the soul; a doctrine which he maintained, not upon the principles of Aristotle, but upon those of the Neo-Platonists, who regarded this life as a brief struggle, a sort of agony of death, through which the soul must pass ere it attains to the splendor of existence in the eternal and universal life. In the deep, unquenchable desire which is within us to unite ourselves with God, and to quit this miserable sphere for the glorious regions of eternity, is the written conviction of our future existence. No doubt he preached this doctrine with stirring eloquence, but it must have sounded very heterodox in the ears of that wise conclave—styled, by Bruno, "a constellation of pedants, whose ignorance, presumption, and rustic rudeness would have exhausted the patience of Job"—and they soon put an end to his lectures.†

We have already intimated the protection which Elizabeth accorded him, and which he repaid by adulation—extravagant enough—but which was then the current style in speaking of royalty; and it should not be forgotten that this praise of a Protestant queen was not among the least of his crimes in the eyes of his accusers. Still, even Elizabeth could not protect a heretic; and

Bruno's audacious eloquence roused such opposition that he was forced to quit England. He returned to Paris once more, to court the favor of the *quartier Latin*. He obtained permission to open a public disputation on the physics of Aristotle. For three successive days did this dispute continue, in which the great questions of nature, the universe, and the rotation of the earth were discussed. Bruno had thrown aside the veil, and presented his opinions naked to the gaze. His impetuous onslaught upon established opinions produced the natural result; he was forced again to fly.

We next find him in Germany, carrying the spirit of innovation into its august universities. In July, 1586, he matriculated as *theologia doctor Romanensis* in the university of Marbourg, in Hesse; but permission to teach philosophy was refused him *ob arduas causas*. Whereupon he insulted the rector in his own house, created a disturbance, and insisted that his name should be struck off from the list of members of the university. He set off for Wirtemberg. His reception in this centre of Lutheranism was so gratifying, that he styled Wirtemberg the Athens of Germany. "Your justice," he writes to the senate, "has refused to listen to the insinuations circulated against my character and my opinions. You have, with admirable impartiality, permitted me to attack with vehemence that philosophy of Aristotle which you prize so highly." For two years did he teach there with noisy popularity, yet on the whole with tolerable prudence in not offending against the peculiar views of Lutheranism. He even undertook a defense of Satan; but whether in that spirit of pity which moved Burns, or whether in the spirit of buffoonery delighting to play with awful subjects, we have no means of ascertaining. He did not offend his audience, in whatever spirit he treated the subject.

Here, then, in Wirtemberg, with admiring audiences and free scope for discussion, one might fancy he would be at rest. Why should he leave so enviable a position? Simply because he was not a man to cotton himself in ease and quiet. He was possessed with the spirit of a reformer, and this urged him to carry his doctrines into other cities. Characteristic of his audacity is the next step he took. From Wirtemberg he went to Prague; from the centre of Lutheranism to the centre of Catholicism! In this he had reckoned too much on his own powers. He met with neither sympathy nor support in Prague. He then passed on to Helmstadt,

* "Andate in Oxonia e fattevi raccontar le cose intravenute al Nolano quando pubblicamente disputò con que' dottori in teologia in presenza del Principe Alasco Polacco, et altri de la nobilità Inglese! Fatevi dire come si sapea rispondere a gli argomenti, come restò per quindici sillogismi quindici volte, qual pulcino entro la stoppa quel povero dottor, che come il corifeo de l'academia ne puosero avanti in questa grave occasione. Fatevi dire con quanta inciviltà e discortesia procedea quel porco e con quanta pazienza et umanità quell'altro che in fatto mostrava essere Napoletano nato et allevato sotto più benigno cielo."—*La Cena de le Cenere*. Opp. Ital. II. p. 179.

† Vide *Cena de la Cenere*.

where his fame having preceded him, the Duke of Brunswick conferred upon him the honorable charge of educating the hereditary duke. Here, again, if he had consented to remain quiet, he might have been what the world calls "successful;" but he was troubled with convictions—things so impedimental to success!—and these drew down upon him a sentence of excommunication. He justified himself, indeed, and the sentence was removed; but he was not suffered to remain in Helmstadt; so he passed to Frankfurt, and there, in quiet, brief retirement, published three of his Latin works. Here a blank occurs in his annals. When next we hear of him, he is at Padua.

At Padua! After an absence of ten years the wanderer returns to Italy. In his restless course, he has traversed Switzerland, France, England and Germany; his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him. Heretic and innovator, he has irritated the clergy without securing the protection of philosophers. He had sought no protection but that of truth. That now he should choose Padua above all places, must ever excite our astonishment. Padua, where Aristotle reigns supreme! Padua, which is overshadowed by Venice and the Inquisition! Was he weary of life, that he thus marched into the camp of his enemy? Or did he rely on the force of his convictions and the vigor of his eloquence to triumph even in Padua? None can say. He came—he taught—he fled! Venice received him, but it was in her terrible prison. Lovers of coincidences will find a piquant illustration in the fact that at the very moment when Bruno was thrown into prison, Galileo opened his course of mathematics at Padua; and the six years which he occupied that mathematical chair, were the six years Bruno spent in miserable captivity.

Bruno's arrest was no sooner effected than intimation of it was sent to the grand inquisitor, San Severina, at Rome, who ordered that the prisoner should be sent to him, under escort, on the first opportunity. Thomas Morosini presented himself before the *savi* of Venice, and demanded, in the name of his eminence, that Bruno should be delivered up to him. "That man," said he, "is not only an heretic, but an heresiarch. He has written works in which he highly lauds the Queen of England and other heretical princes. He has written diverse things touching religion, which are contrary to the faith." The *savi*, for some reason or other, declined to give up their prisoner, saying the matter was too im-

portant for them to take a sudden resolution. Was this mercy? Was it cruelty? In effect, it was cruelty, for Bruno languished six years in the prisons of Venice, and only quitted them to perish at the stake. Six long years of captivity! That was worse than any death. To one so ardent, solitude itself was punishment. He wanted to be among men, to combat, to argue, to live; and he was condemned to the fearful solitudes of that prison, without books, without paper, without friends! the present so horrible, the future so uncertain! Such was the repose which the weary wanderer found on his native soil.

His prison doors were at length opened, and he was removed to Rome, there to undergo a tedious and fruitless examination. Of what use was it to call upon him to retract his opinions? The attempt to convince him was more rational; but it failed. The tiresome debate was needlessly prolonged. Finding him insensible to their threats and to their logic, they brought him, on the 9th of February, to the palace of San Severina; and there, in the presence of the cardinals and most illustrious theologians, he was forced to kneel and receive the sentence of excommunication. That sentence passed, he was handed over to the secular authorities, with a recommendation of a "punishment as merciful as possible, and without effusion of blood"—*ut quam clementissima et citra sanguinis effusionem puniretur*—the atrocious formula for burning alive!

Calm and dignified was the bearing of the victim during the whole of this scene. It impressed even his persecutors. On hearing his sentence, one phrase alone disturbed the unalterable serenity of his demeanor. Raising his head with haughty superiority, he said, "I suspect you pronounce this sentence with more fear than I receive it." A delay of one week was accorded to him in the expectation that fear might force a retraction; but the week expired, and Bruno remained immovable. He perished at the stake; but he died in the martyr-spirit, self-sustained and silent, welcoming death as the appointed passage to a higher life.

"Fendo il cieli e a l'infinito m'ergo."

Bruno perished a victim to blind intolerance. It is impossible to read of such a punishment without strong revulsions of feeling. There is, indeed, no page in the annals of mankind which we would more willingly blot out, than those upon which fanaticism has

written its bloody history. Frivolous as have often been the pretexts for shedding blood, none are more abhorrent to us than those founded upon religious differences. Surely the question of religion is awful enough in itself? Men have the deepest possible interest in ascertaining the truth of it; and if they cannot read the problem aright by the light of their own convictions, will it be made more legible by the light of an *auto-da-fé*? Tolerance is still far from being a general virtue; but what scenes of struggle, of violence, and of persecution has the world passed through before even the present modicum of tolerance could be gained! In the 16th century, thought was a crime. The wisest men were bitterly intolerant; the mildest, cruel. Campanella tells us that he was fifty times imprisoned, and seven times put to the torture for daring to think otherwise than those in power. It was, indeed, the age of persecution. That which made it so bloody was the vehemence of the struggle between the old world and the new—between thought and established dogma—between science and tradition. In every part of Europe—in Rome itself—men uprose to utter their new doctrines, and to shake off the chains which enslaved human intellect. It was the first great crisis in modern history, and we read its progress by the bonfires lighted in every town. The glare of the stake reddened a sky illumined by the fair auroral light of science.

Why this tyranny of opinion? Mr. Hallam, with his usual sagacity, has noted that it was not for those opinions which could influence men's moral conduct, so much as for merely speculative points, that men were sent to the stake.* So that persecution was founded, not upon dread of the *moral* consequence of an error, so much as on irritation at difference of opinion! Curious as this super-eminence given to ideas above practical results may seem, it is written throughout history. Perhaps fanaticism has its origin in this tendency. It is the *intellect* of man, and not his moral nature, which is called upon to decide the questions addressed solely to his intellect; and logic, as we know, feels no compunctions. It is because logic is pitiless, that men have massacred their fellows in the name of the religion of charity. But in reference to the remark cited from Mr. Hallam, it should be observed that these pressing questions in the history of persecution, severed as they have been from moral

considerations, have come to be representative of systems, and from this cause have derived a large adventitious importance.

But to return to Bruno. Did he deserve to die? According to the notions of that age, he certainly did; though historians have singularly enough puzzled themselves in the search after an adequate motive for so severe a punishment. He had praised heretical princes; he had reasoned philosophically on matters of faith—properly the subjects of theology; he had proclaimed liberty of thought, and of investigation; he had disputed the infallibility of the church in science, and had propagated heresies, such as the rotation of the earth, and the infinity of worlds; he had refused to attend mass; he had repeated many buffooneries then circulating, and which threw contempt upon sacred things; finally, he had taught a system of Pantheism, which was altogether opposed to Christianity. He had done all this, and whoever knows the 16th century, will see that such an innovator had no chance of escape. Accordingly, the flames (as Scioppius sarcastically wrote in describing the execution to a friend) “carried him to those worlds which he imagined.”

“As men die, so they walk among posterity,” is the felicitous remark of Monckton Milnes; and Bruno, like many other men, is better remembered for his death than for anything he did while living. The flames which consumed his body have embalmed his name. He knew it would be so—“*La morte d'un secolo fa vivo in tutti gli altri*,” he says. Till within the last half century, Bruno had scarcely any other claim upon the attention of students than that derived from his martyrdom; but Germany has rescued him from that obscurity, and presented him to Europe as worthy of that homage we all pay to great thinkers and inspiring thoughts. As Plato covered his speculations on the universe with the protecting name of Timæus, so also does the German Plato, Schelling, with like enthusiasm and homage, entitle one of his most important works “Bruno.” Without expecting that Europe will acknowledge the importance of Bruno's doctrines, we may feel assured that the increasing interest which is exhibited in all historical studies, will not suffer this strange thinker to be passed over in contempt. Meanwhile, the following outline may suffice for most readers, and stimulate a few to study for themselves.

Considered as a system of philosophy, we cannot hesitate in saying that Bruno's has

* Const. Hist. of England, i. p. 89; fifth ed.

only an historical, not an intrinsic value. Its condemnation is written in the fact of its neglect. For as Göthe says—

“Denn alles das entsteht
Ist werth das es zu Ende geht.”

But taken historically, the works are very curious, and still more so when we read them with a biographical interest; for they not only illustrate the epoch, but exhibit the man—exhibit his impetuosity, recklessness, vanity, imagination, buffoonery, and his thorough Neapolitan character, and his sincere love of truth. Those who wish to see grave subjects treated with dignity, will object to the license he allows himself, and will have no tolerance for the bad taste he so often displays. But we should rather look upon these works as the rapid productions of a restless athlete—as the improvisations of a full, ardent, but irregular mind, in an age when taste was less fastidious than it has since become. If Bruno has mingled buffooneries and obscenities with grave and weighty topics, he therein only follows the general license of that age; and we must extend to him the same forgiveness as to Bembo, Ariosto, Tansillo, and the rest. The august Plato himself is not wholly exempt from the same defect.

In adopting the form of dialogue, Bruno also followed the taste of his age. It is a form eminently suited to polemical subjects, and all his works were polemical. It enabled him to ridicule by turns the pedants, philosophers, and theologians; and to enunciate certain doctrines which even his temerity would have shrunk from, had he not been able to place them in the mouth of another. He makes his dialogues far more entertaining than metaphysics usually are; and this he does by digressions, by ridicule, by eloquence, and a liberal introduction of sonnets. Sometimes his very vivacity becomes wearisome. The remorseless torrent of substantives and epithets which pours from his too prolific pen stuns and bewilders you. There is nobody to rival him but Rabelais in this flux of words.* His great butts are the

clergy and the philosophers. He reproaches the former with ignorance, avarice, hypocrisy, and the desire to stifle inquiry and prolong the reign of ignorance. The philosophers he reproaches with blind adherence to authority; with stupid reverence for Aristotle and Ptolemy; and with slavish imitation of antiquity. It should be observed that he does not so much decry Aristotle, as the idolatry of Aristotle.* Against the pedantry of that pedantic age he is always hurling his thunders. “If,” says he, in one place, characterizing the pedant, “he laughs, he calls himself Democritus; if he weeps, it is with Heraclitus; when he argues, he is Aristotle; when he combines chimeras, he is Plato; when he stutters, he is Demosthenes.” That Bruno’s scorn sprang from no misology, his own varied erudition proves. But while he studied the ancients to extract from them such eternal truths as were buried amidst a mass of error, *they*, the pedants, only studied how to deck themselves in borrowed plumes.

Turning from manner to matter, we must assign to Bruno a place in the history of philosophy, as a successor of the Neoplatonists, and the precursor of Spinoza, Descartes, Leibnitz, and Schelling. That Spinoza and Descartes were actually conversant with the writings of Giordano Bruno does not distinctly appear. Yet it is not to be disputed that Bruno anticipated the former in his conception of the *immanence* of the Deity, in his famous *natura naturans natura naturata*, and in his pantheistic theory of evolution. He also anticipated Descartes’ famous criterium of truth—viz: that whatever is clear and evident to the mind, and does not admit of contradiction, must be true; and in his proclamation of doubt as opposed to authority, he thus insists upon doubt as the starting point: “*Chi vuol perfettamente giudicare deve saper spogliarsi de la consuetudine di credere, deve l’una e l’altre contraddittoria esistimare egualmente possibile, e dismettere a fatto quell’affezione di cui e imbibeto da nativita.*”† Leibnitz was avowedly acquainted with Bruno’s works, and derived therefrom

* To give the reader a taste of this quality, we will cite a sentence from the dedicatory epistle to *Gli Eroi Furori*: “Che spettacolo, o dio buono! più vile e ignobile può presentarsi ad un occhio di terso sentimento, che un uomo cogitabundo, afflitto, tormentato, triste, maninconioso, per divenir or freddo, or caldo, or fervente, or tremante, or pallido, or rosso, or in mina di perplesso, or in atto di risoluto, un, che spende il miglior intervallo di tempo destillando l’elixir del cervello con mettere scritto e sig-

illar in publici monumenti, quelle continue torture, que’ gravi tormenti, que’ razionali discorsi, que’ fatuosi pensieri, e quelli amarissimi studi, destinati sotto la tirannide d’una indegna imbecille, stoltà e sozza sporcizia?” Thus it continues for some fifty lines more!—*Opp. Ital.* ii, p. 299.

* Vide *Opp. Ital.* ii, p. 67, where this is explicitly stated.

† De l’Infinito Universo e Mondi. *Opp. Ital.* p. 54.

his theory of monads. Schelling makes no secret of his obligations.

There is another merit in Bruno which should not be overlooked, that, namely, of giving a strong impulse to the study of *Nature*. Occupied with syllogisms about entities and quiddities, the philosophy of the middle ages had forgotten the great truth so grandly expressed by Bacon, that "man is the minister and interpreter of nature;" or, if it had not forgotten this, it assumed that the interpretation could proceed only from *inwards*—that men were to look into their own minds to analyze, subdivide, and classify their own ideas, instead of looking forth into Nature, patiently observe her processes.* Before the revival of letters, the whole scope of philosophy had been to reconcile its theories with religion: it was the handmaid of faith. And when the riches of antiquity were discovered, men, in the first enthusiasm of discoverers, thought only of studying the works of ancient wisdom. The study of books thus superseded the study of Nature. Men were eager to penetrate into the arcana of Aristotelian or Platonic philosophy, not into the arcana of Nature. Hence the pedantry, and barrenness of that age. Bruno was one of the first to call men from their cells out into the free air. With his poetical instinct he naturally looked to Nature as the great book for man to read. He deified Nature; and looked upon the universe as the garment of God, as the incarnation of the divine activity. Let us not be misunderstood, however. If Bruno embraced the Copernican theory, and combated the general physics of his day, he is not on that account to be taken for a man of scientific method. He espoused the correct view of the earth's sphericity and rotation; but he did so on the faith of his metaphysical theories, not by means of positive induction.

And now to his doctrines. Bruno's creed was Pantheism, which many mistake for Atheism; but it is a creed which, under one shape or another, is to be found in most of the ancient philosophies, and is still that of millions of Asiatics, and of a great number of English, French, and German thinkers. We scarcely need say that Pantheism is not

to be reconciled with Christianity; but, at the same time, all must admit that the creed of a Göthe and a Schelling is not to be confounded with Atheism. God, in Bruno's system, is the Infinite Intelligence, the Cause of causes, the Principle of life and mind; the great Activity, whose action we name the universe. But God did not *create* the universe: he *informed* it with life—with being. He *is* the universe; but only as the cause is the effect, sustaining it, *causing* it, but not limited by it. He is self-existing, yet so essentially active as incessantly to manifest himself as a Cause. Between the Supreme Being, and inferior beings dependent upon him, there is this distinction: He is absolutely simple, without parts, but is one whole, identical and universal; whereas the others are mere individual parts, distinct from the great Whole. Above and beyond the visible universe there is an Infinite Invisible—an immoveable, unalterable Identity, which rules over all diversity. This Being of all Beings, this Unity of Unities, is God: "Deus est monadum monas nempe entium entitas."

This is far from being Christian philosophy. The Christian doctrine teaches that God is the *external* Cause of the universe. He created it from nothing. It was an act of His omnipotence. Bruno, on the contrary, maintains that God is the *internal* cause and vital principle of the universe. He created it from His own substance: it was the act of His divinity: the incarnation of His power. In the universe He is *immanent* and omnipresent: He is *ogni cosa e in ogni cosa*—the *natura naturans*, as the universe is the *natura naturata*. The distinction, then, between Christian theism and Pantheism is not only wide, but impassable. In the one scheme we have a creative Providence ruling the world; in the other, an immanent Activity manifesting itself in the world. And yet, widely as these doctrines are separated, so difficult is it for the human mind to keep a steady flight in the "spacious circuit of its musing," that these schemes have, as it were, a final identification. For, in the doctrine of the Theist, there lies a pitfall from which many fail to escape—viz: the tendency to limit the operation of the Deity to a merely passive contemplation of His work. How many scientific treatises maintain that the Deity having endowed the universe with certain laws, those laws alone now suffice for the evolution of all phenomena! *God is thus forgotten in His laws*. Against this theory, Göthe revolts:

* It is of them Telesio energetically says: Sed veluti cum Deo de sapientiâ contententes decertantesque, mundi ipsius principia et causas ratione inquirere ausa, et quæ non invenerant, inventa ea sibi esse existimantes, volentesque, veluti suo arbitratu, mundum affluxere.—"De Rerum Natura." *In Præm.*

Was wär ein Gott der nur von a ussen stiesse
Im Kreis das All am Finger laufen liesse ?
Ihm ziemt's die Welt im Innern zu bewegen,
Natur in sich, Sich in Natur zu hegen.
So dass was in Ihm lebt, und webt, und ist
Nie Seine Kraft, nie Seinen Geist vermisst !

And if the Theist is in danger of forgetting God in God's laws, the Pantheist is equally in danger of forgetting the Creator in the creation.

That Bruno endeavored to steer clear of this danger is certain. He expressly warns us against the atheistical tendency. He says, that although it is impossible to conceive Nature separated from God, we can conceive God separated from Nature. The infinite Being is the essential centre and substance of the universe, but he is above the essence and substance of all things: he is *superessentialis*, *supersubstantialis*. Thus we cannot conceive a thought independent of a mind, but we can conceive a mind apart from any one thought. The universe is a thought of God's mind—nay, more, it is the infinite activity of his mind. To suppose the world finite is to limit his power. "Wherefore should we imagine that the Divine activity (*la divina efficacia*) is idle? Wherefore should we say that the Divine goodness, which can communicate itself *ad infinitum*, and infinitely diffuse itself, is willing to restrict itself? Why should his infinite capacity be frustrated—defrauded of its possibility to create infinite worlds? And why should we deface the excellence of the Divine image, which should rather reflect itself in an infinite mirror, as his nature is infinite and immense?"*

Bruno admits the existence of only one intelligence, and that is God. *Est deus in nobis*. This intelligence, which is perfect in God, is less perfect in inferior spirits; still less so in man; more and more imperfect in the lower gradations of created beings. But all these differences are differences of degree, not of kind. The inferior order of beings do not understand themselves—but they have a sort of language. In the superior orders of beings, intelligence arrives at the point of self-consciousness—they understand themselves, and those below them. Man, who occupies the middle position in the hierarchy of creation, is capable of contemplating every phasis of life. He sees God above him—he sees around him traces of the divine activity. These traces, which attest the immutable order of the universe, constitute the soul of

the world. To collect them, and connect them with the Being whence they issue, is the noblest function of the human mind. Every student of Hegel will here recognize an anticipation of his famous evolution of the *Idee*. Bruno further teaches that, in proportion as man labors in this direction, he discovers that these traces, spread abroad in nature, do not differ from the *ideas* which exist in his own mind.* He thus arrives at the perception of the identity between the soul of the world and his own soul—both as reflections of the Divine intelligence. He is thus led to perceive the identity of Subject and Object, of Thought and Being.

Such is the faint outline of a doctrine, to preach which, Bruno became a homeless wanderer and a martyr; as he loftily says, "*con questa filosofia l'animo mi s'aggrandisce, e m'è sì magnifica l'intelletto*." If not original, this doctrine has at any rate the merit of poetical grandeur. In its deep thoughts, wrestling with imperfect language, do get some sort of utterance and appeal to our souls. As a system, it is more imaginative than logical; but to many minds it would be all the more acceptable on that account. Coleridge used to say, and with truth, that imagination was the greatest faculty of the philosopher; and Bruno said, "*Philosophi sunt quoadmodo pictores atque poetæ. . . Non est philosophus nisi fingit et pinget*." Little as the mere man of science may be aware of it, the great faculty of imagination is indispensable even to his science; it is the great telescope with which he looks into the infinite. But in metaphysics, imagination plays a still greater part; it there reigns as a queen. The problem being to explain the physical and mental phenomena of the universe, there are two methods of solving it; the one, by looking into our own souls, and seeking there an explanation; the other, by looking at the phenomena themselves, and by patient observation, aided by powerful imagination, (leaping at the truth, *i.e.*, hypotheses,) discovering the laws of their co-existence and succession. In the one case, we *imagine* an explanation; in the other, we *observe*.

Let us now take a glance at the works of Bruno. They are mostly in Italian, Latin

* "ELP: What is the purpose of the senses ?

FIL: Solely to excite the reason: to indicate the truth, but not to judge of it. Truth is in the sensible object as in a mirror; in the reason, as a matter of argument; in the intellect, as a principle and conclusion; but in the mind it has its true and proper form."—*De l'Infinito*, p. 18.

* De l'Infinito. *Opp. Ital.* ii. p. 24.

having been happily reserved by him for the logical treatises. The volumes which we owe to the honorable diligence and love of philosophy of Adolph Wagner, open with the comedy "*Il Candelaio*," which was adapted to the French stage under the title of "*Boniface le Pédant*," from which Cyrano de Bergerac took his "*Pédant Joué*"—a piece which in its turn was plundered by Molière, who with charming wit and candor, avows it: "*Ces deux scènes (in Cyrano) étaient bonnes; elles m'appartenaient de plein droit; on reprend son bien partout où on le trouve.*"* According to Charles Nodier, Molière was indebted to Bruno for several scenes; but it is difficult to settle questions of plagiarism. Bruno's comedy is long, full of absurd incidents and Neapolitan buffoonery, and might have suggested a good deal to such a prolific mind as Molière's. In it he has exhibited "the amorousness of one old man named Bonifacio, the sordid avarice of another named Bartolomeo, and the pedantry, not less sordid, of a third named Manfurio." Ladies of vacillating virtue, soldiers, sailors, and scamps concert together to deceive these three old men, and wring money from their sensuality, their avarice, and their superstition. Bonifacio, desperately in love with Vittoria, is, nevertheless, alarmed at the enormous expense necessary to make his addresses acceptable. He has recourse to Scaramure, a reputed magician, who sells him a wax figure, which he is to melt, and thus melt the obdurate heart of his fair one. After a succession of disasters, Bonifacio is seized by pretended police, who force from him a heavy ransom.

* This is, perhaps, the wittiest of all the variations of the "pereant male qui ante nos nostra dixerunt." The Chevalier D'Aceilly's version is worth citing:

"Dis-je quelque chose assez belle ?
L'antiquité tout en cervelle
Prétend l'avoir dite avant moi.
C'est une plaisante donzelle !
Que ne venait elle après moi ?
J'aurais dit la chose avant elle !

While on this subject, we cannot resist Piron's lines:

"Ils ont dit, il est vrai, presque tout ce qu'on pense.
Leurs écrits sont des vols qu'ils nous ont faits d'avance.

Mais le remède est simple; il faut faire comme eux,
Ils nous ont dérobés; dérobons nos neveux.
Un démon triomphant m'élève à cet emploi:
Malheur aux écrivains qui viendront après moi !"

La Metromanie.

Bartolomeo becomes the dupe of Cencio, an impostor, who sells him a receipt for making gold. Manfurio, the pedant, is beaten, robbed, and ridiculed throughout. The sensuality and niggardliness of Bonifacio, and the pedantry of Manfurio, are hit off with true comic spirit; and the dialogue, though rambling and diffuse, is enlivened by *lazzi*—not always the most decent, it is true—and crowded with proverbs. Dramatic art there is none; the persons come on and talk; they are succeeded by fresh actors, who, having talked, also retire to give place to others. The whole play leaves a very confused impression. The hits at alchemy and pedantry were, doubtless, highly relished in those days.

It is very strange to pass from this comedy to the work which succeeds it in Wagner's edition—"La Cena de le Ceneri." In five dialogues he combats the hypothesis of the world's immobility; proclaims the infinity of the universe, and warns us against seeking its centre of circumference. He enlarges on the difference between appearances and reality in celestial phenomena; argues that our globe is made of the same substance as the other planets, and that everything which *is*, is living, so that the world may be likened to a huge animal.* In this work he also answers his objectors, who bring against his system the authority of Scripture, exactly in the same way as modern geologists answer the same objection, viz: by declaring that the revelation in the Bible was a moral not a physical revelation. It did not pretend to teach science, but, on the contrary, adopted ordinary notions, and expressed itself in the language intelligible to the vulgar.† In this work there are some digressions more than usually interesting to us, because they refer to the social condition of England during Elizabeth's reign.

The two works "*De la Causa*" and "*De l'Infinito*," contain the most matured and connected exposition of his philosophical

* An idea borrowed from Plato, who, in the *Timæus*, says: οὕτως οὖν δὴ κατὰ λόγον τὸν εἰκότα δεῖ λέγειν τόνδε τὸν κόσμον ζῶον ἐμψυχον ἔννοον τε τῇ ἀληθείᾳ διὰ τὴν τοῦ θεοῦ γενέσθαι πρόνοιαν. p. 26, ed. Bekker. Comp. also *Politicus*, p. 273. Bruno may have taken this directly from Plato, or he might have learned it from the work of his countryman, Telesio, *De Rerum Natura*.

† "Secondo il senso volgare et ordinario modo di comprendere e parlare." The whole of the early portion of Dialogue 4 (in which this distinction is maintained) is worth consulting. *Opere*, I. 172 sq.

opinions. As our space will not admit of an analysis, we must refer to that amply given by M. Bartholmess, (vol. ii. pp. 128-154.) The "Spaccio de la Bestia Trionfante" is the most celebrated of all his writings. It was translated by Toland, in 1713, who printed only a very few copies, as if wishing it to fall into the hands of only a few choice readers. The very title has been a sad puzzle to the world, and has led to the strangest suppositions. The "Triumphant Beast," which Bruno undertakes to expel, is none other than this; ancient astronomy disfigured the heavens with animals as constellations, and under guise of expelling these, he attacks the great beast (superstition) whose predominance causes men to believe that the stars influence human affairs. In his "Cabalala del cavallo Pegaseo," he sarcastically calls the ass "la bestia trionfante viva," and indites a sonnet in praise of that respectable quadruped:

"Oh sant' asinità, sant' ignoranza,
Santa stoltizia, e pia divozione,
Qual sola puoi far l'anima sì boune
Ch' uman ingegno e studio non l'avanza!" &c.

The "Spaccio" is an attack upon the superstitions of the day; a war against ignorance, and "that orthodoxy without morality, and without belief, which is the ruin of all justice and virtue." Morality Bruno fancifully calls "the astronomy of the heart;" but did not Bacon call it "the Georgics of the mind?" The "Spaccio" is a strange medley of learning, imagination, and buffoonery; and on the whole, perhaps the most tiresome of all his writings. M. Bartholmess, whose admiration for Bruno greatly exceeds our own, says of it:

"The mythology and symbolism of the ancients is there employed with as much tact as erudition. The fiction that the modern world is still governed by Jupiter and the court of Olympus, the mixture of reminiscences of chivalry, and the marvels of the middle ages, with the tales and traditions of antiquity—all those notions which have given birth to the philosophy of mythology, of religions, and of history—the Vicos and the Creuzers—this strange medley makes the 'Spaccio' so interesting. The philosopher there speaks the noble language of a moralist. As each virtue in its turn appears to replace the vices which disfigure the heavens, it learns from Jupiter all it has to do, all it has to avoid; all its attributes are enumerated and explained, and mostly personified in the allegorical vein; all the dangers and excesses it is to avoid are characterized

with the same vigor. Every page reveals a rare talent for psychological observation, a profound knowledge of the heart, and of contemporary society. The passions are subtly analyzed and well painted. That which still more captivates the thoughtful reader is the sustained style of this long fiction, which may be regarded as a sort of philosophic sermon. Truth and wisdom, justice and candor, take the place in the future now occupied by error, folly, and falsehood of every species. In this last respect the 'Spaccio' has sometimes the style of the Apocalypse."

Without impugning the justice of this criticism, we must add, that the "Spaccio" taxes even a bookworm's patience, and ought to be read with a liberal license in skipping.

Perhaps of all his writings, "Gli eroici furori" is that which would most interest a modern reader, not curious about the philosophical speculations of the Neapolitan. Its prodigality of sonnets, and its mystic exaltation, carry us at once into the heart of that epoch of Italian culture when poetry and Plato were the great studies of earnest men. In it Bruno, avowing himself a disciple of Petrarch, proclaims a Donna more exalted than Laura, more adorable than all earthly beauty; that Donna is the imperishable image of Divine Perfection. It is unworthy of a man, he says, to languish for a woman; to sacrifice to her all those energies and faculties of a great soul, which might be devoted to the pursuit of the Divine. Wisdom, which is truth and beauty in one, is the idol adored by the genuine hero. Love woman if you will, but remember that you are also a lover of the Infinite. Truth is the food of every heroic soul; hunting for Truth the only occupation worthy of a hero.* The reader of Plato will trace a favorite image; and was it not Berkeley who defined Truth as the cry of all, but the game few run down?

We close here our attempt to characterize the life and works of this remarkable thinker, with the hope that it may stimulate some curious reader to penetrate deeper into the subject. There are few epochs better worth studying than the sixteenth century; and amidst the many striking figures of that period, there are few in whom the conflicting tendencies of the age are better represented than in Giordano Bruno.

* Vide, in particular, the fine passage, *Opp. Ital.* II. p. 406-7.

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BRITISH DRUIDISM.

BY MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

DRUIDISM is a topic of surpassing interest to Britons; and the many who may question this principium, or may suppose it only applicable to vulgar clubs or Welsh concerts, will thank us for illumining their dimness as to the main day-spring of such promised interest. It is then, not too much to aver, (and the grounds for this conclusion shall immediately appear)—that the purest patriarchal religion had many things in common with early Druidism. Oaks standing in consecrated places, pillars and circles and altars of unhewn stone, are frequently mentioned in that book, containing the earliest records of mankind, which is emphatically called *the book*, *Gracè* the Bible. It is far from our wish to shock early feelings after the fashion of Dr. Milman, who speaks of father Abraham as “the old Emir;” for this cause, we should be sorry to be misunderstood as if it were attempted to attach the name of Druid either to that venerable saint, or to Jacob, or to Joshua, or to Samuel: it would be an inference equally false as to call the first disciples, papists: corruption, error, idolatries, ignorance, contribute quite enough to prove the classes different; while many remainder things in common imply an original unity. The sacred names mentioned above were all prophetic seers, *דרושים*, *derussim*: they each and all reared their rocky pillars of witness, their holy stones, *קרם לוואח*, *keremloach*, *cromlech*: vicarious sacrifice, the oneness of the Deity, the immortality of the soul, are doctrines common alike to the Patriarchs and the Druids: they “worshipped not in temples made with hands,” but would meditate with Isaac in the field at eventide, and make their offerings upon the high places. Gilgal, *גלגל*, “the circle-circle,” the concentric rings of large stones taken out of the rocky bed of Jordan, is an example fulfilling all the requisites of such still existing druidical circles as we have

seen in Cornwall, Wales, Invernesshire, the Channel Islands, Wilts, Kilkenny, and other primeval localities; just such a double circle as the Gilgal, we remember a little out of the roadside between Aberfeldie and Kenmore.

When Jacob hides the teraphim, the idols of his wife, he selects as a sacred place, “under the oak by Shechem.” Deborah, Rebecca’s foster-mother, was buried with pious carefulness “beneath the stones of Bethel under an oak, and the name of it was called The oak of weeping.” So also Saul and his sons were interred “under the oak in Jabesh:” Gideon’s angel “came and sat under an oak which was in Ophrah;” the erring “man of God” rests under an oak; as if these were in the nature of consecrated trees—religious stations. In Joshua xxiv, 26, we read that the great successor of Moses “took a great stone, and set it up there under an oak, which was by the sanctuary of the Lord;” and this selection of oaks and setting up of monolithic pillars might be illustrated by numerous other examples. In later times, when idolatry had succeeded to the purer worship implied in the primitive natural religion, we find Ezekiel, Isaiah, and Hosea expostulating with their fallen race for “worshipping idols under every thick oak,” and for inflaming themselves with the rites of heathenish impiety “among the oaks.” It is manifest, that the oak was a sacred or a superstitious tree; one selected for the shading of religious places: and this is so principal a feature in Druidism, that some etymologists attribute their adoption of the name to their reverence for the *δρῦς*, *drus*, or rather *drus*, the oak.

Once more; we read of cairns and carneddys raised in patriarchal times: the word “cairn” is a Hebrew one, *קרן*, *keren*, “horn” or “hill.” We read in Isaiah vi, of “the very fruitful hill,” *קרן*. In Genesis xxxi, 45, &c., “Jacob took a stone and set it up for a

pillar; and Jacob said unto his brethren, Gather stones; and they took stones, and made an heap; and they did eat there upon the heap. And Laban called it, The heap of witness." So likewise over Achan, after "all Israel had stoned him with stones, they raised a great heap of stones over him unto this day." It is possible, by the way, that the execution by stoning might have had some reference to the sepulchral and other tumuli usually reared to commemorate great men or remarkable events.

Again; over the King of Ai "they raised a great heap of stones that remaineth unto this day." That remaineth! we have seen many such perpetual memorials which have outlived the name and fame of their subjacent heroes; as—who knoweth anything of the once great potentate that lies beneath his pyramidal heap of white stones on the Slieve Bloom mountain? That remaineth! What indestructibility pervades a pile like this, for ages solemn and honored in its preservation, and thereafter to the end of time uninjured by decay, and changeless as the everlasting hills! We at least desire not to hint a doubt, but that the "very great heap of stones laid over Absalom," and "the pillar in the king's dale, which Absalom erected for himself to keep his name in remembrance, because he had no son," are now existing as at first, and remain a stony conical hill beside a granite peak, in some secret valley of Judea; there, whether or not now bearing traditional witness to the earthly perpetuity of Absalom's high name, they stand ready at least, and able, to remind some casual traveller from Redruth, or Wiltshire, of the native ancient works he counts Druidical.

Yet more; Moses is commanded to raise "an altar of earth and unhewn stones;" we may conceive it not unlike such a cromlech as may still be found in Guernsey, or at Kilmogue. Josephus (Ant. lib. i. c. 2.) mentions "a pillar of stone, erected by the antediluvian posterity of Seth, extant in his time in the land of Seirath or Syrias;" just such a granite witness as may now be seen upon Iona, the Inis Drw, or Druid's Isle; and the like other upright blocks we have visited both at Inverary Castle, and near Penzance. Maundrell asserts that the "furnace" in which the three children, Ananias, Azarias and Misael, were miraculously delivered from the burning, was an open court of stones, (even such an one might have crowned the rocky hill above St. Helier's in Jersey, or have stood on the slope near

Harlech,) and that this place of fiery trial was not according to the usual notion of a kiln; indeed, it is difficult to imagine how king Nebuchadnezzar could have seen them walking in the midst of that fierce ordeal unscathed, or how the fire could have flamed aside and consumed the executioners, had the furnace been a close one: we believe it to have been such an open fire-altar as we ourselves have in past years of highland pedestrianism turned aside to see near Taymouth Castle. It is easy to perceive how all these instances bear upon our point.

Moreover, Pliny speaks of a rocking-stone at Harpasa in Asia; and Ptolemy of one by the sea-side, which vibrated to the touch of an "asphodel:" he gives this stone the remarkable and barbaric epithet "gygonian;" evidently the Celtic *gwingog*, rocking. Dodona had its sacred oaks with priests hidden in the *δρυῆς*—Celticè, *drws*. It is worthy of note that Iona means a dove in Celtic; and the *πελῖαι* or "doves" were priestesses of Dodona. Now Iona was at one time the head-quarters of Druidism, after the more idolatrous Saxon had persecuted it to the extremities of the land in Cornwall, and other desolate and rocky places; to Anglesea also, and to Icolnkil. We see then a plain sympathy between Dodona and Iona; of some importance to our point, as connecting our own now so glorious, but once on a time the poor despised ancient Britain, with the early Greeks, lords of the earth. On the coast of Morocco, overlooking the broad Atlantic, are some mighty druidical remains worthy of Mount Atlas on whose shoulder they are resting: similar monuments are said to occur even in China. Apollonius Rhodius mentions that a rocking-stone existed in his day on the shores of Tenos, supposed to have been erected there by the Argonauts; and King, in his *Munimenta Antiqua*, (vol. i, p. 226,) says, as a matter of fact, that "the cromlech was introduced in the earliest ages, among the detestable superstitions of the Tyrians and Sidonians." Perhaps, when the Israelites made their children pass through Moloch's fire, it was a rite similar to the Druidic ordeal by fire; and perhaps the "stone upon which a man might be broken," or which falling on him should "grind him to powder," may, besides the common interpretations, be allusive to some Idumean rites and practices of a similar nature to those we call Druidical. To this mass of suggestions—for they are thrown out more in the nature of analogies than arguments—we might add another discursive series of ex-

amples deduced from almost every country, which can show those rude temples of unhewn stones, coming under the general phrase *ὀ χεῖροποίητα*, "not made with hands:" a fine emblematical fancy, as if the Deity were looked up to as the only legitimate source of adornment, supplying every external appliance to his own service, unpolluted by mortal aid or arm.

We need now scarcely bring to bear the focus of light which such scriptural and historic instances as we have noted shed upon our many native cairns, cromlechs, obelisks, and circles. The reader, perhaps to his own surprise, will have some little while surveyed with a different eye the granite ribs of Druidism; and instead of judging them, as it were, the fossil remnants of some extinct destroying monster, he may see some reason to regard them more indulgently as the deep-wrought tracks in stone of the first strong faith of our race. Even granting that, in the corruption of long years, human sacrifices stained those granite altars, might even these not have had some traditionary reference to the great vicarious Substitute? Was the mistletoe, that strange, inexplicable growth, grafted as by a heavenly hand upon the unchanging oak of earthly immortality, in no way allusive to "the Branch," the cut twig that sweetened Marah? Is there not a moral grandeur to which the most decorated fanes have never reached, a sublimity of conception unparalleled, in the rude masses of Stonehenge, and, when perfect, in the vaster precincts of Abury? Is it a vain fancy to suppose, that the huge dynamical skill and power inferred of necessity by such pilings of Ossa on Olympus as cromlechs and rocking-stones imply, might have been immediately derived from those architectural giants in the olden world, the fabled Titans and Cyclops, who reared the walls of Corinth, set up strange monoliths in Edom, shaped the rocks of Elephanta, and piled the pyramids and Babel? Verily, a British cromlech is a structure of deep interest, when thus regarded as a link that connects us with the best and boldest of antiquity. Let farmers at Drewsteignton and engineers in Guernsey beware how they hazard the sacrilege of blowing them up, (a barbarous threat like this was once uttered in our ears)—let contractors for London granite tremble ere they touch such patriarchal holy-stones, and let lieutenants in the navy (we decline to give the wretch the notoriety he aimed at) pause one sober minute before they set a boat's crew to lever down a rocking-stone.

Druidical remains will be found naturally to class themselves into seven distinctions; and we trust that some additional analogies and coincidences on a road so little trodden, will serve to excuse a step or two retraced. It is likely, then, as a general observation, that all the seven classes have a sepulchral, or at least a commemorative origin: they may have been erected in consequence of the exploits, or over the dead bodies, of saints, chiefs and heroes, smaller or greater in dimensions according to merit; and, like the tombs of marabouts in Algeria and of fakirs in Hindostan, the holy monument may have in time become a place and station for religious worship. This was the case at Bethel, or Luz, an instance of the first among the seven Druidical classes, the single upright shaft or pillar; Jacob's stone became a hallowed burial-place, and afterwards a college of priests lodged there: the like of the Eben-ezer of Samuel, his stone of help. The upright-shaft class reached its highest phase of excellence in the carved obelisks of Egypt: that from Luxor, now in Paris, is a familiar instance of the newer apotheosis; while many a perpendicular log of granite against which cattle rub themselves in the meagre fields of Cornwall, is an example of the "old mortality."

The second class is the Cromlech, or stone altar, often of a vast size; at Kilmogue in Ireland is one, locally called Lachan Schall, the upper slab whereof is forty-five feet in circumference: at Plas-Newydd, in Anglesea, the stones are less in size, but the dimensions of the whole structure are gigantic; and not to be too tedious in examples, cromlechs occur generally wherever granite rocks and boulders are frequent; as in the Channel Islands, Cornwall, Dartmoor, &c.; near Exeter, for instance, there is a tidy little one, which is fifteen feet long, nine high, and ten broad.

The cromlech appears to be the first rude notion of what was improved afterwards into an arch: an Argive doorway is a cromlech, built into a Titanic wall; and magnificent Egypt has carried out the idea to a gorgeous immensity in its peculiarly shaped temples, with their leaning sides and flat ceilings. The form of the Gothic II is illustrative of this analogy; and as the letter A is the same, or nearly so, in most languages (the early Hebrew *א*, *aleph*, is not an exception,) it leads one to suspect that the stone altar (such as Abel might have sacrificed upon) was, upon principles of piety, chosen as the form of the first letter.

The third Druidical class is the circular arrangement of stones and trees: the latter have nearly all of necessity perished from lapse of time, (and yet we can point out, on Merroe downs, in Surrey, two distinct concentric groves of venerable yews, a thousand years old, with remnants of like avenues, possibly Druidical)—but, for the less perishable rocky matter, where the road-surveyor has not hammered them up for highways, nor the Cornish farmer built them into his Cyclopic sheepfold, the circles of stone still frequently remain *in situ*, mocking time and its modernities. We find traces of these circular sites in Egypt; but as they were a people of parallels and angles rather than of curves, more stress has been laid upon the avenue than upon the circular arrangement; that of the Sphinxes at Karnac is but a glorified form of the long lane of rude stones at Abury.

Fourthly in class come the Kistvaens, or stone tombs, sometimes built with thick slabs, like small cromlechs; several of which occur in Guernsey, and one we recollect was, years ago, used as a pig-sty! but such desecrations are happily impossible now, under the indefatigable care of Mr. Lukis. Occasionally, these tombs are only cavernous indentations, roofed over, or doored-in sideways with a great stone: perhaps the cave at Macpelah, and even a more familiar and holier instance, may be allowed to connect our British stone sepulchres with those of sacred history. Here too, carrying out our analogies, the formally picturesque mind of Egypt, and its child Etruria, gives us the idea at its zenith in the carved sarcophagus.

Fifth in order comes the Cairn, often reared over a kistvaen; according to an archæological poem now before us, entitled "The Complaint of an old Briton;" which commences,

"Two thousand years ago,
They reared my battle grave;
And each a tear and each a stone,
My mourning warriors gave.
* * * * *
My liegemen wailed me long,
And treasured up my bones;
And heaped my kist secure and strong
With tributary stones."

We need not repeat apposite scriptural instances; and we might accumulate an innumerable list of secular ones; but we forbear, naming only in addition the cairns of the mound-builders in the Far West, where (according to Cornelius Mathews, in his

powerful tale "Behemoth") the subjacent skeleton is always strangely found with a copper cross upon its breast. In the cairn, above all other imitations, the magnificence of Egypt is pre-eminent; "her pyramids eterne of mountain build" are assuredly the most glorious cairns of human piling. And how interesting is it to us Britons—the despised barbaric hordes "at the ends of the earth"—to note such evident traits of an early eastern origin for the humbler tumuli that crown our Cornish heights, and are thickly studded over the downs of Dorsetshire! From the heaped ramparts of Maidun Castle it is easy to count (I have done it myself) threescore and upwards of such pious mounds; and they stretch far away, knobbing every hill in the neighborhood of Weymouth with evidences that our fathers were not the degraded, uncivilized, and cannibal race of savages which many moderns think them; from the imputation of which calumnies archæology alone has power to redeem their memories. We do not claim indeed for these so hoar antiquity as for many other cairns, but we recognize them, nevertheless, as legitimate children of the patriarchal times—only one remove from the Druidical remains of Britain. These also are traditionary offsets of the earliest natural religion; and that which, in our ignorant complacency, we have been accustomed to regard as utterly pagan, heathenish, and abominable, may have been but a very few shades darker than the dim lights accorded to the patriarchs.

Sixthly may be numbered the Tolmen, or stones of passage: such did Israel erect in the middle of Jordan for a testimony; of such also are the ancient terminal logs of Rome and Greece; likewise, rock-built way-marks, and possibly such as here and there occur over moors, and in mountainous paths, as of Scotland, Wales, and elsewhere. Perhaps the great Nilometers of Egypt, though put in after times to the agricultural good use of marking the level of the river, had originally somewhat to do with stones of passage; they may have marked a ghaut, or ferry-place, and in Upper Egypt, among the falls of Philæ, they might have pointed out a ford. On the banks of the Teign, a few miles north of Exeter, we noticed, conjecturally, a tolmen; and we doubt not but that local instances might be found in plenty of large detached stones lying near many a ferry.

Seventhly, and last in time as in order, we place the Logging or Logan stones. Here

alone Egypt fails us, if we seek for analogous objects; and it is competent to allege, for such present failure, at least four sufficient reasons, if rightly we may guess them. First, it is very possible that as the magnificent Egyptian could not, from natural causes, produce this rocky balance on anything approaching to an equal scale of grandeur with his other deifications of the patriarchal religion, he might be bold enough to reject it altogether. Secondly, the desolating fury of Cambyzes, which is known to have been to old Egypt what the tornado is to a West Indian grove of canes, may well have wiped out all such tottering vestigia. If an intoxicated lot of sea-faring idiots could avail to overthrow the Cornish wonder, (a mass of ninety tons,) how should not the Persian madman, with his thousands, utterly erase those lightly balanced rocks? He might in a great measure be powerless against the temple and the pyramid, but the logan-stone could not withstand the fury of that despotic hurricane against old Egypt's gods; and once dislocated from their pivots, no human will or power, from those days to these of Mehemet Ali's successor, has since been exerted for their hypothetic restoration. Our third reason is, that, to a probable conjecture, the rocking-stone is of comparatively recent origin: Apollonius, and Ptolemy, and Pliny, are chronological children to the Pharaohs, and to pristine Druidism; and we would argue that these symptoms of jugglery and priestcraft inferred a late-in-time decline of traditionary truths. Additionally and lastly, it is possible, that the artificial logan-stone may well have been suggested by freaks of nature upon rocky shores, which the priest of Luxor or Lycopolis could never have chanced to see. They seldom or never occur but where nature has all but, if not actually, set the example. Near the celebrated Boskenna logan of Cornwall, a mass of rock like a hay-stack, easily moved by a child's hand, albeit now with peril kept in its position by dint of oak and iron—our own eyes took notice of several mighty rocks, nearly in a state of insulation from the effects of weather eating away all but the weight-hardened central point of gravity; one in particular there is, a genuine logan, movable with some slight difficulty, and manifestly a natural, not an artificial consequence: this is a perpendicular pillar of granite, leaning near to the cliff-side, and locally called the Lady's rock. At the Land's End, we pointed out to the master of the "first and last" house in England, to what lucrative use a chisel

might be applied at the base of a certain huge rock, nearly decomposed at bottom, (much more deeply than the Cheesering of St. Clare's,) and which required only a little dangerous chipping, to become a prime opposition to Boskenna. If ever the Druids poised logans, it was, to our guessing, in this shrewd way, the good and wise way of helping nature; in other and truer words, getting of great nature all the help we can.

Among the hurly-burly of immense rocks to the westward of St. Michael's Mount—big as houses, and flung together as carelessly as if they were a pavier's heap of macadamized morsels—are several, dropped by volcanic or Neptunic power, all but upon the equipoise. At Drewsteignton we visited a rocky mass, eighteen feet long, ten high, and fifteen wide, which had manifestly toppled down from a neighboring hill, covered with similar boulders; and this, to our notion, was an accidental case of logan: and near Monmouth is the Buckstone, a mass of large dimensions, similarly accidental as a rocking-stone, we doubt not, although there are plenty of evidences all around that the Druids had adopted it for a centre of their operations. Neither of these logans—the one on the very edge of a rapid river, the other stopping short on the beetling verge of a hill—could have been man's doing. And in a secluded glen near the iron-works in South Wales, we have rocked a beautiful miniature logan-stone of some ten tons weight, which, from the utter absence of Druidism in its neighborhood, and from the numerous fragments of shattered cliff lying round it, we take to be nature's work, and not man's. To our own judgment, then, after some observation and experience in such matters, we think that the one great and sufficient reason why Egypt has no logan-stones is, because nature did not place them there. Man's hand never (in despite of Borlase we say it) originally set up those mighty stones of trial, although he might have shrewdly aided time in abrading away the bases, and have abetted superstition by arranging that force should be impotent on all the sides but one. That the Druid came to them, is as true as that Mahomet went to the hill; but they could not have come to the Druid at his will any readier than the hill to Mahomet: that rock basins, and arranged stones, and other intimations of man's mind occur round them, is equally a verity; but the superstitious populace would naturally rally round their crafty priests on the site of such earthly miracles. We at least pretend

not to claim a patriarchal origin for logans ; and nothing but Ptolemy and Pliny prevent us from suspecting them only of a later western birth. No allusion nearer than the Homeric stone of Sisyphus occurs in the earliest writings ; and it is as difficult to conceive how human forethought could have originated the idea, as how human power gave it effect. In every other case except that of these huge touchstones, the progress of Druidical and Cyclopic architecture is explicable. Gradual slopes of earth, up which the superincumbent mass might be levered till it topped its uprights, could easily be dug and cleared away, after the top-stone was firmly fixed *in situ* ; and the mystery is thus no longer a deep one, how they reared the sills of Stonehenge. An obelisk is easily set on end, by digging a hole at foot, and lifting it behind by a growing mound (possibly with the help of the Archimedean screw) till it reaches the perpendicular. Rollers and wedges, and other ancient dynamical appliances, would make easy work of stone circles, and so forth ; but so tenderly to touch the central point of a swaying hill of granite, a hundred tons in weight, and to leave it there self-poised, when the slope of soil by which it had ascended to its base had been perilously picked away, were indeed a problem worthy of the most exact engineering science, aided by the giant might of Briareus, Otus, and Ephialtes, with Atlas himself for their captain.

If, as some learned pundits have maintained, Druidism is of kin to early Brahminism, (and we find that Diogenes Laertius makes the Persian Magi, the Chaldeans of Babylon, the Hindoo gymnosophists, and the Gaulic Druids, to be identical in rites and superstitions)—if the Druidical serpent's egg, lore and learning of the stars, sacred fire, groves, natural altars, and flowing robes, seem to infer propinquity, we can perceive in the logan-stone a genuine Hindoo notion. As nearly as man's art, or his vantage taken of the chance of nature, could portray it,

that almost isolated mass would symbolize the globe : the later and absurder fancy of an ornate idolatry, which placed the world on an elephant and the elephant on a tortoise, and left the tortoise to stand as he could, upon nothing, was but the extravagant shadow of the solid mystic logan. A rocking stone was, in a myth, the self-supported sphere ; and at his hallowed will, the Arch-Druid, vicegerent of Divinity, sways its destinies, moving it as easily as an archer might the stone upon his sling, and delegating the like majestic power to calumniated innocence, or to others whom he would. This was at once a sublime and picturesque thought of natural religion as to Providence ; and, however afterwards corrupted to purposes of craft and cruelty, we may well spare a little reverence for the marvellous and mystic rocking-stone.

To recur, for one concluding word, to the doctrines of Druidism. We find attributed to them these two grand and fundamental truths ;—the spiritual nature of a one superior Deity, and the immortality of man's soul ; although a crowd of deified heroes was afterwards added to the divine court, just as Romanism now has peopled heaven with its fabled mediators ; and in similar extenuation, although transmigration was, upon purgatorial principles, engrafted on the second noble verity, it is related, that Pythagoras learned his transmigrating doctrine of "one Abgaris, a Druid." For other wholesome thoughts, Strabo asserts that the Druids taught a future conflagration of this material world, as well as retained a distinct traditional memory of the deluge. That they practised human sacrifices is a matter little wonderful, if we consider how easy of perverse interpretation was the patriarchal offering up of Isaac ; and that they scorned to worship the Divinity in any other than his own sublime temple of "all space, whose altar earth, seas, skies," is a pleasing corroboration that their notions of religion were derived from a source originally pure.

From the Quarterly Review.

MR. MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

The History of England from the Accession of James II. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. 2 vols. 8vo. 1849.

[The critical estimate of the Quarterly—the great exponent of British conservatism, must not be omitted. Its ability and severity will give it a zest, even if its views are rejected. We may add that its authorship is generally attributed to J. Wilson Croker, Esq., the distinguished editor of Johnson's *Life and Works*. It may be remarked that the *Edinburgh Review*—perhaps from Mr. Macaulay's intimate connection with that journal—has taken no notice of this great work.—ED.]

THE reading world will not need our testimony, though we willingly give it, that Mr. Macaulay possesses great talents and extraordinary acquirements. He unites powers and has achieved successes, not only various, but different in their character, and seldom indeed conjoined in one individual. He was while in Parliament, though not quite an orator, and still less a debater, the most brilliant rhetorician of the House. His Roman ballads (as we said in an article on their first appearance) exhibit a novel idea worked out with a rare felicity, so as to combine the spirit of the ancient minstrels with the regularity of construction and sweetness of versification which modern taste requires; and his critical Essays exhibit a wide variety of knowledge with a great fertility of illustration, and enough of the salt of pleasantry and sarcasm to flavor, and in some degree disguise, a somewhat declamatory and pretentious dogmatism. It may seem too epigrammatic, but it is, in our serious judgment, strictly true, to say that his History seems to be a kind of combination and exaggeration of the peculiarities of all his former efforts. It is as full of political prejudice and partisan advocacy as any of his parliamentary speeches. It makes the facts of English history as fabulous as his Lays do those of Roman tradition; and it is written with as captious, as dogmatical, and as cynical a spirit as the bitterest of his reviews. That upon so serious an undertaking he has lavished uncommon exertion, is not to be doubted; nor can any one during the first reading escape the *entrainment* of his picturesque, vivid, and pregnant execu-

tion; but we have fairly stated the impression left on ourselves by a more calm and leisurely perusal. We have been so long the opponents of the political party to which Mr. Macaulay belongs that we welcomed the prospect of again meeting him on the neutral ground of literature. We are of that class of Tories—Protestant Tories, as they were called—that have no sympathy with the Jacobites. We are as strongly convinced as Mr. Macaulay can be of the necessity of the Revolution of 1688—of the general prudence and expediency of the steps taken by our Whig and Tory ancestors of the Convention Parliament, and of the happiness, for a century and a half, of the constitutional results. We were, therefore, not without hope that at least in these two volumes, almost entirely occupied with the progress and accomplishment of that Revolution, we might without any sacrifice of our political feelings enjoy unalloyed the pleasures reasonably to be expected from Mr. Macaulay's high powers both of research and illustration. That hope has been deceived: Mr. Macaulay's historical narrative is poisoned with a rancor more violent than even the passions of the time; and the literary qualities of the work, though in some respects very remarkable, are far from redeeming its substantial defects. There is hardly a page—we speak literally, hardly a page—that does not contain something objectionable either in substance or in color; and the whole of the brilliant and at first captivating narrative is perceived on examination to be impregnated to a really marvellous degree with bad taste, bad feeling, and, we are under the painful necessity of adding—bad faith.

These are grave charges; but we make them in sincerity, and we think that we shall be able to prove them; and if, here or hereafter, we should seem to our readers to use harsher terms than good taste might approve, we beg in excuse to plead that it is impossible to fix one's attention on, and to

transcribe large portions of a work, without being in some degree infected with its spirit; and Mr. Macaulay's pages, whatever may be their other characteristics, are as copious a repertorium of vituperative eloquence as, we believe, our language can produce, and especially against everything in which he chooses (whether right or wrong) to recognize the shibboleth of Toryism. We shall endeavor, however, in the expression of our opinions, to remember the respect we owe to our readers and to Mr. Macaulay's general character and standing in the world of letters, rather than the provocations and example of the volumes immediately before us.

Mr. Macaulay announces his intention of bringing down the history of England almost to our own times; but these two volumes are complete in themselves, and we may fairly consider them as a history of the Revolution; and in that light the first question that presents itself to us is why Mr. Macaulay has been induced to re-write what had already been so often and even so recently written—among others, by Dalrymple, a strenuous but honest Whig, and by Mr. Macaulay's own oracles, Fox and Mackintosh? It may be answered that both Fox and Mackintosh left their works imperfect. Fox got no farther than Monmouth's death; but Mackintosh came down to the Orange invasion, and covered full nine-tenths of the period as yet occupied by Mr. Macaulay. Why then did Mr. Macaulay not content himself with beginning where Mackintosh left off—that is, with the Revolution? and it would have been the more natural, because, as our readers know, it is there that Hume's history terminates.

What reason does he give for this work of supererogation? None. He does not (as we shall see more fully by and by) take the slightest notice of Mackintosh's history, no more than if it had never existed. Has he produced a new fact? Not one. Has he discovered any new materials? None, as far as we can judge, but the collections of Fox and Mackintosh,* confided to him by

their families. It seems to us a novelty in literary practice that a writer raised far by fame and fortune above the vulgar temptations of the craft should undertake to tell a story already frequently and recently told by masters of the highest authority and most extensive information, without having, or even professing to have, any additional means or special motive to account for the attempt.

We suspect, however, that we can trace Mr. Macaulay's design to its true source—the example and success of the author of *Waverley*. The Historical Novel, if not invented, at least first developed and illustrated by the happy genius of Scott, took a sudden and extensive hold of the public taste; he himself, in most of his subsequent novels, availed himself largely of the historical element which had contributed so much to the popularity of *Waverley*. The press has since that time groaned with his imitators. We have had historical novels of all classes and grades. We have had served up in this form the Norman Conquest and the Wars of the Roses, the Gunpowder Plot and the Fire of London, Darnley and Richelieu—and almost at the same moment with Mr. Macaulay's appeared a professed romance of Mr. Ainsworth's on the same subject—James II. Nay, on a novelist of this popular order has been conferred the office of *Historiographer* to the Queen.

Mr. Macaulay, too mature not to have well measured his own peculiar capacities, not rich in invention but ingenious in application, saw the use that might be made of this principle, and that history itself would be much more popular with a large embroidery of personal, social, and even topographical anecdote and illustration, instead of the sober garb in which we had been in the habit of seeing it. Few histories indeed ever were or could be written without some admixture of this sort. The father of the art himself, old Herodotus, vivified his text with a greater share of what we may call personal anecdote than any of his classical followers. Modern historians, as they happened to have more or less of what we may call *artistic* feeling, admitted more or less of this decoration into their text, but always with an eye (which Mr. Macaulay never exercises) to the appropriateness and value of the illustration. Generally, however, such matters have been thrown into notes, or, in a few instances—as by Dr. Henry and in Mr. Knight's interesting and instructive "*Pictorial History*"—into separate chapters. The large class of memoir-writers may also be fairly considered as

* It appears from two notes of acknowledgments to M. Guizot and the keepers of the archives at the Hague, that Mr. Macaulay obtained some additions to the copies which Mackintosh already had of the letters of Ronquillo the Spanish and Citters the Dutch minister at the court of James. We may conjecture that these additions were insignificant, since Mr. Macaulay has nowhere, that we have observed, specially noticed them; but except these, whatever they may be, we find no trace of anything that Fox and Mackintosh had not already examined and classed.

anecdotal historians—and they are in fact the sources from which the novelists of the new school extract their principal characters and main incidents.

Mr. Macaulay deals with history, evidently, as we think, in imitation of the novelists—his first object being always picturesque effect—his constant endeavor to give from all the repositories of gossip that have reached us a kind of circumstantial reality to his incidents, and a sort of dramatic life to his personages. For this purpose he would not be very solicitous about contributing any substantial addition to history, strictly so called; on the contrary, indeed, he seems to have willingly taken it as he found it, adding to it such lace and trimmings as he could collect from the Monmouth-street of literature, seldom it may be safely presumed of very delicate quality. It is, as Johnson drolly said, “an old coat with a new facing—the old dog in a new doublet.” The conception was bold, and—so far as availing himself, like other novelists, of the fashion of the day to produce a popular and profitable effect—the experiment has been eminently successful.

But besides the obvious incentives just noticed, Mr. Macaulay had also the stimulus of what we may compendiously call a strong party spirit. One would have thought that the Whigs might have been satisfied with their share in the historical library of the Revolution: besides Rapin, Echard, and Jones, who, though of moderate politics in general, were stout friends to the Revolution, they have had of professed and zealous Whigs, Burnet, the foundation of all, Kennett, Oldmixon, Dalrymple, Laing, Brodie, Fox, and finally Mackintosh and his continuator, besides innumerable writers of less note, who naturally adopted the successful side; and we should not have supposed that the reader of any of those historians, and particularly the later ones, could complain that they had been too sparing of imputation, or even vituperation, to the opposite party. But not so Mr. Macaulay. The most distinctive feature on the face of his pages is personal virulence—if he has at all succeeded in throwing an air of fresh life into his characters, it is mainly due, as any impartial and collected reader will soon discover, to the simple circumstance of his hating the individuals of the opposite party as bitterly, as passionately, as if they were his own personal enemies—more so, indeed, we hope than he would a mere political antagonist of his own day. When some one suggested to the

angry O’Neil that one of the Anglo-Irish families whom he was reviling as strangers had been four hundred years settled in Ireland, the Milesian replied, “*I hate the churls as if they had come but yesterday.*” Mr. Macaulay seems largely endowed with this (as with a more enviable) species of memory, and he hates, for example, King Charles I. as if he had been murdered only yesterday. Let us not be understood as wishing to abridge an historian’s full liberty of censure—but he should not be a satirist, still less a libeller. We do not say nor think that Mr. Macaulay’s censures were always unmerited—far from it—but they are always, we think without exception, immoderate. Nay, it would scarcely be too much to say that this massacre of character is the point on which Mr. Macaulay must chiefly rest any claims he can advance to the praise of impartiality, for while he paints everything that looks like a Tory in the blackest colors, he does not altogether spare any of the Whigs against whom he takes a spite, although he always visits them with a gentler correction. In fact, except Oliver Cromwell, King William, a few gentlemen who had the misfortune to be executed or exiled for high treason, and every dissenting minister that he has or can find occasion to notice, there are hardly any persons mentioned who are not stigmatized as knaves or fools, differing only in degrees of “turpitude” and “imbecility.” Mr. Macaulay has almost realized the work that Alexander Chalmers’s playful imagination had fancied, a *Biographia Flagitiosa*, or *The Lives of Eminent Scoundrels*. This is also an imitation of the Historical Novel, though rather in the track of Eugene Aram and Jack Sheppard than of Waverley or Woodstock; but what would you have? To attain the picturesque—the chief object of our artist—he adopts the ready process of dark colors and a rough brush. Nature, even at the worst, is never gloomy enough for a Spagnoletto, and Judge Jeffries himself, for the first time, excites a kind of pity when we find him (like one to whom he was nearly akin) not so black as he is painted.

From this first general view of Mr. Macaulay’s Historical Novel we now proceed to exhibit in detail some grounds for the opinion which we have ventured to express.

We premise that we are about to enter into details, because there is in fact little to question or debate about but details. We have already hinted that there is absolutely no new fact of any consequence, and, we think we can safely add, hardly a new view

of any historical fact, in the whole book. Whatever there may remain questionable or debatable in the history of the period, we should have to argue with Burnet, Dalrymple, or Mackintosh, and not with Mr Macaulay. It would, we know, have a grander air if we were to make his book the occasion of disquisitions on the rise and progress of the constitution—on the causes by which the monarchy of the Tudors passed, through the murder of Charles, to the despotism of Cromwell—how again that produced a restoration, which settled none of the great moral or political questions which had generated all those agitations, and which, in return, those agitations had complicated and inflamed—and how, at last, the undefined, discordant, and antagonistic pretensions of the royal and democratical elements were reconciled by the Revolution and the Bill of Rights—and, finally, whether with too much or too little violence to the principles of the ancient constitution—all these topics, we say, would, if we were so inclined, supply us, as they have supplied Mr. Macaulay, with abundant opportunities of grave tautology and commonplace; but we decline to raise sham debates on points where there is no contest. We can have little historic difference, properly so called, with one who has no historical difference on the main facts with anybody else: instead, then, of pretending to treat any great questions, either of constitutional learning or political philosophy, we shall confine ourselves to the humbler but more practical and more useful task above stated.

Our first complaint is of a comparatively small and almost mechanical, and yet very real, defect—the paucity and irregularity of his dates, and the mode in which the few that he does give are overlaid, as it were, by the text. This, though it may be very convenient to the writer, and quite indifferent to the reader, of an historical romance, is perplexing to any one who might wish to read and weigh the book as a serious history, of which dates are the guides and landmarks; and when they are visibly neglected we cannot but suspect that the historian will be found not very solicitous about strict accuracy. This negligence is carried to such an extent that, in what looks like a very copious table of contents, one of the most important events of the whole history—that, indeed, on which the Revolution finally turned—the marriage of Princess Mary to the Prince of Orange, is not noticed; nor is any date affixed to the very cursory mention of it in the text. It is rather hard to force the reader

who buys this last new model history, in general so profuse of details, to recur to one of the old-fashioned ones to discover that this important event happened in the year 1675, and on the 4th of November—a day thrice over remarkable in William's history—for his birth, his marriage, and his arrival with his invading army on the coast of Devon.

Our second complaint is of one of the least important, perhaps, but most prominent defects of Mr. Macaulay's book—his style—not merely the choice and order of words, commonly called style, but the turn of mind which prompts the choice of expressions as well as of topics. We need not repeat that Mr. Macaulay has a great facility of language, a prodigal *copia verborum*—that he narrates rapidly and clearly—that he paints very forcibly—and that his readers throughout the tale are carried on, or away, by something of the sorcery which a brilliant orator exercises over his auditory. But he has also in a great degree the faults of the oratorical style. He deals much too largely in epithets—a habit exceedingly dangerous to historical truth. He habitually constructs a piece of what should be calm, dispassionate narrative, upon the model of the most passionate peroration—adhering in numberless instances to precisely the same specific formula of artifice. His diction is often inflated into fustian, and he indulges in exaggeration till it sometimes, unconsciously no doubt, amounts to falsehood. It is a common fault of those who strive at producing oratorical effects, to oscillate between commonplace and extravagance; and while studying Mr. Macaulay, one feels as if vibrating between facts that every one knows and consequences which nobody can believe. We are satisfied that whoever will take, as we have been obliged to do, the pains of sifting what Mr. Macaulay has produced from his own mind with what he has borrowed from others, will be entirely of our opinion. In truth, when, after reading a page or two of this book, we have occasion to turn to the same transaction in Burnet, Dalrymple, or Hume, we feel as if we were exchanging the glittering agility of a rope-dancer for gentlemen in the attire and attitude of society. And we must say that there is not one of those writers that does not give a clearer and more trustworthy account of all that is really historical in the period than can be collected from Mr. Macaulay's more decorated pages. We invite our readers to try Mr. Macaulay's merits as an historian by the test of comparison with his predecessors.

The very first line of his narrative is an example of that kind of pompous commonplace that looks like something and is nothing :

"Nothing in the early existence of Britain indicated the greatness which she was destined to attain."—i. 4.

This is in an exordium that would have fitted the history of any nation whatever. It might indeed be more truly said that nothing in the early existence of Rome—nothing in the early existence of France—indicated the greatness which they were destined to attain. The Britons had at least a separate and independent geographical position, which neither the cradle of Rome nor that of France enjoyed, and a position so remarkable, *toto orbe divisos*, as even to be the theme of poetry before France had the rudiments of national existence.

In the following passage we hardly know which to wonder most at—its pomp or its utter futility :

"From this communion [with the lingering civilization of the Eastern Empire] Britain was cut off. Her shores were, to the polished race which dwelt by the Bosphorus, objects of a mysterious horror, such as that with which the Ionians of the age of Homer had regarded the Straits of Scylla and the city of the Læstrygonian cannibals. There was one province of our island in which, as Procopius had been told, the ground was covered with serpents, and the air was such that no man could inhale it and live. To this desolate region the spirits of the departed were ferried over from the land of the Franks at midnight. A strange race of fishermen performed the ghastly office. The speech of the dead was distinctly heard by the boatman: their weight made the keel sink deep in the water; but their forms were invisible to mortal eye. Such were the marvels which an able historian, the contemporary of Belisarius, of Simplicius, and of Tribonian, gravely related in the rich and polite Constantinople, touching the country in which the founder of Constantinople had assumed the imperial purple."—i. 5.

This is a mistake of Mr. Macaulay's, exaggerating a mistake of Procopius. Procopius says no such thing of *Britain*; he mentions *Britannia*—an island, Mr. Macaulay might have remembered, already known to the world not merely as the place "in which the founder of Constantinople had assumed the Imperial purple"—but by the writings of Cæsar and Tacitus. But Procopius adds that there is reported to be in the same neighborhood *another* island, called *Brittia*, of which he relates those wonders. It is clear that

there was no such other island, unless, indeed, Ireland was meant, and there are legends—St. Patrick, the reptiles, the purgatory, and the ferrymen of Lough Derg, &c.—which are not far short of the wonders of *Brittia*, for he speaks of both in the same page as different islands; but it is not true that Procopius himself, whatever his informants might do, could have mistaken this marvellous region for *Britain*. But even if Procopius had spoken of Britain, we should still wonder that the author of the "Lays of Ancient Rome" did not recollect that Virgil had told nearly the same story of the *Avernian* region :

"Quàm super haud ullæ poterant impune volantes
Tendere iter pennis; talis sese halitus atris
Faucibus effundens . . .
Portitor has horrendas aquas et flumina servat
Terribili squalore Charon."

And Cicero notices that such superstitions still lingered in that neighborhood—in *vicinia nostra*, (1 *Tusc.*, 10.) Does that prove that the country between Rome and Naples was, in the days of Cicero and Virgil, utterly unknown and barbarous? We again wonder that a grave historian should think that such a story could possibly relate to an island in possession of the greater part of which the Romans had been for upwards of four centuries—and introduce it to prove nothing, as far as we can see—but what, we own, it does prove—that "able historians" may tell very foolish stories, and that an over-anxiety to show one's learning may betray the smallness and occasionality of the stock.

Sometimes Mr. Macaulay strains after verbal effect, and in his effort loses the point.

"Arabian mothers long awed their infants to silence with the name of the lion-hearted *Plantagenet*."—i. 4.

This is an unlucky occasion to introduce the name of Plantagenet, which assuredly no Arabian ear had ever heard nor tongue pronounced. How much more really striking is the simplicity of Joinville—"Quant les petiz enfans des Tures et Sarrazins crioient, leurs meres leurs disoient Tays-toy—Tays-toy; ou j'yray querir le *Roi Richart*. Et de pæurs qu'ilz avoient se taysaient." And then, forsooth, after five centuries, trundles up Mr. Macaulay, puffing and blowing with his *lion-hearted Plantagenet*.

When he complains that *English historians* are too partial to our Norman kings, it is in this style :

"This is, in truth, as absurd as it would be in a *Haytian negro* of our time to dwell with national pride on the greatness of Louis the Fourteenth, and to speak of Blenheim and Ramillies with patriot regret and shame."—i. 14.

If a regiment of militia marches into Bridport, it must "*come pouring in*," (i. 576.) If many witnesses appeared on the Popish Plot, they come "*pouring forth*," (i. 237.) When the Dutch sail up the Medway, the prose Lay is careful to note—

"Tilbury Fort, the place where Elizabeth had with a manly spirit *hurled foul scorn* at Parma and Spain."

Mr. Macaulay found the words *foul scorn* in Queen Elizabeth's speech to her army at Tilbury, but has totally mistaken their meaning, and turned them into nonsense. If the Queen had used scorn in the sense of *defiance*, she might perhaps have said *proud scorn*; but she spoke of *foul scorn* in the sense of disgrace or insult.

"'I know,' said she, 'I have the body of a weak woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a king of England too; and *think it foul scorn* that Parma or Spain or any prince of Europe should dare invade the borders of my realm; to which, rather than that any *dishonor* should grow, I myself will take up arms,' &c."—*Cabala*, p. 373.

That is, she hurled defiance because she would not endure foul scorn.

If Mr. Macaulay is often too grandiloquent, he sometimes seeks effect in a studied meanness of expression.

The chaplain in squires' houses, *temp.* Ch. II., was, Mr. Macaulay says, denied the delicacies of the table, but he

"*might fill himself* with the corned beef and carrots."—i. 328.

Burnet was one day very anxious to see the Prince of Orange, for a very important communication from the Princess—no less, indeed, than her intention that, when she should succeed to the throne, William should be king *regnant*, not king *consort*; but the Doctor was obliged to postpone it because the Prince, he says, "*was that day hunting*." This Mr. Macaulay renders—

"William was many miles off *after a stag*."—ii. 181.

There was probably no *stag-hunt* at all—William may have been shooting; but this low

phrase seems introduced to suggest that William was no party, and even quite indifferent, to Burnet's negotiation. No—while that momentous question was in debate between his wife and his chaplain, "*he was off after a stag*."

Monmouth's army is said, in the style of Percy's *Reliques*, to have been "in evil case," (i. 601;) certain Popish priests "*spell like washerwomen*," (ii. 111;) and the charge of royal cavalry that finally routed the rebels is thus enlivened from one of Mr. Macaulay's own ballads.

"The Life Guards and Blues came *pricking fast* from Weston Zoyland."—i. 609.

The ballad had sung,

"The fiery Duke came *pricking fast*."

And again; on the acquittal of the Bishops, the history says—

"The boats that covered the *Thames gave an answering cheer*."—ii. 386.

The ballad on the defeat of the Armada sings—

"And all the thousand masts of *Thames Gave back an answering cheer*."

In the last scene of Monmouth—

"The hangman *addressed himself to his office*."—i. 628.

And after all it was not a *hangman*, but a *headsman*; and a wretched one too. Surely, as Sir Hugh Evans says, "this is affectations;" and, in truth, *affectation*, whether high or low, is one of the most prominent features of Mr. Macaulay's style, which, often vivid, often forcible, often exquisitely pregnant with allusion and suggestion, is hardly ever natural through a page together.

As a specimen of Mr. Macaulay's vituperative style, in which, as we have said, he excels we think any writer in our language, we select first the case of Judge Jeffries, both because it is the one which it is hardest to exaggerate, and because Mr. Macaulay begins his notice of this judicial tyrant by a special profession of dealing with him as a "dispassionate historian."—i. 449.

We are far from questioning the abstract justice of the epithets bestowed on Jeffries, nor should we have professed to treat of such a monster dispassionately—for we confess we never refer to one of the trials

at which he presided, without fresh indignation and horror—but we complain, as a matter of taste and style, of the violence and pertinacity with which they are repeated, quite as often out of season as in; until at last Jeffries himself begins to appear as dispassionate as the historian.

In the same paragraph in which we read this claim of being dispassionate, we find, as applied to Jeffries, the terms *wicked—insolent—angry—audacity—depravity—infamy*; and on the very next page, *consummate bully—impudence and ferocity—yell of fury—odious—terrible—savage—fiendish*. These are some—and some only—of the flowers of rhetoric culled from two half pages of a dispassionate history, and of which a still more odorous assortment may be found scattered with equal liberality through the rest of the volumes. These specimens will, however, satisfy any reader, however strong may be his antipathy to Jeffries's memory; and he will, we think, be inclined to smile at hearing that Mr. Macaulay takes this special occasion of directing our indignation against another of Jeffries's enormities, namely:

"The profusion of maledictions and *vituperative epithets which composed his vocabulary* could hardly be rivalled in the *Fish Market* or the *Bear Garden*."—i. 450.

If this vocabulary of the Fish Market or Bear Garden (Mr. Macaulay must excuse our use of his own terms) were applied only to such delinquents as Jeffries, we should have allowed for his indignation, though we might not approve his taste; but he is really a Draco, who visits with equal severity all degrees of offense. Of Chief Justice Wright he says:

"*Proverbial ignorance* was not the worst fault: his *vices* ruined him. He had resorted to *infamous* ways of raising money. *Poor, dissolute, and shameless*, he had become a parasite of Jeffries."—ii. 276.

For Sir William Williams, an eminent Whig lawyer, who became Solicitor-General under James, he has the epithets of *odious—disgraceful—hated—despised—unblushing—abhorred—apostate*—and, as if all this were not enough, we have, as a final bouquet—

"How men can live under such *infamy* it is not easy to understand; but even such *infamy* was not enough for Williams."—ii. 627.

Again—

"The *infamous* Timothy Hall, who had dis-

tinguished himself by reading the declaration, [for liberty of conscience,] was rewarded with the Bishopric of Oxford, vacant by the death of the not less *infamous* Parker."—ii. 423.

Every great painter is supposed to make a larger use of one particular color. What a monstrous bladderful of *infamy* Mr. Macaulay must have squeezed on his pallet when he took to portrait-painting! We have no concern, except as friends to historical justice, for the characters of any of the parties thus stigmatized, nor have we room or time to discuss these, or the hundred other somewhat similar cases which the volumes present; but we have looked at the authorities cited by Mr. Macaulay, and we do not hesitate to say that, "as is his wont," he has, with the exception of Jeffries, outrageously exaggerated them.

We must next notice the way in which Mr. Macaulay refers to and uses his authorities—no trivial points in the execution of a historical work—though we shall begin with comparatively small matters. In his chapter on manners, which we may call the most remarkable in his book, one of his most frequent references is to "Chamberlayne's State of England, 1684." It is referred to at least a dozen or fourteen times in that chapter alone; but we really have some doubt whether Mr. Macaulay knew the nature of the book he so frequently quoted. Chamberlayne's work, of which the real title is *Angliæ* [or, after the Scotch Union, *Magnæ Britanniæ*] *Notitia, or the Present State of England*, [or *Great Britain*,] was a kind of periodical publication, half history and half court calendar. It was first published in 1669, and new editions or reprints, with new dates, were issued, not annually we believe, but so frequently that there are between thirty and forty of them in the Museum, ending with 1755. From the way and for the purposes for which Mr. Macaulay quotes Chamberlayne, we should almost suspect that he had lighted on the volume for 1684, and, knowing of no other, considered it as a substantive work published in that year. Once, indeed, he cites the date of 1686, but there was, it seems, no edition of that year, and this may be an accidental error; but however that may be, our readers will smile when they hear that the two first and several following passages which Mr. Macaulay cites from Chamberlayne, (i. 290 and 291,) as *characteristic of the days of Charles II.*,

distinctively from more modern times, are to be found *literatim* in every succeeding "Chamberlayne" down to 1755—the last we have seen—were thus continually reproduced because the proprietors and editors of the table-book knew they were *not* particularly characteristic of one year or reign more than another—and now, in 1849, might be as well quoted as characteristics of the reign of George II. as of Charles II. We must add that there are references to Chamberlayne and to several weightier books, (some of which we shall notice more particularly hereafter,) as justifying assertions for which, on examining the said books with our best diligence, we have not been able to find a shadow of authority.

Our readers know that there was a Dr. John Eachard who wrote a celebrated work on the "Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy." They also know that there was a Dr. Lawrence Echard who wrote both a History of England, and a History of the Revolution. Both of these were remarkable men; but we almost doubt whether Mr. Macaulay, who quotes the works of each, does not confound their persons, for he refers to them both by the common (as it may once have been) name of *Eachard*, and at least twenty times by the wrong name. This, we admit, is a small matter; but what will some Edinburgh reviewer (*temp.* Albert V.) say if he finds a writer confounding *Catherine* and *Thomas* Macaulay as "the celebrated author of the great Whig History of England"—a confusion hardly worse than that of the two Eachards—for Catherine, though now forgotten by an ungrateful public, made quite as much noise in her day as Thomas does in ours.

But we are sorry to say we have a heavier complaint against Mr. Macaulay. We accuse him of a habitual and really injurious perversion of his authorities. This unfortunate indulgence, in whatever juvenile levity it may have originated, and through whatever steps it may have grown into an unconscious habit, seems to us to pervade the whole work—from Alpha to Omega—from Procopius to Mackintosh—and it is on that very account the more difficult to bring to the distinct conception of our readers. Individual instances can be, and shall be, produced; but how can we extract and exhibit the minute particles that color every thread of the texture?—how extract the impalpable atoms that have fermented the whole brewing? We must do as Dr. Faraday does at the Institution when

he exhibits in miniature the larger processes of Nature. We will suppose, then—taking a simple phrase as the fairest for the experiment—that Mr. Macaulay found Barillon saying in French "*le drôle m'a fait peur*," or Burnet saying in English "*the fellow frightened me*." We should be pretty sure not to find the same words in Mr. Macaulay. He would pause—he would first consider whether "the fellow" spoken of was a *Whig* or a *Tory*. If a *Whig*, the thing would be treated as a joke, and Mr. Macaulay would transmute it playfully into "*the rogue startled me*;" but if a *Tory*, it would take a deeper dye, and we should find "*the villain assaulted me*;" and in either case we should have a grave reference to

"Barillon, ^{Jan. 31,} _{Feb. 1,} 1686;" or, "Burnet, i. 907."

If our reader will keep this formula in his mind, he will find it a fair exponent of Mr. Macaulay's *modus operandi*.

We shall now endeavor to compress into an admissible compass a few instances of this transmutation.

There was, at the close of Charles the Second's reign, a certain Thomas Dangerfield, "a fellow," Hume tells us, "who had been burned in the hand for crimes, transported, whipped, pilloried four times, fined for cheats, outlawed for felony, convicted of coining, and exposed to all the public infamy which the laws could inflict on the basest and most shameful enormities."—*Hume*, viii. 126. And this description is fully borne out by the best contemporary testimony.

This fellow was the author of the sham-conspiracy called the *meal-tub plot*, which he first pretended was a plot of the Whigs against the King and the Duke of York; but not meeting the encouragement he hoped in that quarter, he turned his plot into a conspiracy of the Duke of York and the Earl of Peterborough to murder the King. For this aspersion he was, at the beginning of James's reign, tried, convicted, and sentenced to be publicly whipped, and of course became a kind of Protestant martyr; and his popularity with that party was very much increased by his having been killed on the day of his flogging by a strange accident, and, as Mr. Macaulay adds, by the hand of a *Tory*.

The good name and fame of Mr. Dangerfield thus became precious to the Whigs; and there are, in the "Bloody Assizes" (an authority much relied on by Mr. Macaulay, and by him we believe alone), several pieces

in prose and verse in honor of this new martyr, who is gravely, in a long elegy, declared to be equal, if not superior, to the earlier martyrs—Lords Russell and Essex. At the conclusion of Mr. Macaulay's relation of this sad affair we were exceedingly surprised to find this note :

"In the very rare volume entitled 'Succinct Genealogies, by Robert Halstead,' Lord Peterborough says that Dangerfield, with whom he had some intercourse, was a 'young man who appeared under a decent figure, a serious behavior, and with words that did not seem to proceed from a common understanding.'"—i. 490.

Our surprise was twofold—first, to find Mr. Macaulay attempting to spread this slight varnish over the fame of Dangerfield, whom he had himself before emphatically called a *villain*, (i. 257;) and, secondly, to find Lord Peterborough cited as a favorable witness to his character. What! we thought, Lord Peterborough pronouncing a kind of panegyric upon this most infamous slanderer of both himself and the Duke—it was incredible! But Mr. Macaulay vouches Lord Peterborough's own words. We hasten to consult the book, and there certainly we find Lord Peterborough acknowledging the intercourse and using the words as stated by Mr. Macaulay—but how? Now, indeed, the surprise will be our readers'. Lord Peterborough, who was placed in considerable danger by this fellow's accusation, absurd as it was, explains *in his own defense*—that he, being first gentleman of the Duke of York's bedchamber, was informed that a person, who would not give his name, desired to communicate to him an affair which nearly affected his Royal Highness. Lord Peterborough at first refused to see this anonymous stranger; but being told that his name was "Thomas Willoughby," and not knowing whether in those strange times the Duke's life might not be really in danger, he had consented to see Mr. Willoughby, who "*was a young man who appeared under a decent figure, a serious behavior, and with words that did not seem to proceed from a common understanding.*" At this point Mr. Macaulay stops short; while the Earl proceeds to tell us that, never having before seen or heard of the man, but deceived by these appearances, he had unfortunately carried Willoughby to tell his own story to the Duke of York—the result of all being that this "*wretch*" and "*villain*," as the Earl most truly calls him, turned out to be no other than Thomas Dangerfield, who accused the Duke of York of having at that interview

offered him 20*l.* to murder King Charles, and that Lord Peterborough was privy to the bargain!—(*Halstead*, p. 438.)

How Mr. Macaulay will account for this suppression of the latter part of Lord Peterborough's evidence, and for his own inconsistency in thus volunteering to produce evidence—and false evidence too—in favor of a "*villain*," we cannot, with the best consideration we have given to the matter, conjecture; but we are willing to suppose that there may be some possible explanation, and we shall proceed with our inquiry.

We must here observe that one strong mark of his historical impartiality is to call any thing bigoted, intolerant, shameless, cruel, by the comprehensive title of *Tory*. When Dr. Johnson is quoted as acknowledging the Habeas Corpus Act as the chief safeguard of our liberties, he is only "*the most bigoted of Tories*"—all Tories, of course, being *ex vi termini* bigoted. "Of all Tories, Lord Rochester was the most intolerant"—all Tories, of course, being intolerant. When he wishes to stigmatize Sir William Williams, he describes him as "*undertaking what bigoted Tories, stained with the blood of Russell, would have shrunk from*"—a Tory being, of course, the last step of infamy but one, and that one being a Whig turned Tory. In this spirit he proceeds with Dangerfield's story. This man had been sentenced to be publicly whipped. Mr. Macaulay tells us that on the evening of his punishment a *Tory gentleman* of Gray's Inn, named Frances, struck Dangerfield with a small cane, which, accidentally entering the eye, killed him. For this deed, which Mr. Macaulay says was but manslaughter, Frances was executed as for murder.—(i. 489.) Now here Mr. Macaulay refers to the State Trials, where, however, there is nothing about a *Tory gentleman*, but simply "*a barrister of Gray's Inn.*" Mr. Macaulay thought, we presume, that he was at liberty to *infer* from Frances's professing in his dying speech that

—"he had never before seen Dangerfield, nor had any grudge or personal prejudice against him more than what all honest and good men could not but have who love the king and government"—

that he must be a Tory. The inference may be a fair one, though we should have hoped that there might even then have been found a Whig loyal to the king, and who abhorred such miscreants as Oates and Dangerfield.

But however that may be, Mr. Macaulay was not justified in interpolating, *ad invidiam*, the term Tory, which his authority had not employed.

Another circumstance of Mr. Macaulay's report of this case is still worse. It had been falsely rumored at the time that Frances had been jealous of an intimacy between his wife and Dangerfield. The husband's dying speech indignantly refuted that calumny, saying that she was an "excellent wife—a most virtuous woman—and so well born that, had she been so inclined, she would not have debased herself to *so profligate* a person." This defense, sufficiently absurd in itself, needed no exaggeration; but Mr. Macaulay makes it the occasion of sneering at two usual objects of his dislike—*Tories and Churchmen*—for he quotes the authority as saying that, if the woman

—"had been inclined to break her marriage vow, she would have at least selected a *TORY* and a *CHURCHMAN* for her paramour."—i. 490.

Again, we read :

"Among the unhappy men who were convicted of the murder of Godfrey was one Protestant of no high character, Henry Berry. It is a *remarkable and well-attested circumstance*, that Berry's last words did *more to shake the credit of the plot* than the dying declarations of all the pious and honorable Roman Catholics who underwent the same fate."—ii. 8.

For this Mr. Macaulay vouches Burnet; but the reference is not fortunate. Burnet says that Berry had been born a Protestant, but had become a Papist, and was so at his trial; but the night before his execution he confessed that he was in his heart a Protestant, and repented of his former dissimulation; Burnet, however, does *not* state the "*remarkable and well-attested fact*" for which Mr. Macaulay quotes him, nor anything like it; all he says is, that the *Papists* took great advantage from Berry's dying a Protestant to argue that the dying declarations of those of their own persuasion, which concurred with Berry's, were entitled to credit. Nor is there so much as a hint of any discredit having been thereby thrown on the plot; and there is indeed lamentable proof that Mr. Macaulay has wholly misunderstood the affair; for this, only the *third* trial of the supposed plotters, happened in February, 1679, and the series of massacres was not closed till near two years later, by the execution of Lord Stafford, in December, 1680.

He thus introduces the celebrated Lord Peterborough :

"Already he had given abundant proofs of his courage, of his capacity, and of that strange unsoundness of mind which made his courage and capacity almost useless to his country. Already he had distinguished himself as a wit and a scholar, as a soldier and a sailor. He had even set his heart on *rivalling Bourdaloue and Bossuet*. Though an *avowed Freethinker*, he had sat up all night at sea to compose *sermons*, and had with great difficulty been prevented from edifying the crew of a man of war with his *pious oratory*."—ii. 33.

For this we are referred to "Teonge's Diary." On turning to Teonge we find nothing about "*freethinking*"—nothing about *Bourdaloue* and *Bossuet*—nothing about *sermons* (in the plural)—nothing about *pious oratory*—but only that on one occasion Teonge, the chaplain of a man-of-war—in which Lord Mordaunt, then under twenty, was taking a passage—being ill, the young Lord "asked the captain's leave to preach, and sat up till four o'clock in the morning to compose his speech"—a design which the chaplain, who seems to have been at least as strange a person as Mordaunt, defeated by getting out of his bed, and so rebuked the young Lord that he returned into his own cabin in great wrath, and there, to spite the parson, set to work with a hammer and nails; and the parson, to spite him—"for discontent," as he says—would have no prayers; and so the Sabbath was well passed between them. The story needs no exaggeration; and is indeed spoiled by Mr. Macaulay's unauthorized additions.

These are some insulated instances of the misstatement of his printed authorities; others, more complicated, will be developed hereafter under the topics to which they belong. We must now make a few observations on what, though some of them are in print, we may class with the MS. authorities. Since Dalrymple discovered and in part opened to us the value of the dispatches of Barillon, the French ambassador during the latter years of the reign of Charles and the whole of James, Mr. Fox and Sir James Mackintosh obtained access to and made extracts from the dispatches of Bonrepaux, another French envoy, Monsignor d'Adda, the Pope's nuncio, and Citters the Dutch, and Ronquillo the Spanish ministers. Of these, Fox, Mackintosh and his continuator, have published portions; but Mr. Macaulay intimates (i. 299–391) that the copious col-

lections of Mr. Fox and Sir James have been put into his hands, and that he has himself obtained some additional extracts from the correspondence of Bonrepaux, Citters, and Ronquillo, (i. 440, 465.) We could have wished that some distinct notice had been given of the extent of each of these contributions—by whom the different portions to be copied were selected—what guaranty there is for the correctness of the copies, and (when translated) of the translators. Dalrymple and Fox gave us, in their appendices, a large portion of the originals; Mackintosh's continuator did the same to some extent; Mr. Macaulay has given us not more than half a dozen short extracts from the originals, and his versions of those passages only make us wish that we could see our way more distinctly into his authorities. We also wish Mr. Macaulay had always added some mark to explain whether the manuscripts were in the Fox, or the Mackintosh, or his own collection; and we may here be perhaps forgiven for throwing out, or more probably throwing away, a larger wish, that the dispatches of those five ministers were published *in extenso*, or as far as they relate to our concerns. Until that be done there will never be a history of our Revolution which one or other of the great parties will not look on with suspicion. What Dalrymple has done for our history is of great value, but of still greater is the example he has given us of the right course of inquiry and of the right spirit in pursuing it.

But we have not quite so much confidence in Mr. Macaulay; we are not to question his scholarship; but it seems to us that sometimes, whether from haste or from obliquity of vision, he gives versions or explanations of his Italian, Spanish, and Dutch authorities more favorable to what happens to be his object at the moment than the originals—in some of the few instances in which we have the means of comparison—warrant. These variations must in the nature of things be in general very slight, but when we find that the errors all tend in the same direction, we are forced to suspect a bias in the translator—a prejudice so inwoven that he makes no effort to check its suggestions. We select an instance from each language.

In ii, 335, he represents an Italian Jesuit as saying of the *Roman Catholic gentry exclusively*, what the author says of *all* the English gentry.

Again, on the same subject he mistranslates the Spanish minister Ronquillo, who, Mr. Macaulay says, in July, 1688,

"Assured his court that the Catholic country gentlemen would willingly consent to a compromise, of which the terms should be that the penal laws should be abolished and the test retained."—*Ib.* ii, 335.

The original does not bear out Mr. Macaulay's version: first, the Spaniard does not *assure* his court, but says *he is informed*; next, he does not mention the Catholic country gentlemen, but generally the Catholics in the provinces, without distinction of class or station; next, instead of *willingly consenting* to it, (we suppose the Test Act,) Ronquillo only says, they *do not reject it*, because, not aspiring to office, they wish for nothing more for themselves and their posterity than the security of the quiet exercise and enjoyment of their religion and their properties. This "*estoy informado*" of a desire to be quiet is essentially different from a *willing consent* to the specified terms of a compromise.

These are, we admit, slight discolorations, but even such would, in the long run, have their effect on the mind of the reader. But here is one which seems a little more serious. In describing the termination of the trial of the Bishops, Mr. Macaulay states that

"As the noblemen who had appeared [in Westminster Hall] to support the good cause drove off, they flung from the carriage-windows handfuls of money, and bad the crowd drink to the health of the Bishops and the Jury."—ii. 387.

And for this he refers to the Dutch minister, Citters, and quotes the original passage; but, on reading that passage, we find that Mr. Macaulay has made a remarkable omission. Citters says that the money was given to drink the healths of "THE KING, the Bishops, and the Jury." Mr. Macaulay's version omits *the King*—and our readers will wonder why he should omit the most important word of the sentence, or—choosing for any purpose to omit it—why he should yet give it at the bottom of his page. To this last suggestion we know not what reply to make: but the suppression is clear and not insignificant. We need not insist on the importance, at that crisis, of such a show of loyalty, both in the gentlemen and the mob, as the introduction of the *King's* name implied. It was a kind of popular protest against what happened after; and it really expressed, we are satisfied, the feelings of the majority, gentle and simple, of the people of England, (always excepting the republican Whigs,) who, though they would

not tolerate the unconstitutional proceedings of James and his evil counsellors, were very reluctant to cast off their allegiance to the *King*. But there is a particular circumstance that may also have influenced Mr. Macaulay. He opens his next chapter with the following emphatic paragraph:

"The acquittal of the bishops was not the only event which makes the 30th of June, 1688, a great epoch in English history.

"On that day, while the bells of a hundred churches were ringing, while multitudes were busied, from Hyde Park to Mile End, in piling fagots and dressing popes for the rejoicings of the night, was dispatched from London to the Hague an instrument scarcely less important to the liberties of England than the Great Charter."—ii. 395.

This was the paper which invited over the Prince of Orange, and as it was signed by several of the principal men of the party which had appeared in support of the bishops, it would a little disparage the sincerity and honor of these patriots to have it blazoned, that on the very day on which they dispatched this treasonable paper, they had given the populace money to drink the *King's health*. Mr. Macaulay has at least spared his own pen that mortifying avowal.

It is but fair to observe that Mr. Macaulay, giving the original passages, might feel himself authorized to take more liberty in his translation—though it is odd that the three errors, one of them not slight, all tend towards Mr. Macaulay's peculiar views.

But there is a case which depends on, as far as we know, unpublished documents, about which we have a considerable curiosity. Mackintosh quotes, as from the Fox MSS., Barillon and Bonrepaux as attesting an intrigue of Lord Treasurer Rochester and his wife, in January and February, 1686, to set up Catherine Sedley, the King's mistress just created Countess of Dorchester, against the Queen, and that the Queen in consequence helped to overthrow Rochester and replace him by Lord Sunderland. Mr. Macaulay quotes the same authorities and tells the same story, with some additions of great malevolence and bitterness against Lord Rochester, whom, as well as his brother Clarendon, Mr. Macaulay pursues with as lively a hatred as Oldmixon could have felt. Now we, notwithstanding Mackintosh's reference to the French authorities and Mr. Macaulay's repetition of it, have some doubt, and, let us own, some hope, that this story may be altogether untrue. Mr. Macaulay

sometimes quotes a history of our Revolution, by *M. Mazure*, written with the assistance of the *original documents in the French archives*; and in his work we find the following account of this intrigue:

"In this intrigue Lord Sunderland had the art to make himself useful to the Queen, and to persuade her that Lord and Lady Rochester had set up the mistress in hopes of governing the King through her, and overthrowing all the projects in favor of the Catholic religion. Sunderland, who was in the pay of Louis XIV., tried to persuade Barillon of the same story; but Barillon and Bonrepaux—both of whom gave an account of this intrigue, the first to Louis XIV., the second to Seignelay—agree upon this point, that Rochester was a complete stranger to the whole affair!"—*Mazure*, ii. 158.

We confess that, having slight confidence in Mr. Macaulay's own accuracy, and knowing nothing of the *copies* on which Mackintosh told and Mr. Macaulay has embellished this story, we are inclined rather to believe the account of *M. Mazure*; but surely Mr. Macaulay, who makes so much of this affair, cites so many authorities about it, and even says that "the facts are stranger than fiction," ought at least to have taken notice of *M. Mazure's* evidence, and to have explained how such an utter discrepancy can exist between his own and *M. Mazure's* account of the French dispatches.

There is another circumstance which strongly though incidentally corroborates *Mazure's* version. At the time of this intrigue Clarendon was Privy Seal and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; and, though he was in Dublin, it is impossible that he could have been a stranger to the proceedings of his brother Rochester. Now, both Lord and Lady Clarendon continued to write confidentially to Lord and Lady Rochester, as the channels of the Queen's favor, in a way that seems utterly inconsistent with the Rochesters being under her displeasure, or engaged in any intrigue against her; and, after some months, we find the Queen expressing some displeasure on the score of Lady Dorchester—not against Rochester, the supposed guilty party, but against Clarendon—and not that he or his family had any share in the supposed intrigue, but that he had paid the Countess some attention during a kind of exile which she had spent in Dublin; though, on the other hand, Lady Dorchester (with more justice, as it seems) complained that he had been deficient in civility. In short, it seems to us that several passages in the

"Clarendon Correspondence" are irreconcilable with Mr. Macaulay's version of Rochester's conduct.

We shall now proceed to more general topics. We decline, as we set out by saying, to treat this "New Atalantis" as a serious history, and therefore we shall not trouble our readers with matters of such remote interest as the errors and anachronisms with which the chapter that affects to tell our earlier history abounds. Our readers would take no great interest in a discussion whether Hengist was as fabulous as Hercules, Alaric a Christian born, and "the fair chapels of New College and St. George" at Windsor of the same date. But there is one subject in that chapter on which we cannot refrain from saying a few words—THE CHURCH.

We decline to draw any inferences from this work as to Mr. Macaulay's own religious opinion, but it is our duty to say, and we trust we may do so without offense, that Mr. Macaulay's mode of dealing with the general principle of Church government, and the doctrine, discipline, and influence of the Church of England, cannot fail to give serious pain, and sometimes to excite a stronger feeling than pain, in the mind of every friend to that Church, whether in its spiritual or corporate character.

He starts with a notion that the fittest engine to redeem England from the mischiefs and mistakes of oligarchical feudalism was to be found in the imposing machinery and deception of the Roman Church; overlooking the great truth that it was not the Romish Church, but the genius of Christianity, working its vast but silent change, which was really guiding on the chariot of civilization; but in this broad principle there was not enough of the picturesqueness of detail to captivate his mind. It would not suit him to distinguish between the Church of Christ and the web of corruptions that had grown about her, but could not effectually arrest the benignant influence inherent in her main-spring. He therefore leads his readers to infer that Christianity came first to Britain with St. Austin, and for aught that Mr. Macaulay condescends to inform us, the existence of a prior Anglo-Saxon Church was a monkish fiction. The many unhappy circumstances of the position taken up by the Romish Church in its struggles for power—some of them unavoidable, it may be, if such a battle were to be fought—are actually displayed as so many blessings, attainable only by a system which the historian himself condemns elsewhere as baneful and untrue. He

maintains these strange paradoxes and contradictions with a pertinacity quite surprising. He doubts whether a true form of Christianity would have answered the purposes of liberty and civilization half so well as the acknowledged duplicities of the Church of Rome.

"It may perhaps be doubted whether a purer religion might not have been found a less efficient agent."—i, 23.

"There is a point in the life both of an individual and a society at which submission and faith, such as at a later period would be justly called servility and credulity, are useful qualities."—i, 47.

These are specimens of the often exposed fallacies in which he delights to indulge. Place right and wrong in a state of uncertainty by reflected lights, and you may fill up your picture as you like. And such forever is Mr. Macaulay's principle of art. It is not the elimination of error that he seeks for, but an artistic balance of conflicting forces. And this he pursues throughout; deposing the dignity of the historian for the clever antithesis of the pamphleteer. At last, on this great and important point of religious history—a point which more than any other influences every epoch of English progress, he arrives at this pregnant and illustrative conclusion—

"It is difficult to say whether England owes more to the Roman Catholic religion or to the Reformation."—i. 49.

England owes nothing to "the Roman Catholic religion." She owes everything to CHRISTIANITY, which Romanism injured and hampered but could not destroy, and which the Reformation freed at least from the worst of those impure and impeding excrescences.

With regard to his treatment of the Reformation, and especially of the Church of England, it is very difficult to give our readers an adequate idea. Throughout a system of depreciation—we had almost said insult—is carried on: sneers, sarcasms, injurious comparisons, sly misrepresentations, are all adroitly mingled throughout the narrative, so as to produce an unfavorable impression, which the author has not the frankness to attempt directly. Even when obliged to approach the subject openly, it is curious to observe how, under a slight veil of impartiality, imputations are raised and calumnies accredited. For instance, early in the first volume he gives us his view of the English

Reformation, as a kind of middle term, emerging out of the antagonist struggles of the Catholics and Calvinists; and it is impossible not to see that, between the three parties, he awards to the Catholics the merit of unity and consistency; to the Calvinists, of reason and independence; to the Anglicans, the lowest motives of expediency and compromise. To enforce this last topic he relies on the inconsistencies, some real and some imaginary, imputed to Cranmer, whose notions of worldly expedience he chooses to represent as the source of the Anglican Church.

"But, as the government needed the support of the Protestants, so the Protestants needed the protection of the government. Much was therefore given up on both sides; a union was effected; and the fruit of that union was the Church of England. . . .

"The man who took the chief part in settling the conditions of the alliance which produced the Anglican Church was Thomas Cranmer. He was the representative of both the parties which, at that time, needed each other's assistance. He was at once a divine and a statesman. In his character of divine he was perfectly ready to go as far in the way of change as any Swiss or Scottish reformer. In his character of statesman he was desirous to preserve that organization which had, during many ages, admirably served the purposes of the bishops of Rome, and might be expected now to serve equally well the purposes of the English kings and of their ministers. His temper and his understanding eminently fitted him to act as mediator. Saintly in his professions, unscrupulous in his dealings, zealous for nothing, bold in speculation, a coward and a time-server in action, a placable enemy and a lukewarm friend, he was in every way qualified to arrange the terms of the coalition between the religious and the worldly enemies of popery."—i. 51, 52.

He thence proceeds to show that the opinions of the Church of England on various points are not those which at one time were held by Cranmer, whom he seems resolved to consider as her founder, and for whose inconsistencies he holds her responsible. Now no one who knows Cranmer's writings and history—no one, of the greater number who remember the magnanimous immolation of his guilty right hand at the stake—will contend for the undeviating consistency of all his opinions. He was by nature of a wavering and argumentative disposition, and he lived in a chaotic time, when the bravest and the wisest did not see their way, and "staggered to and fro like drunken men." But we are, nevertheless, very far from

thinking that Mr. Macaulay can justify the language he has used as to this subject.

He speaks (p. 53) of Cranmer's "*conviction*" that "in the primitive times there was no distinction between bishops and priests." In p. 57 he states that Cranmer had "declared in emphatic terms that God had immediately committed to Christian princes the whole care of all their subjects, as well concerning the administration of God's word, for the cure of souls, as concerning the ministration of things political." And again (p. 76) he refers to the "low estimate which Cranmer had formed of the office of a bishop." Now all these statements are founded on Cranmer's answers to the questions given in Burnet. But why does not Mr. Macaulay mention that the "*conviction*" was expressed only on one occasion, and with the greatest modesty as "*mere opinion*," which Cranmer did not "*temerarily define*," but remitted to the king's judgment? Why does he not inform us that the opinion was contradicted by the other commissioners, and that it did not prevent Cranmer himself from subscribing shortly afterwards the "*Necessary Doctrine and Erudition for any Christian Man*," nor from directing the publication of the "*Catechism or Short Instruction into Christian Religion*," which two works contain the plainest possible avowals of what Mr. Macaulay sneers at as "*High Church Doctrine*." Why does he not take any notice of Cranmer's essay, "*De Ordine et Ministerio Sacerdotum et Episcoporum*?" (See his works published by the Parker Society, App., p. 484.) If Cranmer did not always hold the same principle, why advert to one occasion when he delivered a "*mere opinion*," which he would not "*temerarily define*," and pass over all the passages, English and Latin, in which at various periods he deliberately expresses the general bias of his mind? Is this fair?

We have no doubt that, if the force of Mr. Macaulay's attack should be thought in any degree proportioned to the hostility of the intention, the Church will find many defenders more powerful than our abilities, and more complete than our space, would allow us to be. Already, indeed, we have received a pamphlet by the Rev. R. C. Harrington, Chancellor of Exeter, which sufficiently refutes all that it concerns our Church to refute, of Mr. Macaulay's misstatements. We cannot here follow the steps of Mr. Harrington's able and conclusive arguments. Those who think Mr. Macaulay worth refutation will find his sophistry fully but very courteously exposed by Mr. Harrington.

But we shall select two short passages which show that Mr. Macaulay is not more exact in his ecclesiastical quotations than we have shown him to be in others. He states that

"Archbishop Grindal long hesitated about accepting a mitre, from dislike to what he regarded as the mummery of consecration."—i. 51.

There is nothing of the kind. The indecent sneer about "the mummery of consecration"—*mummery of consecration!*—observe the juxtaposition of these terms—is Mr. Macaulay's own. The truth is that Grindal consulted Peter Martyr (but did not wait for his answer) as to some scruples "concerning impropriations and the wearing certain peculiar garments" (Harrington, 11): not a hint about *consecration*—of course no scandalous allusion to *mummery*—these are all flowers of Mr. Macaulay's own rhetoric. The other case is if possible still worse:

"When it was objected that Saint Paul had spoken of certain persons whom the Holy Ghost had made overseers and shepherds of the faithful, it was answered that King Henry was the very overseer, the very shepherd, whom the Holy Ghost had appointed, and to whom the expressions of Saint Paul applied."—i. 56.

The "objection" and the "answer," says Mr. Harrington, seem to be the result of a fertile imagination—the only conjectural ground of it being a paper in which it was stated as a point to be established that the text of St. Paul referred to

"Was not meant of such bishops only as be now of the clergy, but was as well meant and spoken of EVERY ruler and governor of Christian people."—Harrington, 12.

The date of this paper, 1532, removes it from all connection with our formularies, and even Mr. Macaulay seems to admit that it was probably written by Gardiner; but he does not add that Gardiner was a papist, nor explain by what process he makes our Church responsible for Gardiner's doctrines, even if they were what he represents them.

No infidelity of quotation that we have instanced appears to exceed these. We shall see more of his bitter hostility to the Church of England in a future division of our subject, where we shall find him as unjust to her maturity as he has been to what he calls her origin—as injuriously prejudiced against her ministers as he has been against her principles.

The next great division of his subject is the reign of Charles I. There are, as we have had so often to say, no facts to debate with him; all we have to do is to repeat our charge of habitual partiality and injustice—partiality towards every form of rebellion, and especially its archetype, Cromwell—injustice to every principle of monarchical loyalty, and their representatives, Strafford and King Charles.

To disprove the imputations, to correct the misstatements, to refute the insinuations which Mr. Macaulay lavishes with bitter and unwearied animosity on the king, would require us to re-write the "History of the Rebellion." We shall content ourselves with a few short notices of the historian's own partiality and inconsistency. In the first place we observe that, though he talks of the king's evil *propensities* and *vices* as if they were many, he can, like his predecessors in the same field, specify but one, which less eloquent Whig historians are content to blame as "insincerity," but Mr. Macaulay stigmatizes as nothing short of "perfidy," or even some harsher name. As we ourselves are in the course of this article forced occasionally to question Mr. Macaulay's own sincerity, we should be unwilling to adopt the vocabulary in which he characterizes the duplicity of Charles, though we cannot, on the other hand, quite reconcile ourselves to the palliative and even laudatory terms in which he treats the much deeper shades of the same *vice* in Cromwell, Sidney, King William, and other favorite politicians.

We select a few of the choice flowers which he charitably strews on the grave of the unhappy Charles.

"Faithlessness was the chief cause of his disasters, and is the chief stain on his memory. He was in truth impelled by an incurable propensity to dark and crooked ways."—i. 84.

"He was perfidious not only from ambition and habit, but on principle."—*Ib.*

"So notorious was his duplicity, that there was no treachery of which his subjects might not with some show of reason believe him capable."—i. 106.

"The duplicity of Charles made his old enemies irreconcilable."—i. 113.

"The king was not to be trusted; the vices of Charles had grown upon him. Cunning is the natural defense of the weak. A prince therefore who is habitually a deceiver."—i. 126.

"Charles was not only a most unscrupulous but a most unlucky dissembler."—i. 126.

"The same punishment that awaits on habitual perfidy had at length overtaken the King."—i. 110.

Every one of the circumstances on which we may presume that Mr. Macaulay would rely as justifying these charges has been long since, to more candid judgments, either disproved, explained, or excused, and in truth whatever blame can be justly attributed to any of them, belongs mainly, if not exclusively, to those whose violence and injustice drove a naturally upright and most conscientious man into the shifts and stratagems of self-defense. With the greatest fault and the only crime that Charles in his whole life committed, Mr. Macaulay does not reproach him—the consent to the execution of Lord Strafford—that indeed, as he himself penitentially confessed, was a deadly weight on his conscience, and is an indelible stain on his character; but even that guilt and shame belongs in a still greater degree to Mr. Macaulay's patriot heroes.

This leads us to the conclusive plea which we enter to Mr. Macaulay's indictment, namely—that all those acts alleged as the excuses of rebellion and regicide occurred after the rebellion had broken out, and were at worst only devices of the unhappy King to escape from the regicide which he early foresaw. It was really the old story of the wolf and the lamb. It was far down the stream of rebellion that these acts of supposed perfidy on the part of Charles could be said to have troubled it.

But while he thus deals with the lamb, let us see how he treats the wolf. We have neither space nor taste for groping through the long and dark labyrinth of Cromwell's proverbial duplicity and audacious apostasy; we shall content ourselves with two facts, which, though stated in the gentlest way by Mr. Macaulay, will abundantly justify the opinion which all mankind, except a few republican zealots, hold of that man's sincerity, of whose abilities, wonderful as they were, the most remarkable, and perhaps the most serviceable to his fortunes, was his hypocrisy; so much so, that South—a most acute observer of mankind, and who had been educated under the Commonwealth and Protectorate—in his sermon on "Worldly Wisdom," adduces Cromwell as an instance of "habitual dissimulation and imposture." Oliver, Mr. Macaulay tells us, modelled his army on the principle of composing it of men fearing God, and zealous for *public liberty*, and in the very next page he is forced to confess that

"Thirteen years followed in which for the first and the last time the civil power of our country was subjected to military dictation."—i. 120.

Again,

"Oliver had made his choice. He had kept the hearts of his soldiers, but he had *broken* with every other class of his fellow citizens."—i. 129.

That is, he had broken through all the promises, pledges, and specious pretenses by which he had deceived and enslaved the nation, which Mr. Macaulay calls with such opportune *naïveté*, *his fellow citizens!* Then follows, not a censure of this faithless usurpation, but many labored apologies and even defenses of it, and a long series of laudatory epithets, some of which are worth collecting as a rare contrast to Mr. Macaulay's usual style, and particularly to the abuse of Charles, which we have just exhibited.

"His *genius and resolution* made him more *absolute master of his country* than any of her legitimate kings had been."—i. 129.

He having cut off the legitimate King's head on a pretense that Charles had wished to make himself *absolutely master of the country*.

"Everything yielded to the *vigor and ability* of Cromwell."—i. 130.

"The Government, though in the form of a Republic, was in truth a despotism, moderated only by the *wisdom, the sober-mindedness, and the magnanimity* of the despot."—i. 137.

With a vast deal more of the same tone.

But Mr. Macaulay particularly expatiates on the influence that Cromwell exercised over foreign states; and there is hardly any topic to which he recurs with more pleasure, or, as we think, with less sagacity, than the terror with which Cromwell and the contempt with which the Stuarts inspired the nations of Europe. He somewhat exaggerates the extent of this feeling, and greatly misstates or mistakes the cause; and as this subject is in the present state of the world of more importance than any others in the work, we hope we may be excused for some observations tending to a sounder opinion on that subject.

It was not, as Mr. Macaulay everywhere insists, the personal abilities and genius of Cromwell that exclusively, or even in the first degree, carried his foreign influence higher than that of the Stuarts. The internal struggles that distracted and consumed the strength of these islands throughout their reigns necessarily rendered us little formidable to our neighbors; and it is with no good grace that a Whig historian stigma-

tizes that result as shameful; for, without discussing whether it was justifiable or not, the fact is certain, that it was opposition of the Whigs—often in rebellion and always in faction against the Government—which disturbed all progress at home and paralyzed every effort abroad. We are not, we say, now discussing whether that opposition was not justifiable and may not have been ultimately advantageous in several constitutional points; we think it decidedly was: but at present all we mean to do is to show that it had a great share in producing on our foreign influence the lowering effects of which Mr. Macaulay complains.

And there is still another consideration which escapes Mr. Macaulay in his estimate of such usurpers as Cromwell and Bonaparte. A usurper is always more terrible both at home and abroad than a legitimate sovereign; first, the usurper is likely to be (and in these two cases was) a man of superior genius and military glory, wielding the irresistible power of the sword; but there is a still stronger contrast—legitimate governments are bound—at home by laws—abroad by treaties, family ties, and international interests; they acknowledge the law of nations, and are limited, even in hostilities, by many restraints and bounds. The despotic usurpers had no fetters of either sort; they had no opposition at home, and no scruples abroad. Law, treaties, rights and the like, had been already broken through like cobwebs, and kings naturally humbled themselves before a vigor that had dethroned and murdered kings, and foreign nations trembled at a power that had subdued in their own fields and cities the pride of England and the gallantry of France! To contrast Cromwell and Charles II., Napoleon and Louis XVIII., is sheer nonsense and mere verbiage; it is as if one should compare the house-dog and the wolf, and argue that the terror inspired by the latter was very much to his honor. All this is such a mystery to Mr. Macaulay that he wanders into two theories so whimsical, that we hesitated between passing them by as absurdities, or producing them for amusement; we adopt the latter. One is that Cromwell could have no interest and therefore no personal share in the death of Charles. "Whatever Cromwell was," says Mr. Macaulay, "he was no fool; and he must have known that Charles I. was obviously a less difficulty in his way than Charles II." Cromwell, we retain the phrase, "was no fool," and he thought and found that

Charles II. was, as far as he was concerned, no difficulty at all. The real truth was, that the revolutionary party in England in 1648, like that in France in 1792, was but a rope of sand which nothing could cement and consolidate but the *blood of the Kings*—that was a common crime and a common and indissoluble tie which gave all their consistency and force to both revolutions—a stroke of original sagacity in Cromwell and of imitative dexterity in Robespierre. If Mr. Macaulay admits, as he subsequently does (i. 129), that the regicide was "a sacrament of blood," by which the party became irrevocably bound to each other and separated from the rest of the nation, how can he pretend that Cromwell derived no advantage from it? In fact, his admiration—we had almost said fanaticism—for Cromwell betrays him throughout into the blindest inconsistencies.

The second vision of Mr. Macaulay is, if possible, still more absurd. He imagines a Cromwell dynasty! If it had not been for Monk and his army, the rest of the nation would have been loyal to the son of the illustrious Oliver.

"Had the Protector and the Parliament been suffered to proceed undisturbed, there can be little doubt that an order of things similar to that which was afterwards established under the house of Hanover, would have been established under the house of Cromwell."—i. 142.

And yet in a page or two Mr. Macaulay is found making an admission—made, indeed, with the object of disparaging Monk and the royalists—but which gives to his theory of a Cromwellian dynasty the most conclusive refutation.

"It was probably not till Monk had been some days in the capital that he made up his mind. The cry of the whole people was for a free parliament; and there could be no doubt that a parliament really free would instantly restore the exiled family."—i. 147.

All this hypothesis of a Cromwellian dynasty looks like sheer nonsense; but we have no doubt it has a meaning, and we request our readers not to be diverted by the almost ludicrous partiality and absurdity of Mr. Macaulay's speculation from an appreciation of the deep hostility to the monarchy from which they arise. They are like bubbles on the surface of a dark pool, which indicate that there is something rotten below.

We should, if we had time, have many other complaints to make of the details of this chapter, which are deeply colored with all Mr. Macaulay's prejudices and passions. He is, we may almost say of course, violent and unjust against Strafford and Clarendon; and the most prominent touch of candor that we can find in this period of his History is, that he slurs over the murder of Laud in an obscure half-line (i. 119) as if he were—as we hope he really is—ashamed of it.

We now arrive at what we have heard called the celebrated third chapter—celebrated it deserves to be, and we hope our humble observations may add something to its celebrity. There is no feature of Mr. Macaulay's book on which, we believe, he more prides himself, and which has been in truth more popular with his readers, than the descriptions which he introduces of the residences, habits, and manners of our ancestors. They are, provided you do not look below the surface, as entertaining as Pepys or Pennant, or any of the many scrap-book histories which have been recently fabricated from those old materials; but when we come to examine them, we find that in these cases, as everywhere else, Mr. Macaulay's propensity to caricature and exaggerate leads him not merely to disfigure circumstances, but totally to forget the principle on which such episodes are admissible into regular history—namely, the illustration of the story. They should be, as it were, woven into the narrative, and not, as Mr. Macaulay generally treats them, stitched on like patches. This latter observation does not of course apply to the collecting a body of miscellaneous facts into a separate chapter, as Hume and others have done; but Mr. Macaulay's chapter, besides, as we shall show, the prevailing inaccuracy of its details, has one general and essential defect specially its own.

The moment Mr. Macaulay has selected for suspending his narrative to take a view of the surface and society of England is the death of Charles II. Now we think no worse point of time could have been chosen for tracing the obscure but very certain connection between political events and the manners of a people. The Restoration, for instance, was an era in manners as well as in politics—so was in a fainter degree the Revolution—either, or both, of those periods would have afforded a natural position for contemplating a going and a coming order of things; but we believe that there are no two periods in our annals which were so identical in

morals and politics—so undistinguishable, in short, in any national view—as the latter years of Charles and the earlier years of James. Here then is an objection *in limine* to this famous chapter—and not *in limine* only, but in substance; for in fact the period he has chosen would not have furnished out the chapter, four-fifths of which belong to a date later than that which he professes to treat of. In short, the chapter is like an old curiosity-shop, into which—no matter whether it happens to stand in Charles street, William street, or George street—the knick-knacks of a couple of centuries are promiscuously jumbled. What does it signify, in a history of the reign of Charles II., that a writer, "*sixty years after the Revolution*" (i. 347,) says that in the lodging-houses at Bath "the hearth-slabs were "freestone, not marble"—that "the best apartments were hung with coarse woollen stuff, and furnished with rush-bottomed chairs?"—nay, that he should have the personal good taste to lament that in those Bœotian days "*not a wainscot was painted*," (348;) and yet this twaddle of the reign of George II., patched into the times of Charles II., is the appropriate occasion which he takes to panegyryze this new mode of elucidating history?—

"Readers who take an interest in the progress of civilization and of the useful arts [*painting wainscot*] will be grateful to the humble topographer who has recorded these facts, and will perhaps wish that historians of far higher pretensions had sometimes spared a few pages from military evolutions and political intrigues, for the purpose of letting us know how the parlors and bedchambers of our ancestors looked."—i. 348.

Yes, when the parlor or bedchamber was in any way connected with the event, or characteristic of the person, or *even of the times*; but not a Bath lodging-house in 1750 as illustrative of the ordinary parlors and bedchambers of our ancestors in 1684.

In the same style he is so obliging as to illustrate the battle of Sedgemoor by the following valuable circumstance:

"Feversham had fixed his head-quarters at Weston Zoyland. Many persons, still living, have seen the daughter of the servant girl who waited on him that day at table."—i. 604.

Prodigious! the daughter! Are we too sanguine in hoping that there may be still extant a granddaughter, or peradventure a great-granddaughter, of the *servant girl* who waited at the table of the commander-in-chief of the royal army, who it seems had no servants of his own? But still more wonderful—

"And a large dish of Persian ware which was set before him is still carefully preserved in the neighborhood."—*Ib.*

And lest any doubt should remain on the reader's mind whether the dish which Mr. Macaulay describes as now in the actual "possession of Mr. Stradling" be the real *bona fide* dish, he satisfies all unreasonable incredulity on that point by not only local but statistical evidence:

"It is to be observed that the population of Somersetshire does not, like that of the manufacturing districts, consist of emigrants from distant places. It is by no means unusual to find farmers who cultivate the same land which their ancestors cultivated when the Plantagenets reigned in England. *The Somersetshire traditions are THEREFORE of no small value to an historian.*"

It would be superfluous to endeavor, after so high an authority, to depreciate the *historical value* of the story of the China dish, but we may be forgiven if we call particular attention to the admirable structure of Mr. Macaulay's syllogism.

Feversham supped in Somersetshire one night in 1685.

John a Noaks farms in 1849 the same land which his forefathers farmed in 1485.

Therefore, this is the same dish of Persian ware out of which Feversham supped. Q. E. D.!

In proceeding to exhibit some of the other details of the celebrated chapter, we must premise that our selections are but specimens of a huge mass of mistake and absurdity, selected as being the most capable of a summary exposure:

"There were still to be seen, on the capes of the sea-coast and on many inland hills, tall posts surmounted by barrels. Once those barrels had been filled with pitch. Watchmen had been set round them in seasons of danger. * * * But many years had now [1684] elapsed since the beacons had been lighted."—i. 290.

And for this he quotes

"Chamberlayne's State of England, 1684."

The self-same passage is to be found in "Chamberlayne's State of England, 1755;" and whoever has read the letter of Sir Walter Scott will recollect that he once rode 100 miles without drawing bridle in consequence of the beacons having been lit in Northumberland on a false alarm of a French invasion, A.D. 1805!

"The Groom of the Stole had 5000*l.* a year."—*Chamberlayne's State of England, 1684.*

This is introduced as a proof of the extravagance of Charles II.'s court, and is not true either in fact or in reference. Chamberlayne makes no difference between the Groom of the Stole and the other lords of the bedchamber, whose salaries were 1000*l.*; and there is the same unaltered passage in Chamberlayne down to 1755.

"The place of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland is supposed to be worth 40,000*l.* a year."—i. 310.

The authority cited for this is the Grand Duke Cosmo, who, on his way from Corunna to England, touched at Kinsale, and slept one night ashore, during which his secretary, who does not seem to have known any English, collected this valuable information. The total public revenue of Ireland was little more than 300,000*l.*, and the aggregate salaries of *all* the public servants in the kingdom but 25,000*l.*, so that the sum stated as the Lord-Lieutenant's income is incredible. We should be inclined to suspect the sum to be a clerical error of the transcriber's for 40,000 *crowns*.

Not satisfied with a constant effort to depreciate the moral and social condition of the country at that day, he must do the same by its natural features and productions. It needed, we think, no parade of authorities to show that the cultivation of the soil was then inferior to ours; but Mr. Macaulay will produce authorities, and, as often happens to him, the authorities prove nothing but his own rashness:

"In the drawings of English landscapes, made in that age for the Grand Duke Cosmo, scarce a hedgerow is to be seen, and numerous tracts, now rich with cultivation, appear as bare as Salisbury Plain."—i. 311.

These drawings are, if we may judge by the plates, to which we suppose Mr. Macaulay alludes, made hastily by a very poor hand, and hardly deserve to be spoken of as drawings of landscapes, the artist's object being chiefly the exterior aspect of the towns through which the Duke passed; but it is not true that *scarcely a hedgerow is to be seen*; there are, we are satisfied, nearly as many as the same artist would now show in the same places; but why appeal to these poor sketches when we have a very contrary description in the *text* of the self-same work? We take, for example, the two earliest of these

landscapes that occur in the route, and we find the country represented in the first described as having "*fields surrounded with hedges and dry walls,*" (*Travels of the Grand Duke Cosmo*, ii. 127;) the second represents the approach to Exeter, thus described in the text—"Everywhere were seen *fields surrounded with rows of trees*, meadows of the most beautiful verdure, gentlemen's seats, &c." (*Ib.* 128.) Is it good faith to produce such drawings (even if they were what Mr. Macaulay describes, which they are not) as proofs of a fact which the letter-press on the opposite page, and which must have been seen at the same glance, contradicts?

Again, Mr. Macaulay says of London:

"The town did not, as now, fade by imperceptible degrees into the country. No long avenues of villas, embowered in lilacs and laburnums, extended from the great centre of wealth and civilization almost to the boundaries of Middlesex."—i. 349.

But hear what the writer of the Grand Duke's travels saw and records, and for which he is a rather better authority than for the profits of the Lord-Lieutenant:

"The whole tract of country—seven miles—from Brentford to London, is *truly delicious*, from the *abundance of well-built villas and country houses* which are seen *in every direction*."—*Travels*, 162.

Again: he says that our native horses, though serviceable, were held in small esteem, and fetched low prices, and that, either for *war* or *coaches*, foreign breeds were preferred, (i, 315;) but, on the other hand, one of his favorite authorities (Chamberlayne, 1684) boasts of the superiority of English horses:

"For *war*, for *coach*, for highway, for hunting, nowhere such plenty of horses."—*Present State*, p. 8.

And again:

"The modern race-horse was not then known."—i. 315.

No doubt; the Godolphin Arabian was not yet imported: but what used to take King Charles to Newmarket, on the road to which some of the revolution patriots were to lie in wait to assassinate him? Why did the King invite the Grand Duke to come "to see the horse-racing at Newmarket?"—p. 201.

Mr. Macaulay makes a great parade of the increased size and improved appearance of the towns and cities of England since the days of Charles II. He need hardly, we think, have taken such pains, when the population estimates and returns of ten years ago informed us that the population of England and Wales, which in 1670 was estimated at about *five and a half* millions, was, in 1840, *sixteen*; and the greater part of his observations on these towns seem to us quite irrelevant to any part of his subject, and in themselves both inaccurate and superficial. One instance of such trifling will suffice. We do not see what a description of a place like Cheltenham—a creation of almost our own day—has to do with a history of the reign of King Charles II., though it might be noticed in that of George III., as a visit to it was thought to have brought on his first illness; but while our statistical historian is expatiating in a very flowery style on the local position and wonderful growth of this beautiful town, he totally forgets the *medicinal wells*, to which alone it owes its existence! The tragedy of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet omitted!

Speaking of *Soho Square*, he says—

'*Monmouth Square* had been the name while the fortunes of the Duke of Monmouth flourished.'—i. 356.

With a reference to *Chamberlayne*; but the reference again fails us;—we cannot find it in *Chamberlayne*. *Chamberlayne* calls it King's Square. This trifle, however, though it confirms what we have said of the inaccuracy of Mr. Macaulay's references to his authorities, would not be worth mentioning, but that it reveals a more important negligence in Mr. Macaulay.

Lord Grey, one of the Rye House conspirators, who was second in command in Monmouth's rebellion, and taken prisoner with him, made a confession, which is one of the most remarkable documents of the times. It was printed, in 1754, under the title of "*Secret History of the Rye House Plot*." This work, which is conclusive as to the treason of Lord Russell and all the other patriots, is extremely distasteful to all the Whig historians; and Mr. Macaulay, though forced to quote it, is anxious to contest its veracity; but it would really seem as if he had not condescended to read this celebrated Confession. If he had, he could have made no mistake as to the name of the Square, nor referred to *Chamberlayne* for what is

not there, for in his Confession Lord Grey tells us that in the spring of 1683, preparatory to fixing the precise day for a general insurrection, he met Mr. Trenchard, one of the west-country conspirators, to consider that point "*at the Duke of Monmouth's house in SOHO SQUARE.*" (Grey, p. 36.) And again, Lord Grey says, that the night before the conspirators were to leave town for their respective posts, he "*walked with the Duke of Monmouth in SOHO SQUARE till break of day.*" Has Mr. Macaulay written his history without having carefully read the infinitely most important document of the whole period?

He tells us that the foundation of the Royal Society spread the growth of true science:

"One after another, phantoms which had haunted the world through ages of darkness fled before the light. Astrology and alchemy *became jests.*"—i. 411.

Has Mr. Macaulay forgotten "*Albumazar*" and the "*Alchemist*"—*jest*s a good deal earlier than this date?

He relates as a sign of the low intellect of the times—

"The '*London Gazette*' came out only on Mondays and Thursdays. The contents generally were a royal proclamation, two or three Tory addresses, notices of two or three promotions, and a skirmish on the Danube, a description of a highwayman, &c. &c."

An ex-Secretary at War might know that the Gazette is little better, indeed hardly so good, in our days; and that, substituting the publishing days, Tuesday and Friday, for Monday and Thursday, the description of King Charles's Gazette would exactly suit that of Queen Victoria, even when Mr. Macaulay was its most important contributor.

The attempt to say something picturesque frequently betrays him into anachronism and absurdity. When Princess Anne escaped from Whitehall in a hackney coach, our great painter exalts the humility of the flight by the grandeur of his style.

"The coach drove instantly to Aldersgate Street, where the town residence of the Bishops of London then stood, *within the shadow of the dome of their cathedral.*"—i. 521.

Noble! but unluckily there was no dome either before that time, nor at that time, nor for some years after.

He tells us that in old London, as now in all old Paris, the kennel ran in the centre of the street, and that thence arose

—"the wish of every pedestrian to keep close to the wall."

"The mild and timid gave the wall. The bold and athletic took it. If two roisterers met, they cocked their hats in each other's faces, and pushed each other about till the weaker was shoved towards the kennel. If he was a mere bully he sneaked off, muttering that he should find a time. If he was pugnacious, the encounter probably ended in a duel behind Montague House."—i. 360.

As we know that these jostlings for the wall took place as early as the reign of Elizabeth, (see *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1,) and as late as that of George I., it was hardly worth while to relate it as a remarkable fact of the reign of Charles II., to which moreover none of the authorities quoted apply; but even in this trivial matter Mr. Macaulay contrives to make a serious mistake; street quarrels of this nature, technically called *rencounters*, ("*sudden combat without premeditation,*" Johnson's Dictionary,) were settled on the spot, in an age when every well-dressed person wore a sword. It was only a formal pre-arranged duel that ever carried the combatants behind Montague House; and this distinction was important, for a fatal *duel* was legally murder, whereas a *rencounter* was seldom more than manslaughter.

Again: he produces as a proof of Monmouth's hold on the affections of the people, and as an honorable instance of popular fidelity, that long after his death, an impostor deceived the country people of Dorsetshire by assuming his name. May we remind Mr. Macaulay of Sir William Courtenay, *alias* Thom, who figured even more theatrically in our own day? Much the larger part of Mr. Macaulay's anecdotes of this class might, we confidently believe, be paralleled by analogous events fifty or a hundred years later than the times which he censures or ridicules.

He expatiates largely, as indicative of the barbarous and bigoted state of England in the reign of Charles II., on the tumultuous opposition to turnpikes and the destruction of toll-gates. He seems to have forgotten that the same thing occurred the other day in Wales, and was only subdued by a stronger exertion of force than was required in the earlier period.

He tells, that when the floods were out between London and Ware, travellers were up to their saddle-skirts in water, and that

a higgler once perished in such a flood, (i. 374.) We still hear of the same things every winter, and only so late as last February we read of many similar accidents.

These and such like puerilities, the majority of them collected from authorities of the reigns of the Georges, are, it seems, illustrations of England in the days of Charles II.

When we call these things puerilities, it is not that we should consider as such, an authentic collection of facts, be they ever so small, which should be really illustrative of any particular period—for instance, of the period Mr. Macaulay has selected; but of what value, except to make a volume of *Ana*, can it be to collect a heap of small facts, worthless in themselves—having no special relation to either the times or the events treated of—and, after all, not one in twenty told with perfect accuracy—perfect accuracy being the only merit of such matters?

It may be asked what could induce Mr. Macaulay to condescend to such petty errors? Two motives occur to us: the one we have already alluded to—the embellishment of his historical romance; but another more powerful, and which pervades the whole work, a wish to exhibit England *prior to the Revolution* as in a mean and even barbarous and despicable condition. We are, we trust, as sensible as Mr. Macaulay can be of the blessings of civil and religious liberty, secured to us by the Revolution, and of the gradual development of the material, and moral, and intellectual powers, which the political constitution then defined and established has so largely assisted. We think those advantages so great as to need no unfair embellishment, and we especially protest against Mr. Macaulay's systematic practice of raking up and exaggerating, as exclusively belonging to the earlier period, absurdities and abuses of which his evidence is mainly drawn from the latter. It may be self-flattery, but we persuade ourselves that ours is the higher as well as the truer view of the principles of the Revolution and of the duty of an historian.

We take slight account of such mistakes as saying that the bishops were tried for a *libel*, though it is a strange one for a constitutional lawyer to make, or of calling Mrs. Lisle *The Lady Alice*, though this is equally strange in one who has been a guest at "*Windsor Castle*." We presume that both these errors, small, but ridiculous, arose from Mr. Macaulay's reading too hastily the running title of the State Trials instead of the text, for both these errors happen to be in

the running title and not in the body of the work. There are several more serious slips in point of *law*, but on which it would not be worth while to detain our readers.

After so much of what seems to us absurdity and nonsense, we are glad to be able to produce a bit of antiquarian topography, which, though not exempt from Mr. Macaulay's too frequent sins, is, to our taste, very natural and graceful; and we know not that we could produce from the whole work—assiduous as Mr. Macaulay has been in seeking picturesque effects—any other picture of so high a tone of coloring and of feeling. The remains of the unhappy Monmouth were, he says:

"Placed in a coffin covered with black velvet, and were laid privately under the communion-table of St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower. Within four years the pavement of that chancel was again disturbed, and hard by the remains of Monmouth were laid the remains of Jeffreys. In truth there is no sadder spot on the earth than that little cemetery. Death is there associated, not, as in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and with imperishable renown; not, as in our humblest churches and churchyards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities; but, with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame. Thither have been carried, through successive ages, by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts. Thither was borne, before the window where Jane Grey was praying, the mangled corpse of Guilford Dudley. Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, and Protector of the realm, reposes there by the brother whom he murdered. There has mouldered away the headless trunk of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester and Cardinal of St. Vitalis, a man worthy to have lived in a better age, and to have died in a better cause. There are laid John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral, and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Lord High Treasurer. There, too, is another Essex, on whom nature and fortune have lavished all their bounties in vain, and whom valor, grace, genius, royal favor, popular applause, conducted to an early and ignominious doom. Not far off sleep two chiefs of the great house of Howard, Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and Philip, eleventh Earl of Arundel. Here and there, among the thick graves of unquiet and aspiring statesmen, lie more delicate sufferers; Margaret of Salisbury, the last of the proud name of Plantagenet, and those two fair queens who perished by the jealous rage of Henry. Such was

the dust with which the dust of Monmouth mingled."—Vol. i. pp. 628, 629.

Yet even here we have to regret that Mr. Macaulay did not acknowledge his obligation to Pennant, who had already stated the facts in his plain but not unimpressive way; and if Mr. Macaulay has been able to find any direct evidence—which Pennant could not—that "Margaret (last of the royal line, as Pennant, or "proud line," as Mr. Macaulay more ambitiously writes) of Plantagenet was buried in this chapel," he ought to have mentioned it. We quite agree with the disgust expressed by Mr. Macaulay at the

"Barbarous stupidity which has transformed this most interesting little church into the likeness of a meeting-house in a manufacturing town."—i. 629.

But we think one who has been Secretary at War and a Cabinet Minister might have done more than express a sterile literary disgust at such a proceeding. We wonder, too, that Mr. Macaulay, so fond of minute circumstances, should have lost, under the common name of *St. Peter's Chapel*, its real and touching designation of "*St. Peter ad Vincula*."

We heartily wish that we had nothing more to complain of than the local and anecdotal mistakes of this chapter; but Mr. Macaulay, under color of painting the manners of the age, has drawn pictures of the clergy and gentry of England which we can qualify by no tenderer name than libels, gathered from what Mr. Macaulay complaisantly calls the "lighter literature of the day"—loose plays, doggerel verses, the lucubrations of Tom Brown, Ned Ward, *et id genus omne*, of which respectable authorities, as of those for the rest of the chapter, the greater part does not apply to either the period, or, indeed, the purpose for which they are quoted, and, in several serious instances, are entirely misquoted. We will begin with the case of the clergy, where the misrepresentations are so many and so intricate, that we must beg the attention of our readers while we unravel a few of the most important.

It is evident that Mr. Macaulay, notwithstanding his democratical tendencies, thinks that he will depreciate the Church of England by rating its respectability as a profession, or, in other words, its aristocratical

character, below that of the Roman Catholic church before the Reformation.

"The place of clergymen in society had been completely changed by the Reformation. Men, averse to the life of camps, and who were, at the same time, desirous to rise in the state, ordinarily received the tonsure, [became priests.] Among them were the sons of all the most illustrious families and near kinsmen of the throne—Scroopes and Nevilles, Bouchiers, Staffords, and Poles. Down to the middle of the reign of Henry VIII., therefore, no line of life was more inviting, (i. 325.) Thence came a violent revolution, and the sacerdotal office lost its attractions for the higher classes. During the century that followed the accession of Elizabeth, scarce a single person of noble descent took orders; at the close of the reign of Charles II. two sons of peers were bishops, four or five sons of peers were priests; but these rare exceptions did not take away the reproach which lay on the whole body."—i. 338.

The reproach!—Even if all this were true, it would not diminish our own, nor, we presume, any Christian's respect for our Church. We should be no more ashamed of the humility of its ministers than we are at the humility, in a worldly sense, of its founder and his apostles. (*Μακάριός ἐστιν ὁ εἰς ἐμὴν μὴ σκανδαλισθῇ ἐν ἐμοί*—imperfectly translated *offended*.—Luke vii. 23.) Nor would we exchange Jeremy Taylor, the barber's son, for any Scroope or Pole that the former period can show. We have, therefore, little interest in inquiring Mr. Macaulay's authority for his statistics, but they induced us to look into Beatson, the only kind of authority we happen to have at hand, and we find there that, in the three hundred years which preceded the Reformation, there were about fifty English bishops noted as being of noble families; and that in the three hundred which have since elapsed, there have been about fifty-three.

But again—harping on the same aristocratical string, which seems to jar strangely to his touch, he says—

"Dr. Henry Compton, Bishop of London, spoke strongly for the motion. Though not gifted with eminent abilities, nor deeply versed in the learning of his profession, he was always heard by the House with respect; for he was one of the few clergymen who could in that age boast of noble blood."—ii. 33.

Now, it happens that we have evidence that there were at that time in holy orders at least the following: Dr. Fane, brother of the Earl of Westmoreland; Mr. Finch, son of

the Earl of Winchelsea, and another Mr. Finch, brother of the Earl of Nottingham; Dr. Montagu, uncle of the Earl of Sandwich; Dr. Annesley, uncle of the Earl of Anglesey; Dr. Greenvil, brother of the Earl of Bath; Mr. Berkeley, brother of the Earl of Berkeley; Dr. Booth, brother of the Earl of Warrington; Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham; Dr. Graham, brother of Viscount Preston; Sir Jonathan Trelawney, Bart.; Sir William Dawes, Bart.; Sir George Wheeler; together with sons of Lord Fairfax of Cameron, Lord Gray of Wark, Lord Brereton, and Lord Chandos; to whom may be added, near relatives of the Earl of Shrewsbury and the Marquis of Kent. And we have no doubt that a longer search would largely increase this already respectable list.

But while Mr. Macaulay is expatiating on the causes that made the popish clergy more respectable than their Anglican successors—which we altogether disbelieve, and, as far as our information goes, positively deny—he omits to notice that grand difference, which would alone suffice to cast the balance of respectability of every kind—of birth, of wealth, of learning, of morals, in favor of the Protestants—we mean the marriage of the clergy. That important—we might say governing—circumstance—that greatest of social reforms, which never occurs to the philosophic mind of the historian—would alone countervail all Mr. Macaulay's pompous catalogue of popish superiorities.

In truth, we believe that the most remarkable social difference produced on the clerical character by the Reformation was the very reverse of what he asserts. In England *then*, as in every Roman Catholic country even *down to this day*, though there were "great prizes" as Mr. Macaulay calls them, to seduce a few Nevilles and Poles or Richelieus and Talleyrands into the Church, the great body of the parochial, and almost the whole regular, clergy were of an inferior grade both of birth and education.

Mr. Macaulay, in another view of the subject, tells us that the Anglo-Romish priests imported into England so late as the reign of James II. "spelled like washerwomen." It is rather unlucky for us to have to show Mr. Macaulay to be so bad an authority, for really we could find no fuller contradiction of one half of his book than the other half. But to be serious, (however hard it is to be so with Mr. Macaulay when the subject is serious,) in England the Reformation—slowly, we admit, but gradually—brought into the Church a class of *gentlemen*—not merely

so by birth, for we hold Bishop Taylor—one of "Nature's nobles"—to be as good a gentleman as Bishop Compton—we therefore say of *gentlemen* by education, manners, and sentiments also; and to this happy result we have no doubt that the marriage of the clergy mainly contributed. The higher effects of this great moral and social distinction between the two hierarchies escape Mr. Macaulay; but he is very much alive to the low and ludicrous accidents and exceptions to the general improvement which his favorite "lighter literature" happens to record—not observing that such unseemly circumstances were not occasioned by the Reformation, but by the influences and prejudices of the old system, which long lingered amongst us. His chief illustration of the contemptible state of the Anglican Church domestic chaplain is in fact an amplification of the staple and stale jokes of dramatists, novelists, satirists, and all the other classes of "light literature," from the earliest days to our own. Nor is Mr. Macaulay at all behind the best—or worst—of these writers in the zeal and zest that he shows for, as Lord Bolingbroke phrased it, *roasting the parson*, and with, as we shall see, much the same effect—that of burning his own fingers.

The description of the domestic chaplain, for which room has been found in Mr. Macaulay's History of England, is much too long for our Review; but we must give two or three specimens of the instances he produces and the evidence by which he supports them:

"The coarse and ignorant squire, who thought that it belonged to his dignity to have grace said every day at his table by an ecclesiastic in full canonicals, found means to reconcile dignity with economy. A young Levite—such was the phrase then in use—might be had for his board, a small garret, and ten pounds a year, and might not only perform his own professional functions, might not only be the most patient of butts and listeners, might not only be always ready in fine weather for bowls, and in rainy weather for shovelboard, but might also save the expense of a gardener or of a groom. Sometimes the reverend man nailed up the apricots, and sometimes he curried the coach-horses. He cast up the farrier's bills. He walked ten miles with a message or a parcel. If he was permitted to dine with the family, he was expected to content himself with the plainest fare. He might fill himself with the corned beef and the carrots; but, as soon as the tarts and cheese-cakes made their appearance, he quitted his seat, and stood aloof till he was summoned to return thanks for the repast from a great part of which he had been excluded."—i. 327.

We request our reader's notice of every

point of this passage, and of the authorities on which it professes to be founded—they are—

“Eachard, ‘Causes of the Contempt of the Clergy;’ Oldham, ‘Satire addressed to a Friend about to leave the University;’ ‘Tatler,’ 255, 258. That the English clergy were a low-born class, is remarked in the *Travels of the Grand Duke Cosmo.*”—i. 328.

Now it is true that the greater part of this picture is to be found in Eachard, who was a kind of Sidney Smith of that day, and, like our own irreverend friend, used to make himself especially merry with drawing caricatures of his own profession; but unfortunately for Mr. Macaulay, the facetious Eachard happened not to be *in this case* talking of a *person in holy orders at all*. He had been complaining that young men took orders too early, and wishing that, to check the evil, a larger space should elapse between the University and their ordination; but he says, “What can we do with them in the mean time? They have no means of livelihood, and will be *forced to go upon the parish*. How then shall we dispose of them *till they come to a time of holy ripeness*? Shall we trust them to some good gentleman’s house to perform holy things? With all my heart! so that they have somewhat better wages than the cook and butler, and that a groom be kept, so that they shall not have to groom a couple of geldings for their ten pounds a year,” nor to undergo some other affronts, exaggerated as usual in Mr. Macaulay’s transcription. These poor Levites thus described by Eachard were *not*, we see, in holy orders, but a kind of probationers—nor is it even said that *they* were subjected to these affronts; on the contrary, Eachard bargains that they shall *not* be so. Mr. Macaulay may *infer* that, when they had taken orders, and had become really chaplains, their condition would have been no better. We could not object to his making what inferences he pleases, if he would call them *inferences*, but we cannot submit to his palming them off upon us as historical *facts*, and his representing Dr. Eachard as having stated of a chaplain what in fact he had hypothetically, and by way of deprecation, stated of a poor scholar taken charitably into a gentleman’s house to keep him “*from the parish*.”

So much for the authority of Eachard, the very title of whose little work we may observe by the way that Mr. Macaulay misquotes. Now let us see the share of his

other authorities in the portrait. We turn to the satirist Oldham (*circa* 1678)—and there we find the unhappy chaplain endowed with, not *ten* pounds, but

“Diet, a horse, and *thirty* pounds a-year.”

That is—according to Mr. Macaulay’s own calculation, when on the topic of official salaries—about 150*l.* of our money. What would this misrepresentation be called in a court of justice?

His last evidence is “*The Travels of the Archduke Cosmo*, where it is remarked,” he says, “that the English clergy were a *low-born class*.” Again we say that these perpetual sneers, and worse than sneers, at *low birth*, come very oddly from Mr. Macaulay, who some pages later thinks it complimentary to Somers to call him “*a low-born young barrister*,” (ii. 657,) and that we should not care a fig whether they were founded on fact or not; but we do care very much about ascertaining whether Mr. Macaulay, who arrogates to himself so high a position as a judge, is trustworthy as a witness! We have therefore searched the huge volume of the *Grand Duke’s Travels*, (made in 1669 and published in 1821,) and we have not been able to find any such passage, and we have found so many other passages directly contradicting many of Mr. Macaulay’s assertions, that the most charitable supposition is that of his having never read the book, and referred to it by mistake.

In like manner he says:

“Clarendon, who assuredly bore no ill will to the Church, mentions it as a sign of the confusion of ranks which the great rebellion had produced, that some damsels of noble families had bestowed themselves *on divines*.”—i. 329.

He does no such thing; indeed, the very reverse. He is dilating on the abuses occasioned by the overthrow of the Established Church:

“All relations were confounded by the several *sects or religions* which discountenanced all forms of reverence and respect as reliques and marks of superstition. Children asked not blessings of their parents, nor did they concern themselves in the education of their children. The young women conversed without any circumspection or modesty, and frequently met at taverns and common eating-houses; and they who were stricter and more severe in their comportment became the wives of the seditious preachers or of officers in the army. The daughters of noble and illustrious families bestowed themselves on *the divines of the time*, or other low and unequal

matches. Parents had no manner of authority over their children, nor children any obedience or submission to their parents," &c.

This we see is complete perversion of the authority; Clarendon does not, as Mr. Macaulay represents, complain of young ladies matching with *divines of the Established Church*, but laments that the overthrow of the Church produced such matches with the irregular and sectarian *divines of the time*.

Again; Mr. Macaulay goes on to say—

"A waiting woman was generally considered as the most suitable helpmate for a parson. Queen Elizabeth, as head of the Church, had given what seemed to be a formal sanction to this prejudice, by issuing *special orders* that no clergyman should presume to marry a servant girl, without the consent of her master or mistress.

"See the Injunctions of 1559, in Bishop Sparrow's Collection."—i. 239.

This is again a misrepresentation, and a bold one. It is well known that Elizabeth retained strongly the old prejudices which, as we have already said, lingered for a long period after the Reformation, against the marriage of the clergy, and this 29th Item of her Injunctions is an equally curious specimen of her style of legislation and of Mr. Macaulay's accuracy. Her majesty says that, though the marriage of the clergy be lawful, yet, to avoid offense and slander to the church from *indiscreet matches*,

"It is thought very necessary that no manner of priest or deacon shall hereafter take to wife *any manner of woman* without the advice and allowance first had upon good examination by the bishop of the same diocese and two justices of the peace of the same shire—*nor* without the goodwill of the parents of the said woman, if she have any living—or of two of the next of her kindfolk—or, for lack of the knowledge of such, the master or mistress where she serveth."

Are these "*special orders* that no clergyman shall presume to marry a *servant girl* without the consent," &c.? The queen ordains that no minister must marry *any manner of woman*, of whatever rank or station, without certain forms and certain consents, and those consents are provided for in certain possible cases—consent of parents, if she have any; if not, of her next of kin, if they can be found; but if she should happen to have neither parents nor next of kin, then of the master and mistress whom she serveth. In making a penal restriction, all possible cases are, as far as may be, to be provided for; and if this last category had been omitted,

a minister, though restricted from a more respectable connection, might have made with impunity the most *indiscreet* marriage possible. But this is not all. The injunction, instead of being *specially* directed against one class of marriages, goes on to forbid the marriage of bishops, or of deans or heads of collegiate houses, without the allowance and approbation of the crown, the archbishop, or the visitor. We ask, then, can this Injunction be honestly represented as a *special order*, issued to prohibit, as a prevailing practice, clergymen marrying servant girls? But even if it were so—if Mr. Macaulay's version were the true one—we would ask whether this Injunction of Elizabeth, made in 1559, when we had but just emerged from popery, before more than a few ministers could have been educated in the Anglican faith, can be fairly quoted as in any way characteristic of the clergy of the Church of England an *hundred years later*?

He pursues this game with wonderful keenness, and cites, among others, the grave authorities of

"Roger and Abigail, in Fletcher's '*Scornful Lady*;' Bull and the Nurse, in Vanbrugh's '*Relapse*;' Smirk and Susan, in Shadwell's '*Lancashire Witches*.'"—i. 329.

—and finally, Dean Swift's "*Advice to Servants*." The quotation of Swift's Advice, as an historical authority, is of itself droll enough; but why does Mr. Macaulay conceal that the same authority tells us that, as the *Chaplain* was to be rewarded with the *Abigail*, the gentleman's "*Valet* was to have a *commission in the Army*," and the *Footman* was to marry my *Lord's Widow*? Would Mr. Macaulay quote these exaggerated pleasantries as a proof of the general degradation of the army or the peerage in the reign of Charles II., or even of George II.? Why, then, of the clergy? We confess our only wonder is, that when he was ransacking his "*lighter literature*," from Elizabeth to the Georges—nay, that even in graver literature—he was not able to produce an hundred *exceptional* cases, which, paraded after his usual fashion as specimens of general manners, might have given some color to his imputations. But the truth is, the whole amount of testimony, light as well as grave, runs the other way; and the amiable and respectable picture which Addison (though not unwilling to banter him a little) draws of Sir Roger de Coverley's chaplain, must be in the memory of most readers as a con-

tradition of Mr. Macaulay's sweeping imputations.

But sometimes this hostility to the Church takes the more artful course of praising a few to throw a deeper shade over the rest. He could not conceal from himself the force of the question that would occur to every one—how is it that a church so low in station, education, accomplishments, and character, should yet have produced so many men of such merit as could be neither denied nor concealed? This difficulty is met by an ingenious theory. All the respectability of the profession was collected in London and the universities, while the ignorance and apathy of the country clergy kept the brutality of the landed gentry in countenance. After having passed through the humbling ordeal of the chaplainship as we have described, and entitled himself to a living by an infamous marriage, his state was this:

"Often it was only by toiling on his glebe, by feeding swine, and by loading dungcarts, that he could obtain his daily bread; nor did his utmost exertions always prevent the bailiffs from taking his concordance and his inkstand in execution. It was a white day on which he was admitted into the kitchen of a great house, and regaled by the servants with cold meat and ale. His children were brought up like the children of the neighboring peasantry. His boys followed the plough; and his girls went out to service. Study he found impossible; for the advowson of his living would hardly have sold for a sum sufficient to purchase a good theological library; and he might be considered as unusually lucky if he had ten or twelve dog-eared volumes among the pots and pans on his shelves. Even a keen and strong intellect might be expected to rust in so unfavorable a situation."—i. 330.

And for all this labored caricature we see no authority but a few words of Eachard's railery, or, we might rather say, buffoonery; while, on the other hand, Mr. Macaulay is so good as to admit that many eminent men were to be found in the universities and cathedrals, and still more in London:

"The principal pulpits of the metropolis were occupied about this time by a crowd of distinguished men, from among whom were selected a large proportion of the rulers of the Church. Sherlock preached at the Temple, Tillotson at Lincoln's Inn, Wake and Jeremy Collier at Gray's Inn, Burnet at the Rolls, Stillingfleet at St. Paul's Cathedral, Patrick at St. Paul's, Covent Garden, Fowler at St. Giles's, Cripplegate, Sharp at St. Giles's in the Fields, Tennyson at St. Martin's, Sprat at St. Margaret's, Beveridge at St. Peter's in Cornhill. Of these twelve men, all of high

note in ecclesiastical history, ten became bishops, and four archbishops."—i. 331.

Yes, but he might have added that every one of these twelve men happened to begin his clerical career either in the disgraced class of chaplain or the degraded one of country parson—that the least respectable in the list was the only one, we believe, that had not served a country cure—and that they were neither more nobly born nor better educated than the mass of their less distinguished brethren. It is a new kind of objection to the Church of that or any age, that its highest merits should be rewarded by the most conspicuous and honorable places. So that, even from his own special jury of twelve, we have a verdict against him. But were there no eminent men in the Church during that period, but these twelve London preachers? Jeremy Taylor, Sanderson, Ken, Sparrow, Oughtred, Cudworth, Hall, Herbert, Godwin, Hammond, Fuller, Hooper, Pearson, and a hundred others might be named, who all were or had been country incumbents, who were most of them equal, and some much superior, to any of Mr. Macaulay's list—and, let us add, the great majority of whose writings were penned in rural parsonages; but they would not have helped Mr. Macaulay's antithesis of town and country. We needed not his sagacity to discover that the opportunities afforded by the libraries and literary intercourse of the capital and universities encourage and facilitate literary pursuits, and that a town clergy must have wider opportunities of cultivation and distinction. It is so at this day—it was much more so two hundred years ago; but can it be supposed that then, any more than now, the absence of such literary facilities was to deprive the country clergy of manners, morals, and decency, and render them utterly incapable and careless of any of the Christian duties of their station?

Mr. Macaulay never misses an opportunity of any sly insult or calumny by which he can degrade the Church. On the Restoration, we are told,

"The restored Church contended, indeed, against the prevailing immorality, but contended feebly, and with half a heart. It was necessary to the decorum of her character that she should admonish her erring children. But her admonitions were given in a somewhat perfunctory manner. Her attention was elsewhere engaged. Her whole soul was in the work of crushing the Puritans, and of teaching her disciples to give unto Cæsar the things which were Cæsar's."—i. 180.

Her *whole soul*!—though every one, we believe, of the illustrious men just named was either already in the church or preparing then for the holy ministry!

Again—when the King went to the play-house, where the “ribaldry of Etheridge and Wycherly” happened to be played, Mr. Macaulay sees him there in the character of “*the head of the Church*.” (i. 181.) Is it as *heads of the Church* that all the kings and queens of England, even to the days in which Mr. Macaulay was an adviser at Court, have visited the theatre or the opera?

Of Hyde, Earl of Rochester, he says—

“He was accounted a dogged and rancorous party-man—a cavalier of the old school—a zealous champion of the Crown and the Church, and a hater of Republicans and Nonconformists. He had, consequently, a great body of personal adherents. The Clergy especially looked on him as *their own man*, and extended to his foibles an indulgence, of which, to say the truth, he stood in some need; for he drank deep, and when he was in a rage—and he was often in a rage—he swore like a porter.”—i. 254.

The foundation of this is Roger North, who happened to have a personal pique against Rochester, and whose prejudices both Mackintosh and Macaulay implicitly adopt when it suits them, and reject when it does not. No doubt, Rochester was not exempt from the ill habits of his day—habits that lasted for many generations later, nay, almost to our own; and if we had space and time we could produce sufficient evidence to show that Lord Rochester had as little as any, and less than most of his contemporaries, of the coarse manners of the age. Mackintosh—whose censures Mr. Macaulay always copies and exaggerates, while he omits any more lenient judgment on a Tory—Mackintosh treats Rochester with a little more candor. “He was deemed sincere and upright, and his private life was not stained by any vice except violent paroxysms of anger and an excessive indulgence in wine, *then scarcely deemed a fault*.” (Mack. vii.) The concluding alleviation Mr. Macaulay omits, and he has perverted—without any authority that we can discover, and he himself gives none—North’s simple statement that “he had the honor to be accounted the head of the Church of England party,” into his being “*a dogged, rancorous, hating party-man, whom the clergy consequently looked on as their own, and extended their indulgence to his drinking and swearing*.”

In the same spirit are Mr. Macaulay’s long and elaborate libels on the gentry of Eng-

land, and especially of the class of Country Gentlemen. We wish our space allowed us to expose all the details of this monstrous misrepresentation, which is one of the most unpleasing features of the whole work. We must content ourselves with an epitome, which after all will perhaps more than satiate our readers.

We have again to observe that Mr. Macaulay seems to think there is no better way to make either clergy or laity contemptible than to call them *poor*:

“A country gentleman, who witnessed the Revolution, was probably in receipt of about a fourth part of the rent which his acres now yield to his posterity. He was, therefore, as compared with his posterity, a poor man, and was generally under the necessity of residing, with little interruption, on his estate.”—i. 319.

Because the nominal income of the squire’s estate was about one fourth of what it produces to his descendant in our time, he was *therefore a poor man*—though Mr. Macaulay had, a few pages earlier, told us, from the examples of peers, bishops, baronets, lawyers, and placemen, all minutely stated, that a *fourth or fifth part* of the present rate of income would have been equivalent at that day; so that by his own calculation the country gentleman was, comparatively, somewhat richer instead of poorer than his posterity. For this contradiction he had a design both ways: he wished, in the first case, to exaggerate the prodigality of the court; and, in the latter, to lower the rank and consideration of the country gentleman: and he never permits even a regard for his own consistency to prevent his making what is vulgarly called a *hit*:

“It may be confidently affirmed that of the squires, whose names were in King Charles’s commissions of peace and lieutenancy, not one in twenty went to town once in five years, or had ever in his life wandered so far as Paris.”—i. 319.

What then? Might not the same thing have been said in the reign of George III., one hundred and fifty years later? But did it follow that that they were, therefore, such brutes as the succeeding paragraphs describe:

“He examined samples of grain, handled pigs, and on market-days made bargains over a tankard with drovers and hop-merchants. His chief pleasures were commonly derived from field sports and from an unrefined sensuality. His

language and pronunciation were such as we should now expect to hear only from the most ignorant clowns. His oaths, coarse jests, and scurrilous terms of abuse, were uttered with the broadest accent of his province. It was easy to discern, from the first words which he spoke, whether he came from Somersetshire or Yorkshire."—i. 320.

Is that not so now? Has Mr. Macaulay never heard of one Mr. Burke, or of one Lord Advocate Dundas? Had he never heard Mr. Grattan? Has he never read that one Earl of Rosslyn, alias Alexander Wedderburn, was the first Scotchman who was ever supposed to have quite overcome his native accent, and that even in the present century he was thought to have relapsed into his original Doric? Are there not a couple of hundred members of the present House of Commons distinguishable by some peculiarity of accent?

But the personal tastes of the country gentleman were worse than even his jargon:

"He troubled himself little about decorating his abode, and, if he attempted decoration, seldom produced anything but deformity. The litter of a farm-yard gathered under the windows of his bedchamber, and the cabbages and gooseberry bushes grew close to his hall door."—i. 320.

And this is said of a time when Longleat—"then," says Mr. Macaulay in another place (i. 576) "and perhaps still, the most magnificent country-house in England"—was that of a private country gentleman; when Wollaton, Aston, Osterly, and some hundred other seats of various styles of beauty and magnificence, and which are now the admired residences of our nobility, were inhabited by their untitled ancestors. Would he have us believe that the taste of this higher class of gentry did not proportionably influence the whole class? Even one of Mr. Macaulay's own authorities, the "Travels of the Grand Duke," might have given him higher notions of the residences and manners of the gentry (we say nothing of the nobility) whose houses he visited. Even down in Devon and Dorsetshire, so far from seeing nothing but *cabbages, litter and deformity* about the gentleman's house, the writer describes their pleasure-gardens just as he might to-day, and even gives an elaborate description of that strange instrument, the rolling-stone, "by which the walks of sand and smooth grass-plats, covered with the greenest turf," were kept in an order that surprised even the owner of the splendid

villas of Tuscany! We quote this because it is an authority quoted by Mr. Macaulay himself; but every reader knows that we could produce from our general literature, from Lord Bacon to Pope, descriptions of the "trim gardens" in which the Englishman was wont "to take his pleasure," and which it was his peculiar pride to dress and adorn. As to the interior of the residences and modes of life, they were, no doubt, less polished than in our day, though in some respects more stately and costly; and they were, we have every reason to believe, far in advance of the gentry of any other nation. In M. de Chateaubriand's *Memoirs*, just published, we have an account of the paternal castle of Combours, where he was brought up—the ancient residence of a family of the highest rank, mentioned by Madame de Sévigné as a distinguished château. Even so late as the reign of Louis XVI., about the year 1780, the household furniture, and the modes of life of the inhabitants of that château, were such as an English gentleman, even of the time of Charles II., would have been ashamed of. Fashions change—we have boules and gildings and glasses; our ancestors had tapestry, ebony, and oak, enriched with those admirable carvings on their furniture and wainscots which Mr. Macaulay would have had painted, and which, after being long put out of sight, are now again appearing as the ornaments of our halls and drawing-rooms.

The country gentleman—"the English esquire"—was not only thus gross, vulgar, and poor, but he was of a sottish ignorance:

"He was coarse and ignorant."—i. 327. "He had received an education differing little from his menial servants."—i. 219. "His ignorance, his uncouthness, his low tastes and gross phrases, would, in our time, be considered as indicating a nature and a breeding thoroughly plebeian."—i. 322. "He did not materially differ from a rustic miller or alehouse-keeper of our time."—i. 321.

But against these defects Mr. Macaulay's candor sets off the following *merits*:

"He was a member of a proud and powerful aristocracy."—i. 221. "He was essentially a patrician."—i. 323. "He was a magistrate, and administered gratuitously a rude patriarchal justice, which, in spite of innumerable blunders, and occasional acts of tyranny, was better than no justice at all."—i. 322. "He was an officer of the trainbands."—*ib.* "One had been knighted after the battle of Edgehill."—*ib.* "Another wore a patch over the scar he had received at Naseby."—*ib.*

The degree and kind of merit thus accorded by Mr. Macaulay's impartiality is even more insulting than the original charges—his abuse is bad enough, but his compliments are worse. And as a set-off against the general want of education he sneeringly adds :

"He knew the genealogies and coats-of-arms of all his neighbors, and could tell which of them had assumed supporters without any right, and which had the misfortune to be great-grandsons of aldermen."—i. 322.

There was not one of these "unlettered" country gentlemen who could not have informed our historian that no such question about supporters had, or could ever have, arisen amongst private *English* gentlemen.

We have a very different estimate of the character of the English gentry in a contemporary work, greatly, as we think, over-applauded by Mr. Macaulay himself—Sprat's "History of the Royal Society," first published about 1667. In recommending to the country gentlemen the cultivation of the arts of peace, he affords us a fair estimate of what must have been the intellectual and social condition of the class. (p. 405.) And finally, instead of their despising trade and, according to Mr. Macaulay, (i. 322,) thinking it a disgrace to be the great-grandson of an alderman, Sprat says :

"The course of their ancestors' lives was grave and reserved—whereas now they are engaged in freer roads of education. Now their conversation is more large and general—now the world is become more active and industrious—now more of them have seen the rise and manners of men, and more apply themselves to *traffic and business* than ever."—p. 407.

We wish we had space for more of Sprat—whose readers, we are sure, will all agree with us that Mr. Macaulay's description of the country gentlemen of the reign of Charles II. is a gross caricature.

Mr. Macaulay's opinion of the ladies of that age is what might be expected. They were, of course, mere animals—*les femelles de ces mâles* :

"His wife and daughters, whose business it had usually been to *cook the repast*, were in *tastes and acquirements below a housekeeper or stillroom-maid of the present day*. They stitched and spun, brewed gooseberry-wine, cured mary-golds, and made the crust for the venison pasty."—i. 321.

He describes the literature of the lady of the manor and her daughters as limited to "the Prayer-book and the receipt-book." "Never," he says, "was female education at so low an ebb. At an earlier period they had studied the master-pieces of ancient genius—in later times they knew French, Italian and German"—

"But, during the latter part of the seventeenth century, the culture of the female mind seems to have been almost entirely neglected. If a damsel had the least smattering of literature she was regarded as a prodigy. Ladies highly born, highly bred, and naturally quick-witted were unable to write a line in their mother tongue *without solecisms and faults of spelling such as a charity girl would now be ashamed to commit*."—i. 394.

This is really very poor criticism. English orthography was not settled for years after this period—the orthography of our greatest poets, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, was irregular even in their printed editions. We have before us the edition of the "Paradise Lost," 1668, with specimens of misspelling not merely unsettled but grotesque. The great Duke of Marlborough, Mr. Macaulay is glad to tell us, "could not spell the commonest words"—Napoleon was still worse. Let any one turn to any collection of *original* letters of that period, and he will see that the best educated persons spelled very ill. The worst orthography, if we may so call it, in Ellis's last letters, is that of two learned Bishops. What, therefore, does that prove against the sound education of the ladies in an age that produced Lady Russell, (whose admirable letters are very ill-spelled,*) Lady Fanshawe, Mrs. Hutchinson, Mrs. Godolphin, and so many other ladies of whose accomplishments we have evidence sufficient, though less conspicuous? Lady Clarendon, for instance, (who was a Miss Backhouse, a private gentleman's daughter,) complains, in 1685, in a lively strain, of "the many female pens at work, manufacturing news in Dublin, to be sent to London and returned again with interest."

"I begin to think our *forefathers* very wise in not giving their daughters the education of writing, and should be very much ashamed that I ever *learned Latin* if I had not forgotten it."—*Clar. Cor.*, i. 305.

* The amiable author of a Life of Lady Russell, herself a lady of exquisite literary taste, confesses "the many grammatical errors and often defective orthography" of Lady Russell's letters.—[*Miss Berry's*] *Life of Lady Russell*, p. 195.

Here, then, is a lady who not only knew Latin, but testifies that even the art of writing was not imparted to ladies of the earlier period—the very reverse of Mr. Macaulay's assertion.

Mr. Macaulay luxuriates in this graphic debasement of the old English character; but when we with some impatience looked for his authorities we found only this note :

"My notion of the country gentleman of the seventeenth century has been derived from sources too numerous to be recapitulated. I must leave my description to the judgment of those who have studied the history and the lighter literature of that age."—i. 324.

We honestly confess that we do not know in what trustworthy literature of that age we are to look for the originals of these pictures. Addison's charming caricatures of the Tory fox-hunter, Will Wimble, or Sir Roger de Coverley, of a little later date, afford no color for supposing that they or their fathers were "compounds of ignorance and uncouthness, low tastes, and gross phrases" (i. 332): Squire Westerns and Tony Lumpkins are to be found even in the Georgian era, and are no more authority for the manners of the gentry of that day than Doctor Pangloss would be of Mr. Macaulay. We disbelieve that in any literature, grave or light, Mr. Macaulay can produce any authority for the details of his picture of that class at that time. He appeals to the judgment of his readers; and we answer him, that, to the best of our judgment, he has been here romancing as extravagantly as any of the novelists.

We know very well that country gentlemen of old farmed more of their own land and took a more practical share in the management of their estates, and that ladies were more engaged in works of domestic utility, than in later times. Necessaries of all kinds, both for the farm and the mansion, were then made at home which are now supplied by the great manufacturers—the modes and habits of life have gradually changed—but we cannot believe that the *gentry* of England have been at any period proportionably debased below their natural place in the scale of society. When Mr. Macaulay adopts from Roger North an almost incredible description of the magnificence of the Duke of Beaufort at Badminton—exceeding by fourfold what any duke in England now does on, according to Mr. Macaulay's cal-

culatation, fourfold the income—how, we say, can he hope to persuade us that the nobility and gentry in general did not show in their respective degrees something of the same style?—or that Lady Clarendon and the other illustrious ladies we have named, and their daughters, friends, and associates, were *lower* in education or manners than the "*housekeepers and stillroom-maids of the present day.*"

But what, our readers will naturally ask—what can be Mr. Macaulay's object in thus laboriously calumniating that class of his countrymen of which England has hitherto been proudest? He has, we conjecture, yielded to a threefold temptation: first, that turn of mind of which we have seen so many proofs, for seeking "*in the heresies of paradox*" that novelty and effect which sober truth and plain common-sense do not afford; secondly, the desire of enlivening his romance with picturesque and even grotesque scenes, exaggerated incidents and overdrawn characters; but the third and most active of all is revealed to us towards the close of the tirade we are now examining—

"The gross, uneducated, untravelled country gentleman was commonly a Tory."—i. 323.

It is a curious and, to persons of our opinions, not unsatisfactory circumstance, that, though Mr. Macaulay almost invariably applies the term *Tory* in an opprobrious or contemptuous sense, yet so great is the power of truth in surmounting the fantastical forms and colors laid over it by this brilliant *badigeonneur*, that on the whole no one, we believe, can rise from the work without a conviction that the Tories (whatever may be said of their prejudices) were the honestest and most conscientious of the whole *dramatis personæ*; and it is this fact that in several instances and circumstances imprints, as it were by force, upon Mr. Macaulay's pages an air of impartiality and candor very discordant from their general spirit.

We are now arrived at the fourth chapter—really the first, strictly speaking, of Mr. Macaulay's history—the accession of James II., where also Sir James Mackintosh's history commences. And here we have to open to our readers the most extraordinary instance of *parallelism* between two writers, unacknowledged by the later one, which we have ever seen. Sir James Mackintosh left

behind him a history of the Revolution, which was published in 1834, three years after his death, in quarto: it comes down to the Orange invasion, and, though it apparently had not received the author's last corrections, and was clumsily edited, and tagged with a continuation by a less able hand, the work is altogether (bating not a little ultra-Whiggery) very creditable to Mackintosh's diligence, taste, and power of writing; it is indeed, we think, his best and most important work, and that by which he will be most favorably known to posterity. From that work Mr. Macaulay has borrowed largely—prodigally—helped himself with both hands—not merely without acknowledging his obligation, but without so much as alluding to the existence of any such work. Nay—though this we are sure was never designed—he inserts a note full of kindness and respect to Sir James Mackintosh, which would naturally lead an uninformed reader to conclude that Sir James Mackintosh though he had *meditated* such a work, had never even begun writing it. On the 391st page of Mr. Macaulay's first volume, at the mention of the old news-letters which preceded our modern newspapers, Mr. Macaulay says, that "they form a valuable part of the literary treasures collected by the late Sir James Mackintosh;" and to this he adds the following foot-note:

"I take this opportunity of expressing my warm gratitude to the family of my dear and honored friend, Sir James Mackintosh, for confiding to me the materials collected by him at a time when he meditated a work similar to that which I have undertaken. I have never seen, and I do not believe that there anywhere exists, within the same compass, so noble a collection of extracts from public and private archives. The judgment with which Sir James, in great masses of the rudest ore of history, selected what was valuable, and rejected what was worthless, can be fully

appreciated only by one who has toiled after him in the same mine."—i. 391.

Could any one imagine from this that Mackintosh had not only *meditated* a work, but actually written, and that his friends had published a large closely printed quarto volume, on the same subject, from the same materials, and sometimes in the very same words as Mr. Macaulay's?

The coincidence—the identity, we might almost say—of the two works is so great, that, while we have been comparing them, we have often been hardly able to distinguish which was which. We rest little on the similarity of facts, for the facts were ready made for both; and Mr. Macaulay tells us that he worked from Mackintosh's materials; there would, therefore, even if he had never seen Mackintosh's work, be a community of topics and authorities; but, seeing as we do in every page that he was writing with Mackintosh's volume before his eyes, we cannot account for his utter silence about it. To exhibit the complete resemblance, we should have to copy the two works *in extenso*; but we shall select a few passages in which we think it is evident beyond all doubt that, although Mr. Macaulay seems to take pains to vary the expression and precise words of Mackintosh, he is not successful in concealing the substantial imitation, not in phrases only, which are occasionally identical, but in the general tone, feeling, and train of thought, which could not possibly have occurred fortuitously or spontaneously to two different minds. We happen to open the book at one of the most important and elaborate episodes in the whole history—the proceedings and prosecution of the Seven Bishops; and there we find, on the subject of James's celebrated Declaration for liberty of conscience, which the bishops resisted, not only as an inroad on the law, but as an insult to the Church—

MACKINTOSH.

"So strongly did the belief that insult was intended prevail, that Petre, to whom the insulting order was chiefly ascribed, was said to have declared it in the gross and contumelious language used of old by a barbarous invader to the deputies of a besieged city—that they should eat their own dung." "The words of Rabshekah the Assyrian to the officers of Hezekiah. 2 Kings xviii."—p. 242.

MACAULAY.

"It will scarcely admit of doubt that the order in council was intended to be felt by them as a cruel affront. It was popularly believed that Petre had avowed this intention in a coarse metaphor borrowed from the rhetoric of the East. He would, he said, make them eat dirt, the vilest and most loathsome of all dirt."—ii. 345.

And again, in the next stage of this proceeding—

MACKINTOSH.*

"They (the prelates) must have been still more taken by surprise than the moderate ministers, and in that age of slow conveyance and rare publication, they were allowed only sixteen days from the order, and thirteen from its publication, to ascertain the sentiments of their brethren and of their clergy. Resistance could only be formidable if it were general. Their difficulties were increased by the character of the most distinguished laymen whom it was fit to consult. Both Nottingham, the chief of their party, and Halifax, with whom they were now compelled to coalesce, hesitated at the moment of decision."—p. 244.

Again—Mackintosh prides himself in being able to produce "the name hitherto unknown" of *Robert Fowler*, (then incumbent of a London parish, and afterwards Bishop of Gloucester,) who, at a private meeting of the London clergy, boldly took the lead, and decided his wavering brethren to resist James's mandate. Mr. Macaulay corrects the Christian name—*Edward* for *Robert*—and adds the name of the London parish, Cripplegate, (whether from the Mackintosh papers or not we cannot tell;) but in all the numerous details of the facts he implicitly follows Mackintosh's book, without

MACAULAY.

"It was not easy to collect in so short a time the sense even of the whole episcopal order. . . . The order in council was gazetted on the 7th of May. On the 20th the declaration was to be read in all the pulpits of London and the neighborhood. By no exertion was it possible in that age to ascertain within a fortnight the intentions of one-tenth part of the parochial ministers who were scattered over the kingdom. . . . If, indeed, the whole body offered an united opposition to the royal will, it was probable that even James would scarcely venture to punish ten thousand delinquents at once. But there was not time to form an extensive combination. . . . The clergy therefore hesitated; and this hesitation may well be excused; for some eminent laymen, who possessed a large share of the public confidence, were disposed to recommend submission. . . . Such was the opinion given at this time by Halifax and Nottingham."—ii. 346.

ever alluding to it; and this is the more curious, because, repeating Mackintosh's reference to Johnstone's MS. (which of course is the common authority,) he adds that "this meeting of the clergy is mentioned in a satirical poem of the day." Surely Mackintosh, priding himself on having been the first to reveal the "fortunate virtue" of Fowler, was more entitled to a marginal mention than some anonymous libel of the day.

On the first liberation of the bishops, the people, mistaking it for a final acquittal, express their joy—

MACKINTOSH.

"Shouts and huzzas broke out in the court, and were repeated all around at the moment of enlargement. The bells of the Abbey church had begun to ring a joyful peal, when they were stopped by Sprat amidst the execrations of the people. As they left the court they were surrounded by thousands who begged their blessing. The Bishop of St. Asaph, detained in Palace Yard by a multitude who kissed his hands and garments, was delivered from their importunate kindness by Lord Clarendon, who, taking him into his carriage, found it necessary to make a circuit through the park to escape."—p. 264.

MACAULAY.

"Loud acclamations were raised. The steeples of the churches sent forth joyous peals. Sprat was amazed to hear the bells of his own abbey ringing merrily. He promptly silenced them; but his interference caused much angry muttering. The bishops found it difficult to escape from the importunate crowd of their well-wishers. Lloyd [Bishop of St. Asaph's] was detained in Palace Yard by admirers who struggled to touch his hands and to kiss the skirt of his robe, till Clarendon with some difficulty rescued him, and conveyed him home by a bye-path."—ii. 369.

In the progress of the trial itself there

* In one or two instances we have been obliged to invert the order of paragraphs to bring them into a synopsis—as in this extract, of which the last paragraph precedes the former in the original—but or meaning is ever altered.

was a great incident. The proof of the delivery of the bishops' remonstrance into the king's hand was wanting. After a long and feverish delay, the crown counsel determined to prove it by Sunderland, Lord President and Prime Minister, a recent apostate and a traitor to all sides—

MACKINTOSH.

"At length Sunderland was carried through Westminster Hall in a chair, of which the head was down. No one saluted him. The multitude hooted and hissed, and cried out, 'Popish dog!' He was so disordered by this reception, that when he came into court he changed color, and looked down, as if fearful of the countenance of his ancient friends. He proved that the bishops came to him with a petition for the king, and that he introduced them immediately to the king."

Mr. Macaulay to this part of his narrative has added this reference—

"See 'Proceedings in the Collection of State Trials.' I have also taken some *touches* from Johnstone, and some from Citters."

We think he might have added "*and something more than touches from Mackintosh,*" who, besides introducing him to Johnstone and Citters, had already, as we see, made some extracts ready to his hand.

Henry Lord Clarendon, in relating the public acclamations on the acquittal of the bishops, says—

"That thereupon there was a most wonderful shout, that *one would have thought* the hall had cracked."—*Diary*, vol. ii. p. 179.

Mackintosh carries the metaphor a little further; he describes—

"A shout of joy, which sounded *like a crack* of the *ancient and massy roof* of Westminster."—p. 275.

But still it is only a metaphor. Mr. Macaulay must be more precise and particular, and, discarding the metaphor, gives as an architectural *fact* what would indeed deserve Lord Clarendon's epithet of "most wonderful"—

"Ten thousand persons who crowded the great

MACKINTOSH.

"He was so enamored of this plan, that in a numerous company where the resistance of the Upper House was said to be formidable, he cried out to Lord Churchill, 'O silly! why, your troop of guards shall be called up to the House of Lords.'"

We do not quote this as an instance of suspicious identity, for both copied the same authority; but to express our doubt of the anecdote itself, which is given in one of Lord

MACAULAY.

"Meanwhile the lord president was brought in a sedan chair through the hall. Not a hat moved as he passed; and many voices cried out, 'Popish dog.' He came into court pale and trembling, with eyes fixed on the ground, and gave his evidence in a faltering voice. He swore that the bishops had informed him of their intention to present a petition to the king, and that they had been admitted into the royal closet for that purpose."—ii. 382.

hall, replied [to the shout that arose in the Court itself] with a still louder shout, which made the *old oaken roof* to crack."

Can any one doubt that Mr. Macaulay was copying, not the original passage, but Mackintosh, just substituting *old* and *oaken* for *ancient* and *massive*?

We could fill our number with similar, and some stronger but longer, parallelisms between Sir J. Mackintosh and Mr. Macaulay; but it is not by insulated passages that we should wish the resemblance to be tested, but by the scope and topics of the entire works, and sometimes the identity of subjects not directly connected with the historical events, and which it is hardly possible to suppose to have spontaneously occurred to Mr. Macaulay. See, for instance, Sir James's clever account of the Order of Jesus, a complete *hors d'œuvre*, having no nearer connection with the story than that father Petre happened to be a Jesuit—but of this episode we find in Mr. Macaulay an equally careful *pendant*, including all the same topics which Mackintosh had already elaborated.

We are tempted to add one other circumstance. Both the historians relate that Sunderland had a scheme for securing a majority in the House of Lords, by calling up the eldest sons of some friendly lords, and conferring English titles on some Scotch and Irish peers—

MACAULAY.

"But there was no extremity to which he was not prepared to go in case of necessity. When in a large company, an opinion was expressed that the peers would prove intractable, 'Oh, silly,' cried Sunderland, turning to Churchill; 'your troop of guards shall be called up to the House of Lords.'"—ii. 317.

Dartmouth's notes to Burnet, as *told* to him by Lord Bradford. We doubt because the story, incredible enough *in toto* (unless the words were spoken at a different time and in

some occasional allusion,) is wholly at variance with the purpose in support of which it is adduced; for on an occasion in which the King and Sunderland were anxious to increase their majority in the House of Lords by calling on those who were afterwards to sit there, and thus avoiding the abuse and degradation of that high honor, it would have been an absolute contradiction to talk of overwhelming the peerage with a troop of Horse Guards. Of the less violent proceeding—which is all that we can believe to have been really for a moment contemplated even by such a bigot as James, and such a knave as Sunderland—Mackintosh slyly takes occasion to remind his readers that twenty-five years afterwards another ministry did something of the same kind—meaning Queen Anne's creation of twelve Tory peers in 1711. Mr. Macaulay does not follow his leader in this tempting sneer at the Tories—he never before, we believe, abstained from anything like a savory sarcasm—but here he was muzzled. He could not forget that that administration which raised him to political eminence, and of which he was in return the most brilliant meteor, swamped the House of Lords by creations more extravagant than Sunderland ventured to dream of, and ten times more numerous than Harley had the courage to make. We cannot forget, nor does Mr. Macaulay—and that remembrance for once silences his hatred of the Tories—that the Reform Bill was forced upon the House of Lords by the menace of marching into it rather more than the complement of *Churchill's troop of Horse Guards*—eighty, or, as was added, “as many more as may be necessary”—and that in point of fact the Grey and Melbourne administrations increased the House of Lords by *eighty-nine peerages*, besides *twenty* promotions. When future historians come to explore the dispatches of Baron Falke or Prince Lieven, as we now do those of Barillon and Citters, we suspect that Mr. Macaulay and his friends will have need of a more indulgent appreciation of political difficulties and ministerial necessities than he is willing to concede towards others.

Perplexing as Mr. Macaulay's conduct towards Mackintosh is on the face of these volumes, it becomes still more incomprehensible from the fact that Mr. Macaulay published in the *Edinburgh Review* of July, 1835, and republished in his *Essays*, a most laudatory review of this very “History of the Revolution by Sir James Mackintosh” to which now, while making, as it seems, such ample use of it, he does not condescend to allude. We

conclude that Mr. Macaulay has somehow persuaded himself that that article relieved him from the necessity of any mention of Mackintosh's History in the pages of his own great and solid literary work. But we cannot imagine how; and we shall be curious to see what explanation can be given of this, as it appears to us, extraordinary enigma.

We need not endeavor to account for the hostility with which Mr. Macaulay seems to pursue several individual characters when they are Tories—*causa patet*—but he assails with equal enmity some Whigs, for his aversion to whom we can see no other motive than that they have been hitherto called illustrious, and by all former writers supposed to have done honor to their country. It seems to be the peculiarity of Mr. Macaulay's temper *προς κεντρα λατίζειν*, to praise only where others have blamed, and to blame only where others have praised. This, we suppose, will give him the character of originality—it is certainly the only substantial originality in the work. From many examples of this original spirit we will select one—the most eminent “as a *prodigy of turpitude*”—one that will be at once admitted to be the most conspicuous, and therefore the fairest that we could select as a specimen—the great Duke of Marlborough. Him Mr. Macaulay pursues through his whole history with more than the ferocity and much less than the sagacity of the blood-hound. He commences this persecution even with the Duke's father, who, he tells us, was—

“a poor Cavalier baronet who haunted Whitehall and made himself ridiculous by publishing a dull and affected folio, long forgotten, in praise of monarchy and monarchs.”—i. 459.

This last, we admit, must be a serious offense in the nostrils of Mr. Macaulay—a friend to the monarchy! But though he thus confidently consigns Sir Winston Churchill to every species of contempt, the learned historian shows that he knows but little about him. He was not *a baronet*—a trivial mistake as to an ordinary Sir John or Sir James, but of some importance when made by an ultra-critical historian concerning so immediate an ancestor of the great houses of Marlborough and Spencer, Godolphin and Montagu. He was poor, it seems—a singular reproach, as we have been twice before obliged to observe, from the democratic pen of Mr. Macaulay. We, Tories and aristocrats as we may be thought, should never

have taken the humble beginnings of a great man as a topic of contemptuous reproach! but even here Mr. Macaulay overruns his game, for if the Churchills were poor, it was from the confiscations of republican tyranny. In the "*Catalogue of Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen that have compounded for their Estates*," printed in 1655, three years before Cromwell's death, we find about 2650 names of plundered Royalists, of whom the *fourth* in amount of composition of the untitled gentlemen of England is Mr. Churchill; and of the whole catalogue, including lords and baronets, he stands the *twenty-eighth*, and ahead of the Lowthers of Lowther, the Whartons of Yorkshire, the Watsons of Rockingham, the Thynns of Longleat, and a hundred others of the most opulent families in England. As to his book, we were not surprised that Mr. Macaulay should consider as *ridiculous*, a work which Coxe characterizes as exactly the opposite of Mr. Macaulay's own—a *political history, accurate in dates and figures, and of more research than amusement!* And we have a word more to say for Churchill. Mr. Macaulay celebrates the institution in 1660 of "the Royal Society destined to be a chief agent in a long series of glorious and salutary reforms" in science. Of this respectable society this *poor, ridiculous baronet* was one of the founders!

Mr. Macaulay then proceeds to relate a singular passage, strangely exaggerated and misrepresented from one of Lord Dartmouth's notes on Burnet, in the early career of the Duke, when he had no fortune but his good looks and sword; and assumes, because the necessitous ensign purchased an annuity with £5000 given him by the Duchess of Cleveland, whose honor, such as it was, he had screened on a very critical occasion, that this probably solitary instance of extreme lavishness on one side and prudence on the other, was of daily occurrence, and part and parcel of his habitual life, and that he was "thrifty even in his vices," and by rule and habit "a levier of contributions from ladies enriched by the spoils of more liberal lovers."

Again, Marlborough was so early a miser that—

"Already his private drawers contained *heaps of broad pieces* which fifty years later remained untouched."—i. 461.

The authority referred to for this statement is an anecdote told by Pope, who mortally hated Marlborough, to Spence—

"One day as the Duke was looking over some papers in his scrutoire, he opened one of the little drawers and took out a green purse and turned some broad pieces out of it, and after viewing them for some time with a satisfaction that was very visible in his face: 'Cadogan, (says he,) observe these pieces well; they deserve to be observed; there are just forty of them; 'tis the very first sum I ever got in my life, and I have kept it unbroken to this day.'"—Spence, 162.

But this story, supposing it to have been exactly told, retold, and written, would, as a mere proof of avarice, defeat itself, for Pope reproaches Marlborough with the care with which he used to put out his money *to interest*, and if Lord Cadogan had thought it a meanness he never would have repeated it.

That Marlborough loved gold too well for his great glory we do not deny; but surely Mr. Macaulay might have drawn a somewhat higher inference out of this particular incident. We cannot think these "forty" coins were hoarded up from their metallic value; they were probably kept for some different reason—perhaps as precious relics and remembrances of the beginning of independence. Could not Mr. Macaulay's charitable imagination figure to itself a young man scant in fortune's goods, yet rich in inborn merit, conscious and prescient of coming greatness—could he not feel how unspeakable a blessing to such a one must have been pecuniary independence, as the best safeguard to political honesty and freedom—the surest escape from the degrading patronage of titled and official mediocrities? In the times of young Churchill no golden India opened her bountiful bosom to which an aspirant to station and fame might retire for a while, to secure by honorable thrift an honorable independence, and thereby the power and liberty of action to realize the prospects of an honest ambition. But even if the Duke had kept the pieces from the meanest motive, how would that justify Mr. Macaulay's exaggeration that already (*i. e.* 1670, *etat.* 20) his *private drawers contained heaps of broad pieces?*

We have entered into this matter at a length that may appear disproportionate; but wishing to give a specimen of Mr. Macaulay's style, we think we could not do better than by such a prominent example. It cannot be said that we have dwelt on petty mistakes about poor persons when we expose the art by which Mr. Macaulay, on the single defect (if it can be called one) of economy in so great a character, raises such a superstructure of the most *sordid vices*. How

much not only more noble but more just towards the Duke was Lord Bolingbroke, his personal and political enemy. "A certain parasite," says Warton, "who thought to please Lord Bolingbroke by ridiculing the avarice of the Duke of Marlborough was stopped short by that Lord, who said, 'He was so very great a man that I forgot he had that vice.'"

Having thus shown Mr. Macaulay's mode of dealing with what forms the chief and most characteristic feature of his book—its anecdotal gossip—we shall now endeavor to exhibit the deceptive style in which he treats the larger historical facts: in truth the style is the same—a general and unhesitating sacrifice of accuracy and reality to picturesque effect and party prejudices. He treats historical personages as the painter does his *layman*—a supple figure which he models into what he thinks the most striking attitude, and dresses up with the guadiest colors and most fantastical draperies.

It is very difficult to condense into any manageable space the proofs of a general system of accumulating and aggravating all that was ever, whether truly or falsely, reproached to the Tories, and alleviating towards the Whigs the charges which he cannot venture to deny or even to question. The mode in which this is managed so as to keep up some show of impartiality is very dextrous. The reproach, well or ill founded, which he thinks most likely to damage the character of any one he dislikes, is repeated over and over again in hope that the iteration will at last be taken for proof, such as the perfidy of Charles I., the profligacy and selfishness of Charles II., the cold and cruel stupidity of James, the baseness of Churchill, the indecent violence of Rochester, the contemptible subserviency of his brother, Clarendon, and so on through a whole dictionary of abuse on every one whom he takes or mistakes for a Tory, and on a few Whigs whom for some special reasons of his own he treats like Tories. On the other hand, when he finds himself reluctantly forced to acknowledge even the greatest enormity of the Whigs, corruption, treason, murder, he finds much gentler terms for the facts; selects a scapegoat, some subaltern villain, or some one whom history has already gibbeted, "to bear upon him all their iniquities," and that painful sacrifice once made, he avoids with tender care a recurrence to so disagreeable a subject. Dalrymple had astonished the world by discovering

in the French archives that those illustrious Whigs, Lord Russell, Algernon Sidney, and their fellows, who had been for near a century extolled as the purest patriots our country had ever produced, were the secret agents of the King of France, employed by him to thwart, perplex, and weaken the government, and, by their treasonable intrigues under the pretense of a parliamentary opposition, place the king and the nation in such difficulties as should disable them from impeding the ambitious and oppressive projects of Louis, and, what was still more astounding and humiliating, that these great patriots were not only thus conspiring against the honor and safety of their country, but that they were doing so for bribes. We know not to what extent this shameful traffic may have gone, but we know certainly but a comparatively small portion of it. Dalrymple says, that, "although the French ambassadors' dispatches in the dépôt at Versailles mention *several* accounts of monies laid out by them for political purposes in England between the years 1677 and 1681, yet he finds only three of them." The first of these is an imperfect and undated note of some payments from 20*l.* up to 1000 guineas made to some of the less illustrious knaves. The second and third are more precise and important.

In the year 1679 Barillon, the French ambassador, paid the following persons the following sums:

| | |
|---|---------------|
| The Duke of Buckingham . . . | 1000 guineas. |
| Algernon Sidney ! . . . | 500 " |
| Mr. Bulstrode (envoy at Brussels) . . . | 400 " |
| Sir John Baber (leader of the Presbyterian party)* . . . | 500 " |
| Mr. Lyttleton (M.P.) . . . | 500 " |
| Mr. Powle (M.P.) . . . | 500 " |
| Mr. Harbord (M.P.) . . . | 500 " |
| — <i>Dal. i.</i> 381. | |

The third account for a subsequent payment runs thus:

| | |
|---|--------------|
| Harbord (M.P.) . . . | 500 guineas. |
| Hampden (M.P.) . . . | 500 " |
| Colonel Titus (M.P.) . . . | 500 " |
| Sir Thomas Armstrong (executed for the Rye-House Plot) . . . | 500 " |
| Bennett (secretary to Shaftesbury) . . . | 300 " |
| Hotham (M.P.) . . . | 300 " |
| Harley (M.P.) . . . | 300 " |
| Sacheverell (M.P.) . . . | 300 " |
| Foley (M.P.) . . . | 300 " |

* Sir John Baber was a man of finesse, in possession of the protectorship at Court of the dissenting teachers.—*North's Examen. See Dalrymple, i.* 383.

| | |
|--|--------------|
| Ride—very rich and in great credit | 400 guineas. |
| Algernon Sidney | 500 " |
| Herbert, (M.P.) | 500 " |
| Sir John Baber | 500 " |
| Hill (M.P. ?), one of Cromwell's officers | 500 " |
| Boscawen, M.P. | 500 " |

"The names," adds Dalrymple, (i. 383.) "of almost all the above persons are to be found in the Journals of the House of Commons as active persons of that time." We have added M.P. where it is known or supposed that the person meant was a member of the House of Commons. Lord Russell's name does not appear in these disgraceful lists, but he was the leader, or more truly, we believe, the tool, of this corrupt junto—most of them being concerned in the Rye-House plot. Now let us see how the historian who is so justly indignant at the pecuniary dealings of Charles and James with France treats these still more vile transactions.

"Communications were opened between Barillon, the ambassador of Louis, and those English politicians who had always professed, and who indeed sincerely felt, the greatest dread and dislike of the French ascendancy. The most upright member of the country party, William Lord Russell, son of the Earl of Bedford, did not scruple to concert with a foreign mission schemes for embarrassing his own sovereigns. This was the whole extent of Russell's offense. His principles and his fortunes alike raised him above all temptations of a sordid kind: but there is too much reason to believe that some of his associates were less scrupulous. It would be *unjust to impute to them the extreme wickedness of taking bribes to injure their country*. On the contrary, they meant to serve her: but it is impossible to deny that they were mean and *indelicate* enough to let a foreign prince pay them for serving her. Among those who cannot be acquitted of this degrading charge was one man who is popularly considered as the personification of public spirit, and who, in spite of some great moral and intellectual faults, has a *just claim to be called a hero, a philosopher, and a patriot*. It is impossible to see without pain such a name in the list of the pensioners of France. Yet it is some consolation to reflect that, in our time, a public man would be thought lost to all sense of duty and of shame, who should not spurn from him a temptation which conquered the virtue and the pride of Algernon Sidney."—i. 228, 9.

We will not question the very modest praise that Mr. Macaulay gives Lord Russell of being the most upright of such a party—but when, after having seen *even what we have seen* of Barillon's dispatches, he talks of "the *virtue and pride* of Algernon Sidney"—"the *hero, philosopher, and patriot*"—we

wonder that he had not a word of extenuation for infinitely less disgraceful, and in every view more venial, errors and frailties of so many others whom he has so unmercifully arraigned. But after thus dismissing Lord Russell's treason and Algernon Sidney's corruption with a censure so gentle as to sound like applause, he never again, we believe, takes the least notice of that affair, and Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney resume their full lustre of patriotism and purity. Let us now see how he manages to find a scapegoat for his illustrious friends. In this general intrigue there were, of course, separate objects and schemes. One of them is important to our present inquiry. The first minister at that day was Lord Treasurer Danby. He was supposed to be hostile to the projects of France; but he had reluctantly taken part in a negotiation on the part of Charles with Louis for a subsidy of 300,000*l*. This negotiation had been carried on through Ralph Montague, then our ambassador at Paris. Montague and Danby quarrelled; and Louis, to get rid of Danby, whose spirit would not brook subserviency to French politics, instigated Montague to "ruin" the lord treasurer by divulging this negotiation, which Montague did in the House of Commons, and, being warmly supported by the French-paid patriots, an impeachment was voted and Danby "*ruined*." For this service Montague stipulated "for 100,000 livres to make sure of seven or eight of the principal persons in the lower house who may support the accusation as soon as it is begun;" and for 100,000 crowns, or 40,000 livres a year, to indemnify himself "for his risk and the loss of place that must follow." (*Barillon to Louis*, 24 Oct., 1678.) These seven or eight members were probably those mentioned in the foregoing list, and there seems reason to suspect that the sums there mentioned were only instalments of their bribes paid on this account. Algernon Sidney was a principal agent in all these transactions, and his 500 guineas seem to have been an annual pension. Dalrymple pleases himself with the idea that Louis cheated the traitor, and that Montague only pocketed 50,000 crowns; certain it is that he grievously complains of the delay in receiving the money, and describes his patriotic friends as very urgent to receive the balance of their infamous wages. The whole transaction is, we believe, unparalleled in the annals of corruption and impudence. Danby was impeached, and very likely (if an accident had not intervened) to have been brought to

the block for negotiating with the King of France by the King of England's order a subsidy in which Danby himself had no personal interest—by *patriots* who were personally *pensioned and hired* by the same French king to prefer the charge. Now hear Mr. Macaulay. He does Danby a kind of justice, partly, perhaps, because Danby was afterwards a revolutionist, but chiefly, we suspect, because he is unwilling to awaken debate on a topic odious to him, because disgraceful to the Whigs.

"The French court, which knew Danby to be its mortal enemy, artfully contrived to ruin him by making him pass for its friend. Louis, by the instrumentality of *Ralph Montague, a faithless and shameless man* who had resided in France as minister from England, laid before the House of Commons proofs that the treasurer had been concerned in an application made by the court of Whitehall to the court of Versailles for a sum of money. This discovery produced its natural effect. The treasurer was, in truth, exposed to the vengeance of parliament, not on account of his delinquencies, but on account of his merits; not because he had been an accomplice in a criminal transaction, but because he had been a most unwilling and unserviceable accomplice." i. 332.

DALRYMPLE.

"In the midst of so much combustible matter, the train laid by Montague and Barillon against Lord Danby and his master was set on fire."

Our readers will judge whether Mr. Macaulay was not writing with Dalrymple before his eyes, and they will judge also whether, in any case, he was justified in suppressing—he so fond of details—all the curious circumstances of the most curious story of our annals, and which he pretends to tell.

One cannot but be struck with the disproportionate space and labor bestowed on the Monmouth rebellion, and the strange excess of indulgence shown to some and of severity to others of the persons engaged in that wicked attempt. The secret of all this is, that Monmouth's rebellion was, in fact, but the continuation and catastrophe of the Rye House plot. For that plot Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney had suffered, and these two martyrs, having been early canonized by the revolutionizing Whigs, have been still worshipped—though with a less bold devotion since the discovery of Barillon's dispatches—by that same party of which the Russell family have been from the

No mention here of Russell or Sidney, nor anywhere of Powle and the rest!—all the blame laid on Montague; who Mr. Macaulay omits to tell us was the brother-in-law of Lord Russell, and that his impudent perfidy was at the Revolution acknowledged and rewarded by the Whigs by a viscounty and an earldom, and soon after by the dukedom of Montague; nor, to the best of our recollection, does Mr. Macaulay again allude to these disgraceful affairs; though it is (*cum multis aliis*) a circumstance surely as worthy of historical notice as Lord Feversham's china dish, that this same Powle, the pensioner of France, was afterwards chosen Speaker of the Convention Parliament—as an avowed partisan of the Prince of Orange's election to the crown. Can it be believed that Mr. Macaulay had accidentally overlooked Dalrymple's detailed exposure of these transactions? That excuse we have an accidental proof that he cannot make, for he condescends to borrow, with an accuracy that could hardly be fortuitous, the very words in which Dalrymple opens the story:

MACAULAY.

"The nation was in such a temper that the smallest spark might raise a flame. At this conjuncture fire was set in two places at once to the vast mass of combustible matter."

Revolution to this day the great and powerful head. All the Whig historians, Fox, Mackintosh, and now Mr. Macaulay, have labored to revive and maintain all the *legal* objections originally made to the proceedings against the Rye House conspirators. He and they endeavor to keep in the background the intention of open rebellion, of which at least all the accused were undeniably guilty, whatever may be technically thought of the evidence upon which the two leaders were convicted. Now Monmouth was notoriously one of the most active leaders of the plot; and there can be no doubt that the Exclusion Bill was intended, by some at least of its supporters, to give him a chance of the crown. His appearance, therefore, in open rebellion, attended by Lord Grey and the other surviving members of the Rye House plot, becomes a strong confirmation of all that the crown lawyers had alleged and crown witnesses proved; and therefore it is that Mr. Macaulay labors to show that Monmouth had no premeditated

design of rebellion, that he had given up all thoughts of public life, and that he was at least a reluctant victim to the solicitations and instigations of mischievous people about him. With this clue we can understand Mr. Macaulay's treatment of Monmouth and all the circumstances of his rebellion; his tenderness for Monmouth—his indulgence for Lord Grey, in every way the most infamous of mankind, but the friend and partner of Lord Russell in the Rye House conspiracy; and his extravagant hostility to Ferguson, an Independent preacher, the Judas of Dryden's great satire, a man of furious temper and desperate counsels, one of the inferior Rye House conspirators, on whom, as a scape-goat, it has been found convenient to lay all the blame, first, of the sanguinary part of the plot, and now of Monmouth's invasion and assumption of the royal title. The indignation which Mr. Macaulay—as usual abusive beyond all measure of taste or reason—has lavished on this man, already damned to everlasting fame by the muse of Dryden, and more lately by the pen of Walter Scott, (from whose historical notes on Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel" Mr. Macaulay has largely and without acknowledgment borrowed,) reminds us of the passage in Pope, in which his friend, dissuading him from satire in general, allows him to be as severe as he pleases on Jonathan Wild—who had been hanged ten years before.

It has been of course a main point with all the Whig historians to acquit the Prince of Orange of any countenance to the proceedings of Monmouth; but no one has ventured to do so in quite so dashing a style as Mr. Macaulay. While he wastes so many pages on the most trivial anecdotes, he does not even admit this really interesting question into his text, but dismisses it contemptuously in a foot-note:

"It is not worth while to refute those writers who represent the Prince of Orange as an accomplice in Monmouth's enterprise."—i. 571.

It happens that there is not one of "those writers" thus vilipended whom Mr. Macaulay does not, when it happens to serve his purpose on some other point, admit as true and worthy evidence. In a review of two volumes it is hard to be obliged to give up half a dozen pages to the examination of two lines; and it would take us quite that space to produce half the authorities by which the allegation which Mr. Macaulay does not think worth refuting is, we assert, completely

established. We shall, however, make room for a few passages which we think will show that, if Mr. Macaulay considers King William's character on this point of any value, it would have been very well worth while to have answered, if he could, that allegation.

First, Dalrymple, a Whig, but an honest historian, and the first who gave us any real insight into the history of those times, tells us that after the Rye House plot

"Monmouth was received with kindness and respect, and treated even with an affectation of familiarity by the Prince and Princess of Orange. . . . From this period the court of the Prince of Orange became a place of refuge for every person who had either opposed the Duke of York's succession or appeared to be attached to the Duke of Monmouth. Most of those who had followed the Duke of Monmouth's fortunes, or who desired to do so, were provided for by the Prince in the British regiments which were in the Dutch service—circumstances which only were wanting to alienate forever the affections of the two royal brothers from the Prince. They even believed that he had given encouragement to that part of the Rye House conspiracy in which the great men had been engaged."—*Mem.* i. 58.

Monmouth retired to the Hague in the early part of October, 1679, and it is not surprising that this claimant of the British crown was but coldly received by the heirs presumptive. But after a few days, as D'Avaux, the able and well-informed ambassador of Louis XIV., informs us, William obtained from Monmouth a full renunciation of his pretended legitimacy:

"And thereupon they entered into a mutual engagement to unite their interests and assist each other, and it was then that was formed that alliance which has occasioned so many disorders, and which cost Monmouth his life and James his kingdom."—*D'Avaux, Négotiations*, i. 61.

This important passage would be of itself sufficient to establish the fact; but from this time till the total failure of Monmouth's attempt—five or six years later—there is hardly a dispatch that does not testify D'Avaux's conviction, generally supported by evidence, that William was already playing his own deep game behind Monmouth as a stalking-horse. Immediately after the interview just mentioned D'Avaux denounces to Louis XIV. the connections (*liaisons*) between the Prince of Orange and the Duke of Monmouth, which, he adds, "were the foundation of the Revolutions which afterwards took place in England."—*ib.* i. 57.

Mr. Macaulay may ask, as other Whig

writers have done, how it can be supposed that the Prince of Orange should favor pretensions that were inconsistent with the right of the Princess. All the authorities, all the evidence, and indeed common sense, afford an easy answer. In the first place we have seen that Monmouth had personally disclaimed his pretensions before the Prince would receive him even as an ordinary exile; but, moreover, William had a better security than declarations or pledges. He well knew that Monmouth's claim was an absurdity, which might be safely used as an instrument that might help to upset James, but was incapable of maintaining itself. This was William's policy as early as the Exclusion Bill:

"As to the Duke of Monmouth, who was acting in the same direction against the Duke of York, the Prince felt that if the Duke of York was once out of the way, the Duke of Monmouth could give him no great trouble."—*D'Avaux*, i. 105.

This was William's opinion and policy up to the very last. When the news of Monmouth's first successes arrived in Holland, D'Avaux says, "I wonder whether the Prince still thinks that Monmouth can do nothing that he cannot set right again in a moment."—*ib.* vol. v. p. 84. When, however, in addition to exaggerated accounts of these successes, it became known that Monmouth had been proclaimed *King*, D'Avaux immediately observed a change in William's deportment.

"Since the Prince of Orange has known that M. de Monmouth has taken the title of *King*, he no longer pursues the same course which he did before; for it is certain and evident that not only did it depend on him to prevent M. de Monmouth from sending any vessel out of this State, but that it is also true that Mr. Skelton, having pointed out to him where M. de Monmouth was, and having begged that he would either arrest him, or at least turn him out of the States, the Prince of Orange answered that M. de Monmouth was unjustly suspected, and that he had no connection with Argyle and the other discontented English, who were here. As for myself, I am persuaded that the Prince of Orange believed that Monmouth's attempt would not go very far, and that all that the rebels would do would be but to render him (the Prince) more necessary to the King of England."—v. 92.

King James himself, in his own memoirs, tells even more distinctly the same story as the French minister. Dalrymple—adopting D'Avaux's evidence and reasoning, and stating how the Dutch authorities—or rather,

according to D'Avaux, the Prince of Orange—evaded the request of James's minister for stopping Monmouth's expedition—thus accounts for the Prince's connivance:

"The Prince interfered not, excusing himself because his assistance was not asked; and, perhaps, was not displeased to see one expose himself to ruin, who had been a rival to the Princess for the succession, and disturbances raised which he might himself be called to compose. He even pretended to Skelton that he gave no credit to the reports of Argyle and Monmouth, although he knew that one was gone and the other just ready to go."—*Dalrymple*, 56.

We have not produced a tithe of the evidence before us all in the same direction, but we think we have sufficiently shown that the matter deserved to be treated more seriously than Mr. Macaulay has done. And we have also to complain of the sly and labored misrepresentation of D'Avaux, by which he endeavors to give his own color to William's reception of Monmouth at the Hague. He says:

"The Prince and Princess of Orange had now ceased to regard him as a rival. They received him most hospitably; for they hoped that, by treating him with kindness, they should establish a claim to the gratitude of his father. They knew that paternal affection was not yet wearied out, that letters and supplies of money still came secretly from Whitehall to Monmouth's retreat, and that Charles frowned on those who sought to pay their court by speaking ill of his banished son."—i. 530.

And for this he quotes D'Avaux, who says nothing of the kind, but indeed the contrary, for he complains that a "belief prevailed among the Dutch people (*la plupart des Hollandais*) that the attentions shown the Duke were really not displeasing to King Charles;" a belief which D'Avaux looked upon as a deception on the public, but he does not give the least hint that the Prince and Princess were under that delusion, and the whole scope of his dispatches is to expose over and over again the Prince's duplicity in this respect.

Mr. Macaulay proceeds to paint with his most glowing pencil the dutiful and respectful regard which William showed to the secret wishes of King Charles, by his extraordinary attentions to his favorite son. The passage is worth quoting, as a sample both of Mr. Macaulay's style and his fidelity:

"The duke had been encouraged to expect

that, in a very short time, if he gave no new cause of displeasure, he would be recalled to his native land, and restored to all his high honors and commands. Animated by such expectations, he had been the life of the Hague during the late winter. He had been the most conspicuous figure at a succession of balls in that splendid Orange Hall, which blazes on every side with the most ostentatious coloring of Jordaens and Hondthorst. He had introduced the English country dance to the knowledge of the Dutch ladies, and had in his turn learned from them to skate on the canals. The princess had accompanied him in his expeditions on ice; and the figure which she made there, poised on one leg, and clad in petticoats shorter than are generally worn by ladies so strictly decorous, had caused some wonder and mirth to the foreign ministers. The sullen gravity which had been characteristic of the Stadtholder's court seemed to have vanished before the influence of the fascinating Englishman. Even the stern and pensive William relaxed into good humor when his brilliant guest appeared."—i. 531.

For this D'Avaux is again quoted, and for this time truly, as far as the naked facts; but most untruly as to the coloring given, the motives assigned, and the conclusions drawn; for D'Avaux expressly states that all these attentions were such manifest "affectation on the part of the Prince, that it seemed as if they could only be intended as wanton insults to the King." (*D'Avaux*, iv. 24.) But the more immediate object was to insult the Duke of York, and to keep up the spirits of that party in England which was bent on the Exclusion, and of which Monmouth was the leader; and D'Avaux goes on to give (the very reverse of Mr. Macaulay's gala picture) an account of the harsh and tyrannical treatment by which the Prince (hitherto the coldest of men, and yet the most jealous of husbands) forced the Princess into these extraordinary demonstrations of gaiety, and even of gallantry. (*Ib.* 226.) One of these stories—so picturesque that Mr. Macaulay would have been delighted to have copied it if he could have reconciled it with his contemporaneous fictions—deserves particular attention as a clue to William's motives both in his attentions at this time to Monmouth, and as to his ulterior designs upon England. The 30th of January—the martyrdom of King Charles—was come. This, besides being recognized as a day of humiliation by the Church of England, to which Mary was piously attached, was still more devoutly observed by the royal family; and the children and grandchildren of Charles always observed that day by fasting and seclusion. A day or two after this D'Avaux writes to Louis XIV:

"Your majesty knows how the English are in the habit of observing the anniversary of the death of Charles I.* On that day the Prince of Orange forced the Princess, instead of her intended mourning, to put on full dress; he next, in spite of her entreaties and prayers, forced her to dinner. The Princess was obliged to submit to have all the dishes brought to her one after another. 'Tis true she ate little, or rather, indeed, nothing; and in order to make public the insult (*outrage*) which he meant to the king by all this, he forced her that night to go to the playhouse, in spite of her efforts to avoid it. It is to be remarked that, though there have been plays four times a week, the Prince has been there but twice before in the last three months; which shows that his going to the play that night was a mere piece of parade."—*D'Avaux*, iv. 263.

The secret of all this evidently was—the Exclusion Bill had failed. The Rye House Plot had not only failed, but had united the nation in loyalty to the King and the legitimate successor. James had had two daughters by his second wife, and might naturally expect a son; and the country was in a state that afforded no prospect of a change of dynasty; but the revolutionary party, though quiet, were not asleep—intrigues were on foot to recall the Duke of Monmouth. His return would have led to a new attempt to exclude the Duke of York, and open to William a better chance of disturbing the succession. Hence his affected kindnesses to Monmouth—hence the unseemly attempt to cajole the old republican and regicide party by forcing the Princess to desecrate the anniversary of the murder of her grandfather. After this explanation, we beg our readers to turn back and read our extract of Mr. Macaulay's account of the fascinating influence of Monmouth over the pensive William!

We sincerely wish we had room to exhibit side by side all Mr. Macaulay's cited authorities and the use he makes of them. Nothing but such a collation could give a perfect idea of Mr. Macaulay's style of misdating, garbling, and coloring acknowledged facts as to produce all the effect of entire deception; the object of this complication of misrepresentation being to excite a tender interest for the rebel Monmouth, and to exculpate William from any share in Monmouth's design.

To all this we have to add a most important postscript, which Mr. Macaulay passes

* By a slip of the pen or the press, this is printed in *D'Avaux James the First*, and this error has perhaps prevented the story's attracting as much notice as it deserves. Miss Strickland, in her "Lives of the Queens," has related the anecdote, and corrected the name.

over in prudent silence. William sufficiently testified the interest he had taken in Monmouth's attempt by his favor to the survivors of it. At the Revolution, Lord Grey was made an earl; Ferguson—"Judas," on whom Mr. Macaulay pours forth all the vials of his wrath for his share in Monmouth's proceedings—was rewarded with a sinecure place of £500 a year in the royal household; and the obscure printer, who had printed what Mr. Macaulay calls "Monmouth's disgraceful Declaration," took refuge with the Prince of Orange—came back with him—was made stationer to their majesties King William and Queen Mary.—*Kennett*, iii. 428.

After so much political detail, it will be some kind of diversion to our readers to examine Mr. Macaulay's most elaborate strategic and topographical effort, worked up with all the combined zeal and skill of an ex-Secretary-at-War and a pictorial historian—a copious description of the battle of Sedgemoor. Mr. Macaulay seems to have visited Bridgewater with a zeal worthy of a better result; for it has produced a description of the surrounding country as pompous and detailed as if it had been the scene of some grand strategic operations—a parade not merely unnecessary, but absurd, for the so-called battle was but a bungling skirmish. Monmouth had intended to surprise the King's troops in their quarters by a midnight attack, but was stopped by a wide and deep trench, of which he was not apprised, called *Bussex Rhine*, behind which the King's army lay. "The trenches which drain the moor are," Mr. Macaulay adds, "in that country called *rhines*." On each side of this ditch the parties stood firing at each other in the dark. Lord Grey and the cavalry ran away without striking a blow; Monmouth followed them, too, soon; for some time the foot stood with a degree of courage and steadiness surprising in such raw and half-armed levies; at last the King's cavalry got round their flank, and they too ran; the King's foot then crossed the ditch with little or no resistance, and slaughtered, with small loss on their own side, a considerable number of the fugitives, the rest escaping back to Bridgewater. Our readers will judge whether such a skirmish required a long preliminary description of the surrounding country. Mr. Macaulay might just as usefully have described the plain of Troy. Indeed, at the close of his long topographical and etymological narrative Mr. Macaulay has the tardy candor to confess that—

"Little is now to be learned by visiting the field of battle, for the face of the country has been greatly changed, and the old *Bussex Rhine*, on the banks of which the great struggle took place, has long disappeared."

This is droll. After spending a deal of space and fine writing in describing the present prospect, he concludes by telling us candidly it is all of no use, for the whole scene has changed. This is like Walpole's story of the French lady who asked for her lover's picture; and when he demurred, observing that if her husband were to see it, it might betray their secret, "O dear no," she said—just like Mr. Macaulay—"I will have the picture, but it need not be like!"

But even as to the change, we again doubt Mr. Macaulay's accuracy. The word *Rhine* in Somersetshire, as perhaps—*parva componere magnis*—in the great German river, means *running* water, and we therefore think it very unlikely that a running stream should have disappeared; but we also find in the Ordnance Survey of Somersetshire, made in our own time, the course and name of *Bussch's Rhine* distinctly laid down in front of Weston, where it probably ran in Monmouth's day; and we are further informed, in return to some inquiries that we have caused to be made, that the *Rhine* is now, in 1849, as visible and well known as ever it was.

But this grand piece of the military topography of a battle-field where there was no battle must have its picturesque and pathetic episode, and Mr. Macaulay finds one well suited to such a novel. When Monmouth had made up his mind to attempt to surprise the royal army, Mr. Macaulay is willing (for a purpose which we shall see presently) to persuade himself that the Duke let the whole town into his secret:

"That an attack was to be made under cover of the night was no secret in Bridgewater. The town was full of women, who had repaired thither by hundreds from the surrounding region to see their husbands, sons, lovers, and brothers once more. There were many sad partings that day; and many parted never to meet again. The report of the intended attack came to the ears of a young girl who was zealous for the king. Though of modest character, she had the courage to resolve that she would herself bear the intelligence to Feversham. She stole out of Bridgewater, and made her way to the royal camp. But that camp was not a place where female innocence could be safe. Even the officers, despising alike the irregular force to which they were opposed, and the negligent general who commanded them, had indulged largely in wine, and were ready for any excess of licentiousness and cruelty. One of

them seized the unhappy maiden, refused to listen to her errand, and brutally outraged her. She fled in agonies of rage and shame, leaving the wicked army to its doom."—i. 606, 7.

—the *doom of the wicked army*, be it noted *en passant*, being a complete victory. Mr. Macaulay cites Kennett for this story, and adds that he is "*forced to believe the story to be true, because Kennett declares that it was communicated to him in the year 1718 by a brave officer who had fought at Sedgemoor, and had himself seen the poor girl depart in an agony of distress.*"—*ib.*

We shall not dwell on the value of an anonymous story told *three-and-thirty years* after the battle of Sedgemoor. The tale is sufficiently refuted by notorious facts and dates, and indeed by its internal absurdity. We know from the clear and indisputable evidence of Wade, who commanded Monmouth's infantry, all the proceedings of that day. Monmouth no doubt intended to move that night, and made open preparation for it, and the partings so pathetically described may have, therefore, taken place, and the rather because the intended movement was to leave that part of the country altogether—not to meet the king's troops, but to endeavor to escape them by a forced march across the Avon and into Gloucestershire. So far might have been known. But about *three o'clock* that afternoon Monmouth received intelligence by a spy that the king's troops had advanced to Sedgemoor, but had taken their positions so injudiciously, that there seemed a possibility of surprising them in a night attack. On this Monmouth assembled a council of war, which agreed that instead of retreating that night towards the Avon as they had intended, they should advance and attack, provided the spy, who was to be sent out to a new reconnoissance, should report that the troops were not intrenched. We may be sure that, as the news only arrived at three in the afternoon, the assembling of the council of war—the deliberation—the sending back the spy—his return and another deliberation, must have protracted the final decision to so late an hour that evening, that it is utterly impossible that the change of the design of a march northward to that of an "*attack to be made under cover of the night,*" could have been that *morning* no secret in Bridgewater. But our readers see it was necessary for Mr. Macaulay to raise this fable, in order to account for the poor girl's knowing so important a secret. So far we have argued the

case on Mr. Macaulay's own showing, which, we confess, was very incautious on our part; but on turning to his authority we find, as usual, a story essentially different. Kennett says:

"A brave captain in the Horse Guards, now living, (1718,) was in the action at Sedgemoor, and gave me this account of it: That on *Sunday morning, July 5*, a young woman came from Monmouth's quarters to give notice of his design to surprise the king's camp *that night*; but this young woman being carried to a chief officer in a neighboring village, she was led up stairs and debauched by him, and, coming down in a great fright and disorder, (as he himself saw her,) she went back, and her message was not told."—Kennett, iii. 432.

This knocks the whole story on the head. Kennett was not aware, (Wade's narrative not being published when he wrote,) that the king's troops did not come in sight of Sedgemoor till about three o'clock, P.M. of that Sunday, on the early morning of which he places the girl's visit to the camp, and it was not till late that same evening that Monmouth changed his original determination, and formed the sudden resolution with which, to support Kennett's story, the whole town must have been acquainted at least twelve hours before. These are considerations which ought not to have escaped a philosophical historian who had the advantage, which Kennett had not, of knowing the exact time when these details occurred.

But, supposing for a moment that we had not had the complete refutation afforded by the dates, would it not have occurred to a man of common sense, and, above all, to one *reluctant* to believe the story, to test its probability by asking whether there was no other person more likely to convey the intelligence in such a state of affairs than a poor girl? Even if she only had by any strange chance known such a secret, had she no father, no brother, no friend to convey it more surely, more credibly, and more safely? "*But that camp was no place where female innocence could be safe.*" Was there ever any camp into which "*female innocence*" could safely venture at such a perilous hour, and on such a sleeveless errand? The fable, however, has its moral; it teaches us to wonder at the intensity of party spirit which, after the lapse of a century and a half, not merely *forces* such a mind as Mr. Macaulay's to *believe*, but leads him to bolster up by adventitious touches of his own eloquence, so flagrant an impossibility.

The last part of this romance to which we can direct the attention of our readers is a misrepresentation of the personal character of King William, so indiscreet as to surprise us exceedingly. Mr. Macaulay's most obvious purpose in this very strange attempt is to double-gild his idol; and, instead of being satisfied, as the world has hitherto been, with considering William III. as a great soldier and statesman, and the opportune though irregular instrument of a necessary revolution, he endeavors to show that he was entitled to the choice which the country is represented as having made of him, by his private virtues, and, above all, by the concurrence in his election of the legitimate successor, his affectionate and devoted wife, who, apart from all political and above all selfish considerations, was but too happy to see the throne, which strict law would have conferred on her alone, shared with the man of her heart. This is, of course, the indispensable conclusion of all romances, but we confess the dénouement seems here somewhat forced and unnatural. We have little doubt that Mary was an obedient, if not a loving wife; and that she willingly, gladly admitted William to a participation of her royal rights—not from romantic affection, but for this plain and paramount reason, that without his sword she would have had no rights to share. That *sword* it was which cut the Gordian knot with which the Convention Parliament and its parties so long seemed to puzzle themselves. Mr. Macaulay states fully, and more clearly and fairly than is usual with him, the various expedients that were proposed, and the various arguments that were urged for the supplying the place of the absent king. The Archbishop and the high Tories proposed a *Regency*, which would have preserved their nominal allegiance to the king. Danby and the moderate Whigs and Tories were for the plainer and, under such circumstances, the sounder course of considering James's abdication as a civil death, and calling the next heir, Mary, to the throne. The old Republican party would rather not have had a monarchy at all, but if a monarch, one whose title should *not* be legitimate; and Mr. Macaulay takes great pains to show that Halifax and the Trimmers, the party that seemed finally to decide the question, were the more disposed for *electing* William on the republican principle of breaking the line of succession. But in fact this last argument was a mere pretense to conceal the duress under which they really had

no alternative but the choice of William. All these eloquent debates and all Mr. Macaulay's ingenious argumentations only enwreath the steel. William might say—*εν μουρου πλαδι τον ξιφον φορησω*—"You may cover my sword with rhetorical garlands, but it is not the less a sword; and if you will have its protection you must submit to its power." And as the bulk of his special adherents were of the old Republican Regicide and Rye House party, they not only would have had no compunction in submitting even to his forcible seizure of the Crown, but would have much preferred that to the execution of the threat by which William finally stifled their various differences—namely, that, if they did not make him king, he would retire with his army and leave all parties to the tender mercies of a Jacobite restoration. It was chiefly, we think, with a view of throwing a kind of veil over this real state of the case, not very creditable to the Revolution Whigs, nor very grateful to the national pride of any Englishman, that Mr. Macaulay has indiscreetly, we think, recalled attention to the conjugal relations of William and Mary.

"For a time William was a negligent husband. He was indeed drawn away from his wife by other women, particularly by one of her ladies, Elizabeth Villiers, who, though destitute of personal attractions, and disfigured by a hideous squint, possessed talents which well fitted her to partake his cares. He was indeed *ashamed of his errors*, and spared no pains to conceal them; but, in spite of all his precautions, Mary well knew that he was not strictly faithful to her."—ii. 174.

All this is sadly misrepresented. It was not *for a time*—he was not *ashamed of*, and took no pains to conceal, his infidelity! The amour with Elizabeth Villiers began immediately after his marriage, and continued notoriously during all Mary's life. He even made her husband Earl of Orkney, as Charles II. had made the husband of Barbara Villiers Earl of Castlemaine; and in 1697 he made her grants of forfeited estates in Ireland so scandalous that they were rescinded by Parliament; and, in short, as Miss Strickland says, "Elizabeth Villiers was the canker of Mary's peace from her marriage to her grave."—*Life of Mary*, ii. 303. But we decline pursuing a subject even more disagreeable than is here stated; and we pass on to a less unpleasant cause of the estrangement. This, we are told, was William's uneasiness at the awkwardness of his future position at King-consort.

"Mary had been nine years married before she discovered the cause of William's discontent; nor would she ever have learned it from himself. In general his temper inclined him rather to brood over his griefs than to give utterance to them; and in this particular case his lips were sealed by a very natural delicacy."—ii. 175.

This admission shows at what a remote period, and with what a distant chance, William began to pine after the crown of England, and would go far to convict him of all the intrigues against the governments of Charles and James, from which Mr. Macaulay, in other parts of this book, so zealously labors to exculpate him. The sequel of the story is more romantic. It was after nine years of unhappiness from moral causes on the part of the wife, and "brooding discontent" from political reveries on the part of the husband, that, by the lucky arrival of an English or rather Scotch parson, who was travelling in the Low Countries, "three words of frank explanation" were elicited and cured all in a moment. A complete reconciliation was brought about by the agency of Gilbert Burnet:—

"Burnet plainly told the Princess what the feeling was which preyed upon her husband's mind. She learned for the first time, with no small astonishment, that, when she became Queen of England, William would not share her throne. She warmly declared that there was no proof of conjugal submission and affection which she was not ready to give. Burnet, with many apologies and with solemn protestations that no human being had put words into his mouth, informed her that the remedy was in her own hands. She might easily, when the crown devolved on her, induce her parliament not only to give the regal title to her husband, but even to transfer to him by a legislative act the administration of the government. 'But,' he added, 'your Royal Highness ought to consider well before you announce any such resolution. For it is a resolution which, having once being announced, cannot safely or easily be retracted.' 'I want no time for consideration,' answered Mary. 'It is enough that I have an opportunity of showing my regard for the Prince. Tell him what I say; and bring him to me, that he may hear it from my own lips.' Burnet went in quest of William. But William was many miles off after a stag. It was not till the next day that the decisive interview took place. 'I did not know till yesterday,' said Mary, 'that there was such a difference between the laws of England and the laws of God. But I now promise you that you shall always bear rule: and, in return, I ask only this, that, as I shall observe the precept which enjoins wives to obey their husbands, you will observe that which enjoins husbands to love their wives.' Her generous affection completely gained the heart of William. From that time till the sad day when he was carried away in fits from

her dying bed, there was entire friendship and confidence between them. Many of her letters to him are extant; and they contain abundant evidence that this man, unamiable as he was in the eyes of the multitude, had succeeded in inspiring a beautiful and virtuous woman, born his superior, with a *passion fond even to idolatry*."—ii. 180, 181.

Burnet assures us that William's grief for the loss of Mary was passionate, and it is not improbable that when the discontent that had been so long brooding in his mind was removed he may have become more sensible to the charms of Mary's person, and the strength and accomplishments of her mind; but we confess that we find it difficult to imagine a passion "*fond even to idolatry*," at once so suddenly and yet so permanently produced. And how? By contrition on the part of the profligate husband, and condonation on the part of the appeased wife? Not at all: but by setting the husband's mind at ease as to his future position in a distant and not very probable political event. Burnet, though his interest and feelings would lead him in the same direction as Mr. Macaulay, namely, to magnify William and justify his artful and selfish conduct in his pursuit of the crown, yet still he preserves a kind of moderation which gives his account a different and a less unnatural appearance. He begins with an introductory anecdote of great significance, wholly omitted by Mr. Macaulay. He describes a conversation between the Princess and himself, in which he blamed M. Jurieu for having written with acrimony and indecency against Mary, Queen of Scots. The Princess took Jurieu's part, and said "*that if Princes would do ill things, they must expect that the world will do justice on their memory, since they cannot reach their persons; that were but a small suffering, far short of what others suffered at their hands*." (i. 693.) One easily understands the meaning of these last words in the mouth of a neglected wife. Burnet goes on to say that some time after this—

"I found the Prince was resolved to make use of me. * * * That which fixed me in their confidence was the liberty I took, in a private conversation with the Princess, to ask her what she intended the Prince should be if she came to the crown. She, who was new to all matters of that kind, did not understand my meaning, but fancied that whatever accrued to her would likewise accrue to him in the right of marriage."—*ib.*

We must pause to observe that Mary was now twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age,

had been married above nine years, had always had English chaplains and attendants, and "was," says Mr. Macaulay, "a woman of good natural abilities, had been educated by a bishop, was *fond of history* and poetry, and was regarded by very eminent men as a superior woman." (i. 394.) Yet Burnet and Mr. Macaulay would have us believe that, until the Prince "resolved to make use" of *him*, Mary was absolutely ignorant of her position as heiress of the crown. It is much more probable that Mary, like a sensible, ambitious woman as she was, knew her position perfectly well; but, seeing the crisis to which affairs were coming in England, had for their common interest resolved to gratify William, and had taken advantage of Burnet's intervention for that purpose.

Burnet, however, according to his own story, explained to her her special rights, the cases of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York, Philip and Mary; adding:

"That a titular kingship was no acceptable thing, especially if it was to depend on another's life. She desired me to propose a remedy. I told her the remedy, if she could bring her mind to it, was to be contented to be his wife, and to engage herself to him that she would give him the real authority as soon as it came into her hands, and endeavor effectually to get it legally invested in him for life. This would lay the greatest obligation on him possible, and lay the foundation of a perfect union between them, which had been of late a little embroiled."

Mary without hesitation resolved to take Burnet's advice, and sent him on the moment to bring William to her, that she might explain her intention with her own lips.

"He was that day a-hunting," [*off after a stag.*] "The next day I acquainted him with all that had passed, and carried him to her; where she in a very frank manner told him that she did not know that the laws of England were so contrary to the laws of God as I had informed her: she did not think that the husband was ever to be obedient to the wife; she promised him he should always bear rule; and she asked only that he would obey the command of '*husbands love your wives,*' as she should do that of '*wives, be obedient to your husbands.*' From this lively introduction we entered into a long discourse of the affairs of England. Both seemed well pleased with me, and with all I had suggested; but such was the Prince's cold way that he said not one word to me upon it that looked like acknowledgment."—*ib.*

This affords the true clue to the whole of William's conduct with reference to the Revolution. He had resolved—we cannot

guess how early—to be King of England in his own right—*Marte suo*, he might emphatically say. Nor do we call this the darkest stain of his history: it was a natural feeling in a careless husband and an ambitious prince; to many it may seem the more excusable from William's being, in his own right, the next heir to the crown after his wife and her sister; and, as regards public interests, we doubt whether the expulsion of James—absolutely necessary for the religion and liberties of England—could have been otherwise accomplished and maintained. Our country profited by the selfish policy of William; but it is a falsification of historical fact to pretend that his policy was guided by zeal for the liberties and Church of England, which he really felt as little as James, though, fortunately for us, it suited his personal ambition to profess it. We owe him and his "glorious memory" public gratitude, but we cannot regard his personal character or conduct with either affection or respect—still less can we accept the extravagant glorifications of every point—even the worst—of his character, by Mr. Macaulay.

We must here conclude. We have exhausted our time and our space, but not our topics. We have selected such of the more prominent defects and errors of Mr. Macaulay as were manageable within our limits; but numerous as they are, we beg that they may be considered as specimens only of the infinitely larger assortment that the volumes would afford, and be read not merely as individual instances, but as indications of the general style of the work, and the prevailing *animus* of the writer. We have chiefly directed our attention to points of mere historical inaccuracy and infidelity; but they are combined with a greater admixture of other—we know not whether to call them literary or moral—defects, than the insulated passages sufficiently exhibit. These faults, as we think them, but which may to some readers be the prime fascinations of the work, abound on its surface. And their very number and their superficial prominence constitute a main charge against the author, and prove, we think, his mind to be unfitted for the severity of historical inquiry. He takes much pains to parade—perhaps he really believes in—his impartiality, with what justice we appeal to the foregoing pages; but he is guilty of a prejudice as injurious in its consequences to truth as any political bias. He abhors whatever is not in itself pictur-

esque, while he clings with the tenacity of a novelist to the *piquant* and the startling. Whether it be the boudoir of a strumpet or the death-bed of a monarch—the strong character of a statesman-warrior abounding in contrasts and rich in mystery, or the personal history of a judge trained in the Old Bailey to vulgarize and ensanguine the King's Bench—he luxuriates with a vigor and variety of language and illustration which renders his "History" an attractive and absorbing story-book. And so spontaneously redundant are these errors—so inwoven in the very texture of Mr. Macaulay's mind—that he seems never able to escape from them. Even after the reader is led to believe that all that can be said either of praise or vituperation as to character, of voluptuous description and minute delineation as to fact and circumstance, has been passed in review before him—when a new subject, indeed, seems to have been started—all at once the old theme is renewed, and the old ideas are redressed in all the affluent imagery and profuse eloquence of which Mr. Macaulay is so eminent a master. Now of the fancy and fashion of this we should not complain—quite the contrary—in a professed novel: there is a theatre in which it would be exquisitely appropriate and attractive; but the Temple

of History is not the floor for a morris-dance—the Muse of Clio is not to be worshipped in the halls of Terpsichore. We protest against this species of *carnival* history; no more like the reality than the Eglintoun Tournament or the Costume Quadrilles of Buckingham Palace; and we deplore the squandering of so much melo-dramatic talent on a subject which we have hitherto revered as the figure of Truth arrayed in the simple garments of Philosophy. We are ready to admit an hundred times over Mr. Macaulay's literary powers—brilliant even under the affectation with which he too frequently disfigures them. He is a great painter, but a suspicious narrator; a grand proficient in the picturesque, but a very poor professor of the historic. These volumes have been, and his future volumes as they appear will be, devoured with the same eagerness that *Oliver Twist* or *Vanity Fair* excite—with the same quality of zest, though perhaps with a higher degree of it; but his pages will seldom, we think, receive a second perusal; and the work, we apprehend, will hardly find a permanent place on the historic shelf—nor ever assuredly, if continued in the spirit of the first two volumes, be quoted as authority on any question or point of the History of England.

From the Literary Gazette.

THE SUNSET HOUR.

BY ELEANOR DARBY.

Who hath not felt the power
Of the beauteous sunset hour?
When the radiant light ere dying,
Casts a golden chain of beams
On the smiling lakes and streams,
And the evening airs are sighing,
And the rustling leaves replying,
In tones soft, wild, and mystical as music heard in
dreams.

That song of breeze and boughs
Is sweet as whispered vows
Of tenderness and truth,
To the charmed ear of youth!
As the eye delighted gazes,
That golden chain of beams,
Like Hope's heavenly ladder, raises
The soaring soul afar, aloft, upon its dazzling gleams.

And like Hope's, too soon they fade,
Yet not in gloomy shade!
No, no, they but surrender
Their bright illuming splendor
To a glow of rosy red,
A blush as warm and tender
On the wave, as that on cheek from the heart by
love and rapture shed.

'Tis sweet *alone* to ponder
On such an eve as this;
But sweeter 'twere to wander
With a friend to share our bliss!
And sweetest with one nearer,
E'en nearer, fonder, dearer,
To feel the heightened power
Of the beauteous, the heart-softening, the *loving* sun-
set hour!

From the British Quarterly Review.

ABBE LAMENNAIS—SOCIALISM.

Question du Travail. Par LAMENNAIS. Paris: 1848.

Esquisse d'une Philosophie. Par F. LAMENNAIS. Paris: 1840.

BEING in Paris last summer, we called upon the Abbé Lamennais, immediately after the insurrection of June, in which he was supposed by many to be deeply implicated. He then lived near the Barrière de l'Etoile, in the Rue Byron, leading out of the Avenue Châteaubriand. This is one of the most quiet neighborhoods in Paris.

The Abbé's appearance is at first unimpressive. He is little and old, and looks older than he is. He is usually dressed in a grey morning gown, with a common check neckerchief; everything else about him being much of the same order. He stoops, moreover, and his whole figure suggests the idea of a man in feeble health—an impression which is confirmed by the weakness of his voice. But as he begins to converse, all your notions undergo a complete change. You soon forget whether he is short or tall, young or old. As his countenance kindles with enthusiasm, it becomes altogether radiant and beautiful.

We had heard in Paris and elsewhere numerous evil reports uttered against this man, which, though at variance with the spirit of all his writings, were so steadily persisted in, that an incredulity less pertinacious than our own, might ultimately have given way on the point. But in the *Paroles d'un Croyant* we fancied we could perceive the true beating of his heart. The warmth which pervades that little book, and constitutes its vitality, could not, we are persuaded, be artificial. It seemed to have been caught from the highest source of inspiration, and to be as incompatible with the coldness of scepticism, as with the fierce ebullitions of a vindictive temper; and our personal intercourse with Lamennais left deep in our mind the conviction, that whatever might be his faults, he is a genuine apostle of humanity; loving the poor, sympathizing with the distressed, and anxious

above all things to render his own protracted existence a blessing to other men.

With Lamennais' precise age we are not acquainted. He is said to have been born at St. Malo, in Bretagne, in 1782, though this date by no means agrees with other facts mentioned in his biographies. He applied himself diligently in his youth to the study of theology, but would seem afterwards to have laid it aside, and transferred his affections to the mathematics—a too exclusive application to which led probably to religious indifference. He was not eager for premature reputation in literature; but when Napoleon was arranging the affair of the Concordat with the Pope, he published a book entitled "*Reflections on the State of the Church during the Eighteenth Century*," which gave so much offense to the master of France, that its author resolved to come no more before the public during his tyranny.

Meanwhile he continued to discharge the duties of a mathematical teacher at St. Malo, but having conscientiously reviewed his religious opinions, he emerged from a state of indifference, and, with characteristic ardor, rushed to the opposite extreme of enthusiasm. He imagined that he discovered in Catholicism the only power by which society could be preserved and regenerated. His own experience had taught him the evil of indifference, and he saw around him, in the intellectual lethargy of the French, irresistible proofs that the absence of religious faith is indissolubly connected with moral and social degradation. Taking Catholicism, therefore, as he found it, or rather as it existed in his own transcendental conception of it, he sought to awaken his contemporaries, through its means, to a true sense of the dangers which he beheld encircling society. On all sides he witnessed material tendencies co-operating to check the development of

truth. In the recesses of his mind, perhaps, there always lurked the suspicion that Catholicism would prove unequal to the demands which the conditions of his religious and political theories made upon it. But in the whole range of the actual and the possible, he could then discover nothing better, and prudently, as far as his light went, he resolved to build with the materials at his command.

It is of course easy for us, who stand beyond that circle of intellectual activity in which Lamennais's mind then moved, clearly to discern the errors into which he fell. Nor would it be less easy to sketch them in caricature for the enlivening of our readers. But we prefer looking to the causes that produced them; these will be most instructive to ourselves, and may serve for Lamennais's apology, both as to what he did then, and as to what he afterwards condemned when advanced and enlightened.

When the tempest of the great revolution of 1789 had passed away, the religious party, which had always existed, though in obscurity, sought, through a systematic return to spiritual studies, to resuscitate Catholicism, and to render it once more predominant. There is a sort of stately chivalry in attachment to old creeds—in fidelity to forsaken dogmas. When you see all the world mad after novelty, you are sometimes tempted to stand up and inquire whether, after all, the new thing be really better than the old—and even without reason, or in spite of it, you are betrayed by your polemical instincts into an internecine war with the prevalent theory. Everybody felt that society could never fulfil its high destinies, with the dead weight of materialism hanging at its skirts. There was therefore a necessity for reaction. Some religion, however poor and imperfect it might be, was better than none at all; and Lamennais, in the zeal of the moment, imagined that Catholicism, with its gauds and trappings, its forms and ceremonies, its rights and traditions, might be elevated into the regenerator of society.

He was mistaken, but the mistake was pardonable. The attacks to which he now stood exposed, confirmed him in his error. He found himself in a perfect storm of controversy. Pamphlets and replies hailed in upon him from all sides; but with that warm, flexible, and magnificent style which constitutes the most powerful and dangerous of an author's weapons, he parried the blows of his assailants, and overthrew them in heaps right and left. It soon, nevertheless,

became evident that the waters of Lamennais's mind could not settle and degenerate into a standing pool, but must purify themselves, and go on flowing for the benefit and refreshment of mankind. He visited England, and went afterwards to Rome, where he was offered a bishopric and a cardinal's hat. He then probably saw through the weakness of the papal system, and politely declining the honors intended him, returned to France, in order to finally emancipate himself from the trammels of the priesthood. He now ceased to be a Roman Catholic, and became a Christian in the more primitive sense of the word. The evils which afflicted humanity made his heart bleed. He beheld almost everywhere the church allying itself with the state, not for the deliverance of mankind, but for the effecting of their more complete enthrallment. He had once made himself the apostle of legitimacy, as well as of Romanism—had combatted the benevolent but wild theories which he saw springing up under various names around him—had denounced democracy, and invoked a ban upon republican institutions. But as in his system of philosophy the principle of development constitutes the central point round which the whole revolves, so in his own conduct development was everything. With the rapidity of a most active intellect he passed through ages, as it were, in so many years, cast off one prejudice after another, and rising first to the level of his own times, and then above it, he attained, or thought he attained, glimpses of those great truths which are hereafter to regulate the movements of society, though we at present only witness their feeble beginnings. He now conceived the idea of writing that remarkable work, entitled "*Les Paroles d'un Croyant*." It is in style biblical. Lamennais's mind had, as we have already observed, been from the earliest period imbued with the spirit of the Scriptures, which, as Voltaire remarks, had impressed on the English writers of the seventeenth century that oriental pomp and sombre grandeur for which they are chiefly distinguished. Lamennais's sympathies have generally led him to eschew grandeur of every kind. He aims at touching the heart by tenderness, by sweetness, by awakening all the gentler emotions, and showering down the prolific seeds of truth in dews of eloquence, profuse and refreshing as those of Hermon.

In "the Words of a Believer," there is, properly speaking, but one leading idea—that of utterly annihilating every form of des-

potism, and substituting the rule of justice and charity in its place. There may be room for doubt respecting the strict orthodoxy of his creed. His interpretations may be incorrect or defective. He may believe too much or too little, and present to us his faith in alliance with peculiar notions which we may not be inclined to adopt. His object, however, is not to make proselytes, in a religious sense, or to disturb any man's hereditary beliefs. All he desires is to employ the weapons of revealed truth to bring down the strong-holds of tyranny; and we think it would be difficult for the coldest and most prejudiced to peruse that book attentively without finding himself further removed than before from every tendency in the direction of cruelty or oppression.

In criticising a popular production, we are aware that those who are already familiar with it, will consider your observations superfluous; while the persons who are not placed in the same advantageous position, think you much too sparing of your remarks. It is to this latter class that we must here address ourselves; our object being to make Lamennais known among those, to whom he has been hitherto known only by hearsay or not at all. To these the "*Paroles d'un Croyant*" will form the best preface to his other writings. Looking backwards, it will reconcile them to the intolerant catholicism of his "*Essai sur l'Indifférence en Matière de Religion*," and looking forward, it will induce them perhaps to look with forbearance even on the bold and daring speculations which appeared last year in the "*Peuple Constituant*." This work is full of pictures—of allusions to passing events—of predictions of fierce philippics against despotism—of brief narratives and apologues—designed to enlarge and strengthen the sentiment of good will towards men.

Among the principal beauties of the work is its extreme simplicity. A child may understand it. Sometimes, as in the "Dialogue of the Young Soldier," and the "Lamentation upon Exile," the form of composition is so infantine as to be almost comic. You, in fact, do sometimes smile at first, at what appears to you a ludicrous repetition. Here is a passage in illustration:

"He departed, a wanderer over the face of the earth. May God be the poor exile's guide!

"I have travelled among the nations of the world; they have gazed on me, and I have gazed on them; but without recognizing each other. The exile is everywhere solitary.

"When, towards the close of day, I have beheld in the depths of some valley the smoke ascending from a cottage, I have murmured to myself, How happy is he who returns at evening to his domestic hearth, and finds himself surrounded by those who love him! The exile is everywhere solitary!

"Whither go those clouds, which the tempest impels before it? It impels me like them, and it signifies not whither. The exile is everywhere solitary!

"These trees are majestic, these flowers are beautiful; but they are not the flowers and trees of my native land. They address no language to my heart. The exile is everywhere solitary!

"This brook flows gently through the plains, but its murmur is not that to which my infancy listened; it awakens no remembrance in my soul. The exile is everywhere solitary!

"Those songs are sweet; but the sadness and the joy they awaken are not my joy or my sadness. The exile is everywhere solitary!

"Strangers have asked me, Why dost thou weep? And when I have opened my breast to them, they have shed no tears with me, because they have understood me not. The exile is everywhere solitary!

"I have beheld old men encircled by children as the olive is encircled by its tender shoots; but none of these old men called me son—none of their children called me brother. The exile is everywhere solitary!

"I have seen young maidens smile, with a smile as pure as the morning's first breath, on those whom they had chosen to be their husbands; but not one of them smiled on me. The exile is everywhere solitary!

"I have seen young men embrace each other in affection, as if they would have become one; but no one has pressed my hand. The exile is everywhere solitary!

"There is no friend, wife, father, or brother anywhere but in your native land. The exile is everywhere solitary!

"Unhappy exile! cease to afflict thyself, all men are banished like thee, and behold father, brother, wife, friend pass away and disappear.

"We have no country here below; in vain man searches for it. What he mistakes for it is only a resting-place for the night.

"He departs, wandering over the earth. May God guide the unhappy exile!"

But, true to his original conception, and in the full confidence of genius, the author proceeds in this fashion until the very monotony which excited your merriment recalls you to yourself, and begets solemn reflections. Upon the same principle, the paintings in the royal tombs of Egypt have been arranged. On descending the long flight of steps which leads to the sepulchral chambers, you behold on the ceiling one black eagle with outspread wings, and then a second, and a third, and so on, till you grow weary of reckoning, and fancy you are look-

ing at an interminable procession of eagles extending from time to eternity. So it is with Lamennais, in his elegiac dithyrambic, if we may be allowed the expression, on exile. He concludes each stanza, if there can be stanzas in prose, with the words, "*L'exilé partout est seul*," until the incessant iteration wrings your heart, and leaves, as it were, a perpetual echo of compassion in your memory. You have been made to realize to yourself all the loneliness of an exile; you have beheld him cast off from home, and parents, and friends, and driven by the winds of persecution, like a grain of chaff over the surface of society, rejoicing with no man's joy, and sympathizing with no man's sorrow, but everlastingly solitary, and tortured by the longing to return to that domestic circle from which he feels he has been cast forth for ever.

In drawing this touching picture, Lamennais had obviously in view the condition of those men whom Louis Philippe's government had chased from France. Of all exiles, the French exile is most to be pitied. He knows not how to accommodate himself to the exigencies of any country but his own. The Englishman, wherever he may be cast, strikes, and takes root in the soil, and with indomitable force of character builds up a new home, and sanctifies it with all the spontaneous charities of the domestic hearth. But the Frenchman, in the first place, is an unmarrying animal, and is therefore deprived of those finer and more delicate fibres which put forth so easily from the Englishman to attach him to new localities; and secondly, he has an intolerance of strange languages, to the pronunciation of which his organs will not accommodate themselves, and all but an insurmountable aversion to make friends anywhere but at home.

Here and elsewhere in the later writings of Lamennais, we discover a tendency to interpret the doctrines of Christianity in a manner differing from the received standard. This is chiefly apparent in his "*Esquisse d'une Philosophie*," and in his little volume, entitled, "*De la Religion*," where he rejects the doctrine of original sin, and teaches that all the religions of the earth form but parts of one great system, and partake more or less of truth. In support of this view, it may be observed, that where there is no truth, there is no vitality, and that consequently the mere existence of any creed proves that it cannot be composed entirely of error. We may further extend this remark, and maintain that the life of all reli-

gions must be more or less protracted in proportion to the amount of truth they contain.

The central idea of Lamennais' system is God; and his philosophy may be regarded as an exposition, more or less successful, of our relation to the divinity. But in metaphysics, there are, properly speaking, no discoveries to be made; and when, therefore, men are said to have invented a new system, the meaning is, that they have given a new arrangement to the hereditary truths of philosophy, and cast upon them the color of their own idiosyncracies. For this reason, we may, without much difficulty, excuse ourselves for not entering into a critical analysis of Lamennais' metaphysical theories, the chief object of which is to "vindicate the ways of God to men." This is especially visible in his treatment of the stupendous question of moral and physical evil. It would preserve us from a world of perplexities and difficulties if we would consent to acknowledge with Locke that there are subjects which lie altogether beyond the reach of the human understanding. The question of evil is one of these. All the labors of man, from the birth of philosophy to the present hour, have not removed one ray of obscurity from it, or enabled us to comprehend how anything should exist in opposition to the will of an omnipotent Creator. That evil does exist, we know; that it is in opposition to his will, we presume; but it would be better and wiser for us to avoid the presumption of entering unbidden into the councils of God, and obtruding the reasons of the finite upon the Infinite. Lamennais' mind, subtle and penetrating as it is, necessarily fails here. He supposes evil to be an inevitable consequence of creation—that is, of the calling into existence of innumerable wills and intelligences, all free, all capable of independent action, all equally exposed to the accidents of birth, growth, and decline. As far as our reason enables us to judge, there is a radical error here. The result of perfect wisdom and unlimited power would, in our apprehension, be a perfect universe. But evil is disorder, and disorder is imperfection. On this subject, we cannot venture to sit in judgment. All we can do is, in obedience at once to our instincts and our reason, to believe firmly in the perfection of the great First Cause, and leave the origin of evil among the problems which humanity is unable to solve.

The chief defect in Lamennais' late writings is the propensity to dwell too perseveringly on abstract questions. In attacking

the systems or confuting the reasonings of his predecessors, he avoids all special references and the mentioning of names. Useful in certain forms of composition, this practice is highly inconvenient and wrong here. We like to know with what enemy we are fighting, who it is to whom we are opposed, and what is the precise language which he, in his own person, employs. It by no means contents us to be presented with the exposition of an antagonist, who, however candid and conscientious, may, unknown to himself, understate the objection he means to demolish, and exaggerate the absurdity he desires to expose.

The present age, however, is not in any sense an age of theory; a fact which may be regarded with alarm by those who believe in the indefinite progress of humanity. Our cry has long been for the practical. We wish to realize, to convert ideas into things, opinions into constitutions, speculations into active principles. Whether we ought on this account to congratulate ourselves or not can scarcely be decided now. That is a point on which it will be for posterity to determine. Meanwhile nothing is more certain than that the whole civilized world is eager for enjoyment, for setting aside the dreamy and the poetical, and taking up with those palpable results which the principle we call common sense recommends to us.

Now it happens, singularly enough, that Lamennais, though belonging pre-eminently to the present generation, is not, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, a partisan of common sense. All his reasonings are intended to prove that the happiness of mankind does not at all consist in the production of wealth; that, on the contrary, mediocrity of fortune is best for states as well as for individuals; and that, therefore, instead of living perpetually in an industrious Babel, charmed by the jargon of the factory and the exchange, we should allow ourselves considerable leisure for the cultivation of the affections, and the enjoyment of what we possess. He believes, moreover, in the possibility of emancipating men from the empire of selfishness, and inducing them to take an interest in the welfare of their neighbors—a doctrine pre-eminently unfashionable. They who would learn his ideas on this subject should read his "*Amschaspands and Darvends*," where, through the instrumentality of Persian machinery, he dissects, with great vigor and boldness, the alleged defects of society in Europe, and more especially in France. Possibly the idea of this work was

suggested by Montesquieu's "Persian Letters." But Lamennais has worked out the plan after his own fashion, developing everywhere his sympathy for the weak and the oppressed, and lavishing the fiercest anathemas upon those who derive their gratification from the practise of tyranny, or rise to opulence by grinding the faces of the poor. We regret the form into which his materials have been cast. Out of France, readers must always find it difficult to follow the course of the author's thoughts, and even in France, the employment of uncouth and barbarous names, the arbitrary invention of myths, and the perpetual reference to a system of fable, which no art or eloquence can render popular in Europe, immensely detracts from the utility of the performance.

We have remarked above, that Lamennais' system is little in harmony with the received interpretation of the principle of common sense; and we may add that still less does it agree with some of the doctrines to be found in his own earlier writings. He looks upon society as at present constituted to be rather an evil than a good, since, in his view, it afflicts hundreds with misery for one to whom it is productive of happiness. He is, therefore, the advocate of indefinite change, or of revolution, if we prefer the term.

Many writers in France, among whom Lamennais holds a conspicuous place, have rejected the received notions with respect to property. Some would recommend for the management of it one class of rules, some another; but all regard it as an instrument in the hands of the state, to be employed as may be considered most convenient for the benefit of the community. Lamennais' ideas on this subject are not to be found in any of his larger works; but in an unedited chapter of his "*Esquisse d'une Philosophie*," which found its way to the press during the heat of the violent discussions which took place in France under the Provisional Government. Perhaps the public on this side of the channel are too little familiar with this class of inquiries properly to appreciate Lamennais' views. He does not mean to advocate the invasion of those rights which society, in the very act of its formation, establishes, still less does he desire to advocate principles which could not be brought into play without arresting the progress of civilization. But whatever he may intend, it is clear that he contemplates all property as in some sense the property of the state, and maintains that it belongs to the state to re-

organize it, and to watch over its accumulation and transmission, with a view to the augmentation, and not to the diminution of industry. Ticklish ground this, say our own political economists, and truly we are something of that mind. But let us proceed. Lamennais takes his stand on metaphysical principles, and on the original constitution of human nature. On this ground he contends that every man is born into the world with certain rights, which no arrangements of society can destroy. Among these is the right to live, which, properly understood, signifies the right to labor, or, in other words, to deserve and accumulate the common necessities of life. This, according to his theory, no man can forfeit, since it is one of those characteristics which constitute his claims to be reckoned among mankind. He offers all his faculties, mental and bodily, to society, which, whether it needs his services or not, owes him in return protection and maintenance. If society needed his strength, his courage, his ingenuity, it would, without consulting him, consider itself entitled to demand of him the exercise of these qualities for its benefit, as every day's experience demonstrates. To be just and consistent, therefore, says Lamennais, we must follow out the reasoning, and maintain that exactly in proportion to the claims of society upon the individual, are the claims of the individual upon society. It will not do to say that the community does not need your existence, and that the fact of your having been born, so far from being a blessing, is a curse to it. This is impertinence, not logic. Society before your birth had rendered your existence possible; nay, had brought together the elements from the combination of which you could not choose but spring to light. It is, therefore, answerable for your being, and bound, according to the most sacred laws of duty, to provide for the continuance of it.

Now property, rightly understood, signifies collectively all those things which are necessary to the conservation of life, to its comfort, to its adornment, to its physical and moral happiness. All men as they spring from the hands of nature have an equal right to live, consequently to the means of living—that is, to property. But accidental circumstances, which society finds itself unable to regulate, lead to the accumulation of superabundant wealth by certain individuals and families. What is to be done? Are they to be forcibly deprived of what in conventional language is called their own? This

would be to strike with paralysis the springs of industry, to spread universal terror, and not only to check the development of society, but even to thrust it back towards barbarism. And yet where some have too much, others must have too little. Means should, therefore, be devised by which the superfluity of the opulent may be made to contribute to the support of the poor, not by way of charity, which would convert the industrious classes into paupers, but by some subtle process of law, operating almost invisibly to produce a more equitable distribution of property. One such contrivance is that of progressive taxation, which, however startling at first, may, it is argued, be soon admitted as reasonable where self-interest does not interfere to warp the conclusions of the judgment. The philosophical way of measuring a man's contributions for the support of the state is not, it is said, to regard them with reference to his property, but with reference to the personal sacrifices they call upon him to make. There are thousands whose utmost exertions barely procure them the means of subsistence, and if we demand from them a state contribution of ten per cent., that sum, however small it may be, will be productive of far greater inconvenience, and perhaps suffering to them, then fifteen or twenty per cent. would occasion to a wealthy man. Indeed, in the latter case, the sacrifice would be merely imaginary; if such a proportion of his wealth were taken away without his being apprised of the fact, the sum of his enjoyments would remain exactly what it was before. He would neither eat, dress, sleep a jot the less, or the less sumptuously.

Upon these grounds Lamennais and others contend for the establishment of a system of progressive taxation in France. They consider it necessary for the realization of their other political views. Without it, they contend, it will be impossible properly to adjust the burden of taxation, so as to impose upon the poor no more than their just share. By easing them in this way, society would make provision for the moderate accumulation of property in their hands. Every man preserved from this sort of social spoliation would be enabled the better to provide for himself and his children, to diminish the number of candidates for hired labor, to elevate in the same ratio the rate of wages, and to render easier the application of the great fundamental principle of democratic government—the right to labor.

To what extent these principles are capa-

ble of being brought into practice we need not now attempt to determine. It will be sufficient, by this brief exposition, to direct the attention of our readers to them. We scarcely need say that with much that has been written and said in favor of these theories we have no sort of sympathy. But even in such exaggerations we see the not unnatural reaction of the mind against property, as brought about by that policy of nations which has hitherto been so strongly in its favor. Notions of this description would not have taken so much root in Europe, had there not been some show of justice in them; and we think we are doing the right thing in placing them before our readers, not as they are caricatured by adversaries, or as carried to extremes by bad men, but as they appear to the more sober class of persons, who, more or less, hold them. Socialism with some men no doubt means spoliation of everything evil; with others it is only another word for equitable reform—reforms of such a nature as are still needed in many things among ourselves. Weak, however, are those political speculators, who, in their humor to find intelligence and virtue wherever they find poverty and filth, expect to see the working classes really happier simply by reason of their being less obliged to work. The disease is more complex than such state-doctors suppose, and lies much deeper. In-occupancy can be nothing but a curse to the majority of men, apart from the culture necessary to make a right use of it.

From what has been said, the reader will, we trust, be able to form a tolerably fair estimate of Monsieur Lamennais' theories and character. Reports, we know, emanating from the French capital, have made the circuit of Europe, which represent him as a turbulent individual, ever intent upon inciting insurrection for the gratification of some private passion or ambition of his own. We will not pretend to say that he views the sufferings of the humbler classes with equanimity. On the contrary, we fear, it must be admitted, that his warm and well-meant sympathies often betray him into the use of exciting language, which, addressed to a highly susceptible people, may at times incline them to adopt unwise measures in the hope of abating their suffering. We are aware of much that may be said in defense of this part of his conduct, but we are not disposed to become in this respect his advocates. Our business with him is chiefly as a man in whom we see many of the contending agencies of our times at work, and in a manner not

wholly uninformative. That he is not more influential than we find him, is to be accounted for from the fact, that the religious sentiment is necessary to give efficacy to his teaching. He does not, and cannot work through scepticism, neither can his voice awaken an echo in the heart in which the religious sentiment has been extinguished. Somewhat like our own Milton, therefore, he must be content to find fit audience, though few; he panders to no mean passion; he addresses no immoral godless rabble; but drawing his weapons from the armory of reason, patriotism, and religion, he has labored, through a long life, to elevate the condition of his countrymen, and render them worthy of the freedom which his writings, as a whole, are calculated to achieve for them.

In a literary point of view, his works may be said to be possessed of very high excellence. If there be a fault, it is the want of repose. There is agitation, there is movement, there is warmth, depth, and vitality. But you are always urged along by excitement, until your nervous system becomes jaded, and you at length escape from him in search of tranquillity. This is to be lamented; and still greater matter of regret is it, that almost every other distinguished writer in France—nay, we might perhaps say in Europe, shares, in a greater or less degree, the same fault—we live in a perpetual bustle, which allows us no time for profound meditation. As soon as a thought is born in our minds, we hasten to lay it before the public, even before we have examined of what spirit it is, and determined for ourselves whether good or evil is likely to result from its communication.

This, in some measure, accounts for the differences observable in the successive writing of Lamennais. He has always felt strongly, and being conscious of possessing great powers of eloquence, has been easily tempted to believe that the doctrine, of the soundness of which he was for the time convinced, could not fail, on being divulged, to be productive of good to his species. But they who think and reason impetuously, must often be hurried into false conclusions. His style bears some resemblance to that of Jean Jacques Rousseau, though less sustained and severe. Like Burke, he permits himself to draw figures from physical sciences with which the public can never become familiar, and this cannot fail to circumscribe his popularity. For the most part, however, Lamennais' figures of speech are drawn *ex medio*,

in obedience to the precept of Cicero. But whatever his figures may be, there is always a fervency in the language which fixes and amalgamates them with the other materials of his style. You feel, moreover, that he is always in earnest, eager to convince, and vehemently resolute to persuade. He does not treat the reader as if he were unworthy of his solicitude; but setting a high value on his suffrage, he seeks, by a frank and manly appeal, to obtain it. Take the following as a specimen of the style in which Lamennais could write while a Louis Philippe was on the throne of France:

"Suffer yourselves not to be deceived by vain words. Many will seek to persuade you that you are truly free, because they have written the word liberty on a scrap of paper, and posted it up at all cross-roads!

"Liberty is not a proclamation which may be read at the corners of streets. It is a living power which men feel within and around themselves—the protecting genius of the domestic hearth, the guaranty of social rights, among which it is itself the principal.

"The oppressor, who shelters himself under its name, is the worst of oppressors. He unites falsehood with tyranny, and to injustice adds profanation; for the name of liberty is holy.

"Beware, therefore, of those who cry, 'Liberty, liberty!' and yet ruin it by their works.

"Is it you that make choice of those who rule over you, who command you to do this and abstain from that, who tax your property, your industry, your labor?

"And if it be not you, how are you free?

"Are you able to dispose of your children according to your own will, to confide to whom you please the task of instructing them, and forming their manner? And if you have not this power, how are you free?

"Even the birds of the air, and the insects of the field, assemble together to accomplish in common what they are unable to do alone. Can you meet together to consult respecting your interests, to defend your rights, to obtain some mitigation of your misfortunes? And if not, how are you free?

"Can you, when retiring at night to rest, be sure that persons will not come during your sleep, to pry into the most secret corners of your house, drag you from the bosom of your family, and cast you into a dungeon, because power, in its pusillanimous terror, has conceived suspicions of you? And if you cannot be sure of this, how are you free?

"Liberty will shed its light upon you when, by dint of courage and perseverance, you have emancipated yourselves from these forms of servitude.

"Liberty will shed its light upon you when you shall have said, in the depths of your soul, We are resolved to be free; and when, in order to become so, you are ready to sacrifice and suffer everything.

"Liberty will shed its light upon you when, at

the foot of the cross, upon which Christ died, you shall have sworn to die one for another."

The following passage, published some years since, expresses his views as to the break-up awaiting the old institutions of Europe:

"Such, over the whole earth, is the present condition of the human race. There is no religion which does not totter, no empire which is not mouldering to decay. Shaken, reduced to ruins, the institutions of past ages no longer offer anywhere to mankind a dwelling in which they may live. And if some nations, imagining they were building for eternity, have in haste constructed frail shelters for themselves, beneath which they might rest from their labors, it has perpetually been found necessary to prop up or rebuild these miserable hovels, which the smallest stream may undermine, or the first storm overthrow.

"There prevails everywhere at present so painful a consciousness of the instability of human affairs, that it deprives of all real force those powers which, for their own interest, would prolong the existing order of things. Besides, this worn-out system, this vain shadow, maintains no longer any hold on the minds or consciences of men. It no longer represents right as conceived by the intellect, but, on the contrary, is its most flagrant violation. Now, the idea of duration being inseparable from the idea of right, or that which ought to exist—that is, from the idea of a whole, co-ordinated according to the essential laws of power—men discover in this merely fastidious arrangement, contrary in all respects to those laws, signs certain and indubitable of approaching destruction.

"The enfeebling of duty, an inevitable consequence of the weaknesses of faith, contributes also to strengthen the feeling now become general of the instability of things. For it is duty that unites; without it, every man stands apart; there is no longer a support for any one; the consciousness becomes universal of incurable debility—of an overwhelming incapacity for prolonged existence.

"Nevertheless, in the very confusion and disorder which prevail, we discern signs of a dawning faith, which will reorganize the world, as well as of a tendency towards one vast union, in which the numerous portions of the human race, now distinct and divided, will naturally take their proper place. The old religions, together with the civilizations which spring from them, are rapidly dissolving, in as far as their elements were transitory. And thus are lowered those fatal barriers which divided nations; and the movement of the same nations, perpetually drawn together more and more by increasing facility of communication, by commerce, and even by war, gradually produce their amalgamation, and prepare their fusion at a future period, distant, no doubt, but every day becoming less problematical."

Among ourselves, socialism has been asso-

ciated with every manifestation of absurdity, immorality, and irreligion. In France it has too much of the same fellowship. But the wisest, as well as the most honest course of dealing with it, we suspect is, not to confound the man of principle and humanity, though he should have erred somewhat from the right path, with the worthless and selfish, and then to proscribe the whole under

one odious designation; but rather to look at socialism as it is, and to do what may be done towards leaving it without power, by leaving it without any reasonable cause. Wat-Tylerism, chartism, socialism, all have their meanings, and the men are not wise, as statesmen, patriots, or Christians, who are slow to believe thus much.

From the People's Journal.

GEORGE DAWSON.

BY GOODWYN BARMBY.

AMONG the new lights of the Christian ministry, a star has arisen in the spiritual firmament over Birmingham, which has much occupied, with speculations as to the nature and extent of its orbit, our mental astronomers. Mental astronomy, so to speak, has been a sort of science, critically condemned by many, until its lustrous objects have set in the darkness of the grave. The stars of the stage form, undoubtedly, an exception to this apparently paradoxical canon. They, at least, are judged while living; and loud plaudits arise while even the feet of the famous *danseuse* are twinkling upon the boards of the theatre. Nor otherwise do we deem it inappropriate, that the pit of the world should form some judgment of the actor in the pulpit or in the editorial chair, while yet they breathe and move and have their being upon this theatre of the earth. Post-mortem criticism may be more elaborate, more finished, more coldly correct, more complete in detail; and, of course, more fully comprehensive of the life of man: but the living sketch—the note of the moment—although but the portrait of a certain age, assuredly gives the glow of the glance then; its fiery flash lighted up at that instant, the depth of its lustre, the bearing of its brow, such as can never be conceived from the complexion of a corpse; and, in fact, furnishes features more true for the time than would otherwise occur to the eye, in the

ultimate picture of the biographer of the departed. Moreover, we like to know not only of the dead but of the living; and those whom space divides from an object have often no reluctance to see through the eyes of another. Thus, and to these, we offer a passing note of George Dawson. From its very slightness it may pass review, like Slender in Falstaff's muster.

George Dawson was born in 1821, in St. Pancras parish, London. His father was the master of one of the largest and oldest private academies in the metropolis. In this school he received his early education; and, as the son of a schoolmaster, he no doubt met with an attentive, if not a severe training, as all schoolboys know who have ever been educated with the son of their preceptors. His father was a sincere Non-conformist of the Baptist persuasion—and therefore Glasgow, and not Cambridge or Oxford, had the honor of completing his education. At the Glasgow college, which imposes no creed, and therefore requires no compromise of principle from its students, he went through the regular courses of instruction, which ended by his obtaining his degree of master of arts. Intended for a preacher, he then waited for some while at home until a vacancy in the ministry for which he was designed should occur. Birmingham was the place destined for his labors.

In 1844, George Dawson was first settled

in Birmingham, as the minister of the Mount Zion chapel, belonging to the Baptist denomination. A year and some months afterwards we were wandering with a friend through the streets of that town of iron, upon one Wednesday evening, when our attention was struck by an unwonted number of persons for a week-day evening hurrying into the gates of a chapel. We followed the crowd; and entered a large, dim, and, we believe, octagon edifice. The congregation already assembled was numerous and respectable. Presently appeared, in a little, low pulpit, a slim, dark, and rather Jewish-looking young man. It was Mount Zion chapel and George Dawson. A hymn was sung, a prayer offered, and some scripture read. During the time thus occupied, we could but scrutinize the appearance of the chief ministrant. There was a something in his personality very unlike that of the presentations offered by other ministers, in all the other pulpits we had visited. Although dark, his look was extremely youthful; he seemed to the sight, from the pew to the desk, to be certainly not more than twenty. His dark hair and features probably caused us to conceive that there was a considerable cast of the Hebrew lineaments, of D'Israeli's pure Caucasian, in his countenance. Moreover, his appearance was decidedly unministerial in the ordinary idea of such, in outward presentment. His dark hair was curly, and peculiarly parted—more poet than priest-like. He wore a black coat, it is true—unlike Coleridge, who in his erratic ministry determinedly sported one of blue, with bright, gilt buttons—but he had no white muslin around his throat, but a black neckerchief, with a shirt collar slightly turned over. Nor did these little things fail to indicate something of the character of him before us. Besides, there was his free glance—the mellowness of his manner—the natural air and ease with which he read, so different from the toned tone to which one becomes accustomed in the pulpit, all which marked to us a mind which was unconventional, unsophisticated, original. Nor were we mistaken in our man, youth as he appeared.

The devotional portion of the service ended, the instructional commenced. Quietly and calmly our young minister arose from his seat, leaned over his desk, and at once, without text or other formality, began discoursing—not talking, but discoursing on high subjects—momentous to the mind and hallowed to the heart, as we hold converse with the best of our bosom friends, on the

soul and on things spiritual, when the sky above us seems solemn, and a deep awe broods within each breast. He discoursed how Mary had waited for the promise of God; how that we also should wait. Commoving all the fibres of filial affection, he endeared her to us, not only as the mother of Jesus, but likewise as the mother of Christians. It was the music of the mind that he poured forth, but it was mellowed from the fountains of the heart. The strain was solemn as it was simple, calm as it was clear. It was no ebb and tide, but an even swell of soul. It was not now hush, and now storm; but an air soft and sweet as a breath of perfume, which was his inspiration. No chord of thunder, it is true, vibrated in tempest tones beneath a demiurgic hand; no lightning flash of Jove scorched the spirit of the sinner; but a harp of silver sound sung to the soul of salvation, clear in tune, equable in execution, and hallowed by harmonies to the heart. The speaker ceased as he had begun—fluently, easily, as if he had more to say, but deferred it for another time. There was no formal peroration, no winsome way of winding up; for all the discourse had point, from the first to the last sentence. We afterwards found that it was one of a course of lectures on the women of the Scriptures. We heard others. They were like this, each equally silvery, sweet and beautiful.

His peculiarities of preaching, rather than any absolute doctrinal difference, at length, however, induced a portion of the proprietary of Mount Zion chapel to moot a separation between themselves and their minister. These peculiarities are no others than we have named, if we except a certain literary tendency of style and subject, wider scope of illustration, and a further field of information than is usual to the pulpit, with the exception of the instance of the member for Oldham, the Fox of Finsbury chapel; of Theodore Parker of America, and of a few others. The subject of disagreement was not as to difference of doctrine, but was a question as to tendency of taste. Notwithstanding his large audiences, and the increasing popularity of George Dawson, not only as a preacher, but also as a public man in Birmingham, a separation was agreed upon. The majority of the congregation, however, sympathized and seceded with their minister. A subscription, amply sufficient, was raised for building him a new chapel; and on the 8th of August, 1847, "The Church of the Saviour," as the new edifice is designated, was opened by Mr. Dawson. It is capable

of accommodating upwards of fifteen hundred persons, is usually full, and often crowded. A document has been published by the congregation, embodying their views; from which the following extracts may be interesting to the reader. It says:

"The members of this congregation admit that there exists among them a considerable diversity of opinion upon several important doctrines in theology, but they do not regard that difference as a bar to Christian union.

"They unite for the study of Christian truth, under the instruction of a teacher, whom they do not regard as the retained advocate of certain doctrines, and therefore bound to publish and support them, but as one whose duty it is to aid them in their studies, by giving them the benefit of his earnest inquiry into the truth of God.

"They unite in the bonds of charity as students, with a feeling that each has much to learn, and perchance, much to unlearn; their bond is prospective rather than retrospective—a common spirit, end and aim, rather than a common belief and creed.

"They unite to do good to others, to obey the Lord's commandments, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to instruct the ignorant.

"They hold that to each individual his theological belief is of high importance: they seek, therefore, to promote belief in what to them appears the best mode; not by requiring it authoritatively, but by searching for evidence in the freest spirit of inquiry. On controverted points, they would examine both sides of the controversy, and then, having, 'proved all things, hold fast that which is good.'

"They hold that, lacking the power to search the hearts of men, they must be content with the confession of the mouth, and the still stronger evidence afforded by Christ's rule, 'by their fruits ye shall know them;' they therefore regard the Christian character, as displayed in life, as their rule by which to know the Christian."

With views so wide as these, we see that no absolute difference of doctrine separates the congregation of the Church of the Saviour from the better portion of the religious world. The congregation itself has been collected out of almost all sects, including the Established Church; and also from among those who either were not in the habit of attending public worship at all, or had never connected themselves with any Christian denomination. It is likewise a striking fact, that a large proportion of the members who have joined this

congregation, retain their previous doctrinal opinions. The order of worship observed in the Church of the Saviour is similar to that usually adopted by Dissenters, with the addition of chanting. The communion-table of the Lord's Supper is free to all; "a man's own conscience being regarded as the arbiter of his unfitness or fitness for participation therein."

George Dawson, however, must not be regarded simply as a preacher, and as the founder of a congregation. He is also a literary lecturer of eminence. His lectures at the Birmingham Town-hall, at the Manchester Athenæum, at the London Whittington Club, and other similar public institutions of respectability, upon Milton, upon Thomas Carlyle, upon the German writings, upon numerous subjects, from Proverbs to Things Invisible, have been heard and appreciated by thousands. George Dawson is as popular a lecturer as he is a preacher. His lectures, in fact, partake of the moral tone of the sermon, as his discourses from the pulpit participate in the character of the literary lecture. There is, moreover, a quaint humor in them, which comes fresh in these didactic days. Full of points as a row of pins, they make a pin-cushion of the memory. In sharp, short sentences, sometimes they have all the nature of aphorisms. Mystic as the expressions in them often are, they have otherwise a point and quaintness which gives them purpose. There is besides, occasionally, the same lyric sweetness, the same simple beauty, flowing, as it were, unconsciously from his mouth, while lecturing at the Mechanics' Institution, as we have heard it also flow while discoursing at the chapel. At such time the Athenæum is elevated to a temple, the lecturer to a priest, and we feel uncovered, and know it is holy ground.

In Tait's Magazine, some while since, there appeared a criticism upon George Dawson, by George Gilfillan. A writer of power, with an awful mastery of words, easily writing metaphors, and arranging them ever admirably for picturesque effect, Gilfillan falls foul of Dawson with a thunder-storm of tropes, and, to his own satisfaction, utterly annihilates him with an army of analogies. To such sacred slaughter we humbly enter our peace-protest. According to Gilfillan, Dawson is entirely unoriginal. He is a copyist of Carlyle. He epitomizes Emerson. He serves up Strauss at second-hand. He pours forth doubly-diluted Germanism. Does any one who has been in the habit of hearing George Dawson preach, really think

thus with Gilfillan? Of his lectures, the subjects themselves may have suggested a similarity of style to that of the authors to which they have been devoted, and of whom he is charged with imitation. We by no means wish to affirm, however, that the mind of Dawson is altogether original: what mind is? German thought is now germane, not only to the intellect of Europe, but also to that of America. Dawson may not be entirely original as a thinker. It would be a vast wonder if he were. It is as a preacher simply that we contend for his originality. As a thinker he may confuse himself with the subjective and the objective of Germanism; he may mix mysticism with mind; he may recoin Carlyle; but as a preacher he has that purity and simplicity in him, derived from the Gospel, which neither Carlyle nor Emerson possess. In his preaching may be observed his originality, both in its matter and in its manner. In its matter, fresh and new to the pulpit, delivered either with the unaccustomed simplicity of the Scriptures, or with a remarkable novelty of illustration. In its manner, *naïve* and striking, as free from the conventionality of the conventicle, as from the custom of the cathedral. Such is the originality of Dawson. Gilfillan can never remove its impression from the minds of those who have heard the young preacher of Birmingham.

If the name of George Dawson is coupled with one name more than another in England, it is that of W. J. Fox, M.P., the celebrated lecturer of Finsbury. There is, however, no comparison between the two, except by contrast. Fox is an orator, Dawson is a discourses. Dawson is eloquent, Fox is rhetorical. There is a sonorous sound from the spirit of Fox, now like the peal of organ pipes, now like the blast of a trumpet. Between the lips of Dawson there appears, on the contrary, a liquid lyre, from which a silvery sense resounds which startles us not by the force of fire, but by the power of its sweetness. Dawson is lyrical; Fox is epic. Fox builds the measured lofty rhyme, with all the art of an architect in music, story on story, pile on pile, base and column, entablature and frieze, cupola and cornice, until at length an arrowy pinnacle shoots upward towards heaven. George Dawson pours forth apparently an unpremeditated song, as

if his harp hung on a willow, and was swept with the sighing sough of a breeze, beneath the sky of the Scriptures. In fact Fox is more Greek, and pagan, and artistic—while Dawson is more Hebrew, and Christian, and instructive. Such are their characteristics by contrast. Not that each does not occasionally evince a portion of the other's power, but that they are rather to be characterized by contrastive development than by those things in which they accord. Both men of mind, the one a victorious veteran, yet weighty in war; the other, a young athlete, already stripped and fighting in the training lists; the comparison, even by contrast, must be as pleasing to the former as it is honorable to the latter.

In literature the strength of Dawson has not yet been tried. As a writer, he has published, however, two or three tracts; the most notable of these is entitled "The Demands of the Age upon the Church." In this he reminds us, that there are three states which men have to pass through. "When all are very ignorant, the chances are that all will think very much alike, if they think at all; when all are partially educated, that no two will think alike; when all shall be fully educated, the probability is, that all will think alike again. At present we are in the second of these stages. For this, entire liberty of thought is prescribed. "In full freedom alone can true unity be gained." Besides these tracts, the editorship of the *Birmingham Mercury* is ascribed to their author. Such is the name of a cheap local newspaper, which has but lately been commenced. On the issue of its first number, the doors of the office in Birmingham were literally besieged, and ten thousand copies sold; a fact unprecedented in the annals of provincial publication. Its leaders undoubtedly display the train of thought of him to whom they are ascribed.

The subject of our memoir has been lately married to the sister of a Christian minister. His labors are arduous, but he relaxes by a trip to the continent every summer.

For the rest, George Dawson is known as a friend of the people, as a promoter of peace, a champion of education, and a teacher of temperance. May his sun increase, and this page of his life become its least important record.

From the Quarterly Review.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

A Guide to the Scientific Knowledge of Things Familiar. By the Rev. Dr. BREWER. 1848.

POPULAR science is less a concession to the spirit of our age than is by many imagined. It has always in modern times been the humble attendant on mathematical philosophy, like the squire on the knight in the days of chivalry. "Let us," said D'Alembert, "find out the thing—there will be no lack of persons to put it into shape;" and, in fact, since the revival of letters, whenever a discoverer has delivered the text, there have been plenty of commentators to expound it to the multitude. His immediate pupils have become his interpreters to the larger audience, who, without taste or time for algebra and geometry, were eager to be initiated into the laws of the universe. But though several manuals, either original or translated, existed previously, it was the publication of the *Principia*—the greatest step ever taken in mathematical physics—which gave in England, by the splendor and interest of its discoveries, an equal impulse to popular science. The homage which innovators must often await from posterity, it was Newton's good fortune to receive from contemporaries. A system above attack, and a genius too pre-eminent for envy, might not of themselves have silenced opposition; for ignorance and prejudice hear no reason and respect no claims. But the abstruseness of the *Principia* insured him a trial by a special jury. None could approach who were incapable of appreciating the work, and in its main positions to understand and be convinced by it were identical things. Being written in a language which only scholars could read, and consisting of reasoning which only the profoundest geometers could comprehend, the sale, of necessity, was exceedingly slow. A single edition satisfied the demand for more than twenty years. Philosophers are always a minority, and Halley wrote to Newton while it was printing, that even of philosophers

"by much the greater number were without mathematics." But the scientific literature of those twenty years is a conclusive proof that it was not neglect which retarded the circulation.* It found an audience fit though few—persons who received it with the reverence of disciples, and placed their glory in extending the renown of the master. The fondest idolatry could hardly heighten panegyrics which were only not extravagant because Newton was their object. "The incomparable" and "the illustrious" were the epithets bestowed on him; his genius was said to be more than human, and it was affirmed that the united discoveries of mechanical science from the creation of the world did not amount to a tenth part of what he, in a single publication, had disclosed. Stamped with the approbation of consummate judges, the majority accepted the conclusions of the *Principia* without cavil or mistrust, and joined in admiring truths the demonstration of which they were incompetent to understand. Locke, after obtaining from Huygens, with characteristic caution, an assurance that the mathematical propositions of the *Principia* were unimpeachably correct, studied for himself, in the original work, the physical laws, and enrolled himself among the adherents, as he was before among the friends, of its author. Newton appears to have been proud of the circumstance, for he often related it. The bulk of the public might well be content

* The interval which elapsed between the first and second editions of the *Principia* is the principal argument of those who delight to discover that great works were received with indifference on their original publication. Our remarks throughout are confined to Great Britain, but it would be easy to refute the assertion of Voltaire that Newton at his death had not above twenty followers out of England. It was a gross and wilful exaggeration to enhance the importance of his own services in spreading the Newtonian philosophy.

with the authorities and arguments which satisfied the sceptic scrupulosity of Locke. In the mean while the first students constituted themselves the centres of fresh circles, for whom they simplified a geometry obscure from its depth and often from its brevity, and supplied connecting links to what Newton left a disjointed chain, seemingly unconscious that the intuition of others was less than his own. Each succeeding circle, as when a stone is flung into the water, gave birth to a wider, which, after the lapse of upwards of a century and a half, is still enlarging as population increases and education is diffused.

It was in 1687 that the *Principia* appeared, and within three or four years at furthest its doctrines were taught officially in the universities of England and Scotland. Newton himself took care of Cambridge. Edinburgh and St. Andrews, worthily represented, the first by David Gregory, the second by his brother James, had, previous to 1690, begun to train their scholars in the new philosophy. Oxford, which, notwithstanding the celebrated Wallis filled the chair of geometry, was, we suppose, deficient in indigenous mathematicians, imported David Gregory from Scotland in 1692, and made him Savilian Professor of Astronomy. He justified their choice by the publication of his *Elements of Physical and Geometrical Astronomy*, which won from Newton the praise that it was an excellent explanation and defense of his system, and which Keill, the countryman, pupil, and successor of Gregory, predicted would last as long as the sun and the moon. But the plaudits of a generation are not immortality. Gregory's sun is almost set. The remaining copies repose upon upper shelves, and the spider spins its web from cover to cover, secure that it will not be snapped by the opening of a book which time has closed.

It was Gregory's object to bring down the *Principia* to the average level of mathematical minds. Keill went further, and sought to reduce science to the lower level of instructed mankind. What Gregory in his *Elements* did for Newton, Keill did for Gregory in his *Astronomical Lectures*, which were first read to his class at Oxford, published in Latin in 1718, and again in English, translated by himself, in 1721. That a treatise on astronomy should involve a certain amount of geometry is little more than to say that to write implies the use of an alphabet. But a partial knowledge of Euclid is nearly all that Keill's lectures require,

and though only explaining the movements of the heavenly bodies, and not the physical causes which produce them, they have never been surpassed, within their limits, for clearness of conception and simplicity of exposition. Another work of Keill, less laborious but more esteemed, preceded his *Astronomy*. He delivered in 1700, in the schools of Oxford, a course of lectures in Latin on the elements of mechanics, and a year afterwards committed them to the press under the title of "*Introductio ad veram Physicam*." Maupertuis had such an opinion of this little treatise, that on his visit to England in 1729 he procured its translation into the vernacular tongue, and it is stated in the *Biographie Universelle*, that when the Newtonian philosophy took root in France, it was considered the best introduction to the *Principia*. It deserved the distinction. The fundamental principles of mechanical science are here made easy to ordinary apprehension, with a sparing use of geometrical demonstrations—and those clear, elegant, nearly self-evident—what most knew and all could learn. But a greater merit was the familiar illustrations which, rendered traditional by their singular aptness, are as surely repeated as the laws they elucidate, in every succeeding work of the kind. What proportion of them was due to his predecessors, and what to himself, it is difficult to determine. Writers on science have generally professed a greater awe of pedantry than of plagiarism, and contenting themselves at most with general acknowledgments, have declined to distinguish borrowed from proper wealth. It is not always they are willing to submit to the treatment they inflict. It is amusing to see authors, who are rich in rifled plumage, eagerly asserting a claim to some solitary feather plucked from themselves. Keill's originality is rendered probable by the repeated references of his immediate successors, who, if earlier claimants had existed, were likely to have known them.

Keill now took the final step in popularizing science. The system of Descartes was supposed to owe much of its success to the circumstance that it was independent of mathematics. All adopted what all could understand. Many had been heard to say, that if geometry was indispensable to the Newtonian philosophy, they would continue Cartesians, preferring sloth and fiction to labor and truth—and more were influenced by the same motive, although ashamed to confess it. Keill was desirous to deprive the enemy of the advantage derived to error

from indolence, and he hit on the scheme of making experiment do the work of geometry—of demonstrating through the action of mechanical contrivances what had hitherto been established by mathematical reasoning. In the year 1704 or 1705 he commenced a course of lectures at Oxford, in which, by means of philosophical apparatus, the conclusions of theory were reduced to practice. Others had exhibited isolated phenomena; Keill was the first who gave a connected system of natural philosophy, in which every experiment was the proof of a proposition, and every proposition a step in the argument. From hence dates a fresh era for science. The Cartesians, finding the abstractions of the mind made visible to the eye, no longer objected to the Newtonian philosophy that it was in alliance with mathematics; and the more numerous body who, in assenting to discoveries, the pride of their country, believed they scarce knew what, and scarce knew why, were enabled to exchange a blind trust for an enlightened conviction. A logical system of science was converted into an entertaining exhibition, and crowds flocked to the lectures not more to be instructed than amused. Thus out of a university which has often been accused of its anti-popular tendencies in education, issued Natural Philosophy in its most popular and attractive form, and there are some who have since sought honor in the same path, who little dreamt that they drew their pedigree from an Oxford professor.

Kiell left Oxford in 1710. A pupil, (son of a Nantes refugee,) by name Desaguliers, afterwards the friend and assistant of Newton, succeeded to his office, and continued lecturing for three years at Hart Hall. Then he removed to London, where he enjoyed a long and triumphant career. He states in the Lectures he published in 1734, that he was engaged in his hundred and twenty-first course; that of eleven or twelve persons who pursued his profession in different places, eight were his scholars; that he had numbered among his audience two successive monarchs, George I. and George II.; and shows that the patronage was likely to descend with the crown, by subscribing himself in the dedication "Experimental Philosopher to the Prince of Wales." What was more to the purpose, "all ranks and all professions" hastened to be initiated into the Newtonian physics, and he specially records that "the ladies" went to school to him as well as the men. They appear to have intended something more

than to while away a tedious hour when weary of parties, concerts, and plays; for Kiell mentions in the translation of his Astronomy, that he made it "at the request and for the service of the fair sex." England had then no Mrs. Somerville. But in other respects, the female generation which heard the lectures of Desaguliers, and read the Astronomy of Kiell, have left their descendants slender reason to boast the march of intellect in science, to think with contempt of their ancestors, or with pride of themselves. Natural philosophy had, in fact, for a period, become the fashion, and it is the fate of fashions, both wise and foolish, to pass away. While the world grew wiser, its accomplished teacher did not grow richer. It is mournful to relate, that from want of prudence, or want of patronage, Dr. Desaguliers fell into penury, and Cawthorn tells in nervous and pathetic verse—

"How he who taught two gracious kings to view
All Boyle ennobled, and all Newton knew,
Died in a cell, without a friend to save,
Without a guinea, and without a grave!"

It was said by a French wit that wives and almanacs were only of value for a year. Books of science, without much exaggeration, might have been placed by the side of almanacs and wives. Discovery is the companion of Time, and new doctrines incessantly added, erroneous notions as constantly exploded, soon render summaries of knowledge inaccurate and incomplete. There are no standing classics among the manuals of science—not owing to any deficiency either of talent or of industry, but because a portrait loses its resemblance when the features of the subject are altered by time. The works on natural philosophy which, from primitive defects, do not perish of disease, in the nature of things must die of old age. But apart from the disadvantage of writing from a scroll continually unrolling, the popular authors of Newton's era will stand a comparison, as instructors, with nearly all of the many who have built on their foundation. The art of explanation has received few improvements. In its methods and resources it remains much as it was left by Keill and Desaguliers. Their principal point of inferiority is their style. They never thought of tempering the severity of science by the graces of literature. Unless when restrained by a learned language, they were more mindful of what they said than how they said it, and wrote with all the carelessness and familiarity of conversation. But

though this negligence was a defect in itself, it was the cause of a merit; for only laboring to be plain, they sacrificed nothing to dignity of phrase and harmony of periods. They are often in consequence easier to be understood, especially by beginners, than those that came after. If their style, too, is without art, it is likewise without effort; and if it never delights, it seldom tires. It may, indeed, be doubted whether the change from loose to elaborate composition has not been rather brought about by the ambition of authors than the requirements of readers. It is, we think, generally felt that the present tendency is to soar too high; and we fear, to be candid, that the florid rhetoric of not a few of our instructors is of kin to their eagerness for small titles and decorated button-holes.

One of the earliest English authors who adopted a style befitting the subject, was the well-known Maclaurin, whose popular account of Newton's *Principia* was published in 1748. He never attempts to round sentences, he deals in none of the artifices of composition, and rigidly eschews every species of ornament; but there are no traces of colloquial feebleness. His unadorned language is as masculine as the sense—the natural product of a vigorous mind, which expresses with force what it sees with clearness. A year before the publication of the work of Maclaurin appeared the first of Franklin's *Letters on Electricity*, which, if they had not been celebrated for the discoveries they contain, would have become so for the manner in which the discoveries are conveyed. Circumstances rendered Franklin a politician; Nature meant him for a natural philosopher. He was equally formed for finding out new facts or elucidating old—could dig the ore or work the metal. His style is plain, but always racy, with a due admixture of point and terseness. In the departments of science to which he gave his attention, his explanations are the clearest ever penned. He never sat down satisfied with a vague conception, or attempted to pass one off upon others. He understood himself, and took care that his readers should understand him also. It is to be wished that he had made a wider application of his skill. He would undoubtedly have enabled us to read many things running which now oblige the student to halt in his progress, and lose time and patience in interpreting an obscure and imperfect direction. What Franklin did not complete himself, his example may still teach

others to perform. His scientific essays should be the model of the popular instructor, to show him to what a point of perspicuity it is possible to attain. Natural philosophy no longer appeared in a dress which disgraced her. But, after all, perhaps the first who wrote upon science like a true man of letters was Oliver Goldsmith. His latest production was "*A Survey of Experimental Philosophy*," partly printed during his life, and published after his death. It is very improbable that Goldsmith troubled his head about science till the bookseller gave him an order for the work, or that he lingered over his studies when urged by duns and bailiffs to hasten on. Yet it is a remarkable proof of the versatility of his talent, and the quickness of his apprehension, that there are few inaccuracies, except what arose from the state of knowledge in his time, though certainly he only reeled off the thread while it came disentangled, and forbore to meddle with Gordian knots. But one excellence he could never want. Whatever passed through Goldsmith's mind was sure to come out in a better form than it entered in. With many marks of haste, his treatise abounds in felicities of sentiment and expression which cost him nothing, and are nevertheless beyond the reach of imitation. They belong to those peculiarities of individual genius which are never repeated, and there is scarce more chance of the reproduction of Goldsmith's face than of that happy art by which he made natural history and natural philosophy "as entertaining as a Persian tale."

Intellectual pursuits have all their vicissitudes, and are more in favor at one time than another. Popular science, never altogether without professors and pupils, shared the general fate, and sometimes thrived and sometimes languished. But it would be useless to trace the ordinary variations of its progress year by year, or attempt to estimate the host of productions which marked its career. They were written for contemporaries, not for posterity. They mostly died with their authors, and are nearly as much forgotten as though the authors, like the wizard Michael Scott, had carried their works with them to the tomb. There is no eventful occurrence to record till the establishment, in our own day, of Mechanics' Institutes, of which a prominent design was the propagation of elementary science among *the people*. By means of libraries, reading-rooms and lectures, the knowledge appropriated to the upper classes was to be shared

by the lower. The most extravagant hopes were entertained by some of the supporters of this movement. They were persuaded of the existence of numerous "mute inglorious" Bacons and "village" Newtons, who only lacked the aid of a Mechanics' Institution to dazzle the world by the lustre of their genius. They looked for glaziers' shops to send out fresh D'Alemberts, printing-offices to pour forth Benjamin Franklins, millwrights to furnish Brindleys, and mathematical instrument-makers a succession of Watts. Not a single luminary has yet appeared, nor is one likely to appear, who would not anyhow, despite impediments, have worked his way into notice. Heaven-born geniuses may take advantage of the opportunities which mechanics' institutions afford; but they are not dependent on them; they can make opportunities for themselves. Others formed more reasonable expectations. They conceived that if workmen, who passed their lives in the execution of arts and manufactures, were put in possession of the philosophy of their employments, they could hardly fail to detect defects and invent improvements; or, if the accommodations of life were not enlarged, that a body of men would at least be refined in their habits and tastes. There were even instances which seemed on the ground of the merest philanthropy to demand interference. Ignorance is foolhardy. Miners constantly fell victims to the explosion of inflammable gases, because they persisted in removing the wire-gauze, which is the protective part of Sir H. Davy's lamp, preferring a clear and dangerous to a dim and innocuous light. Miners, however, had the chances in their favor. But needle-grinders were exposed to destructive influences which left them with barely a hope of escape. They died by wholesale in the prime of manhood from the constant inhalation of particles of steel which, settling in their lungs, caused a fatal disease called "grinder's asthma." Mr. Abraham, of Sheffield, discovered a preventive. Masks of crape were studded with magnets which attracted the steel and stopped it short in its passage to the mouth; but the needle-grinders could never be got to wear them. Rather than submit to an innovation they persisted in sowing the seeds of a lingering disease and an early death, and went to their graves the victims of a prejudice. It was thought that in cases like these better knowledge might add to the sense of danger, or, where that was unquestioned, give faith in the remedy. With such views, and such anticipations, was

popular science served up to the million. But the thirst for instruction had been greatly overrated. When the water was brought to the horse, either he would not drink, or only take it by sips. Bodily fatigue is a poor preparation for mental exertion, and none were willing to add midnight studies to a hard day's work. A certain number were found to play with the parts of knowledge which stimulate and amuse, but they paused at the point where recreation passes into toil. The managers themselves seemed by their proceedings never to have intended serious instruction. Every meeting the entertainment was varied, and fragments from all the arts and sciences, from all descriptions of literature, moral, metaphysical, historical, imaginative, were dealt out in succession, without regard to their connection, the wants of the audience, or to anything except the fancy of the performer for the night. In the phrase of Johnson, there was a mouthful of all subjects and a bellyful of none.

From such a system nothing could be gained except crude ideas forgotten as soon as heard, or, if remembered, more likely to mislead than to direct. Results are seldom completely negative. Where good is missed, evil is produced. Many a worthy mechanic was injured in his morals, his manners, and his mind, by the sudden smattering he obtained of a craft which was not his own, and never were there more examples of the truth that, though a great deal of knowledge steadies the head, a little overturns it. It has, indeed, been answered, that the little knowledge of the present day is more than the famous Friar Bacon could boast, which is only correct of certain facts that the progress of science has rendered familiar, and would be false if affirmed of the aggregate of Bacon's lore. Nor is there the slightest force in the observation so far as it applies. What is much in comparison with former ignorance, may be little relatively to its effects upon the mind. Most of the slender physical knowledge which Friar Bacon possessed, he had wrested himself from the realms of darkness by patient investigation, or gleamed from mystic books by long study and laborious thought. It is this exercise and discipline of mind which gives it power and depth, which teaches man humility, and enables him to use his knowledge with wisdom. The modern sciolist, on the contrary, may learn a thousand things unknown to Bacon, simply by opening his eyes and ears, because, like the problem of the egg proposed by Columbus, when once discovered

they are apparent to a child. But as they are acquired without reflection or perseverance, so the mind is left in its native weakness, and may be unable to apply with judgment its pittance of learning, or may turn it to vain and evil purposes. The acute and patient thinker of the dark ages, who never guessed that the atmosphere in which he lived had weight, was nevertheless a philosopher of profound understanding, while he whose lecturer has taught him *ex cathedra* that it presses fifteen pounds to the square inch, may, notwithstanding the superiority of his information, remain a feeble, conceited, shallow man. A few easy acquisitions will not diminish the distance between a modern dunce and an ancient sage. "Facts," says Professor Forbes, "are not knowledge, any more than books have understandings."* Some love of science mechanics' institutions have probably diffused. But hitherto they have remained inefficient schools for the laboring classes, and done more to justify the fears of opponents than the hopes of friends.

In the same spirit, and under the same auspices, Mechanics' Institutes were followed up in 1826 by the foundation of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Very few of the multifarious productions which they sent forth rose above mediocrity, and many fell below it. Of the scientific treatises, which were unquestionably the best, it is praise enough to say that they were moderately good. The rank and eminence of some of the founders of the society, joined to audacity in puffing and lowness of

price, secured for the first tracts issued an immense circulation. Thousands bought who never read them, for cheap literature would have a short reign if people were not tempted to put more on their shelves than they do into their heads. But thousands, who purchase to peruse, had their attention drawn to a neglected study, and, as the appetite could be satisfied by the means which created it, the early publications of the society largely promoted the spread of popular science. The service begun was not carried on in the more ambitious departments of a work that otherwise deserves much praise—their "Penny Cyclopædia"* To write above the larger portion of the world, and below the remainder, is, in effect, to write for no one. The "Cabinet Cyclopædia" was an improved imitation of the publications of the society; and here again the Natural Philosophy bore away the honors of the day. Not one of the eminent authors, who treated upon historical and literary topics, wrote up to his reputation. They conspired to show that men of high mark can, upon occasion, sink nearly to the level of a bookseller's drudge. But the "Discourse on Natural Philosophy," and the "Treatise on Astronomy," added fresh lustre to the name of Herschel, and the masterly Treatises of Dr. Lardner can hardly be praised too highly for the clear and full development of principles, for the precision of the language, and the accuracy of the statements. His great superiority over ordinary writers will be felt by all who read the "Manual of Electricity and Magnetism," commenced by himself, and afterward completed by another hand. To pass from the portion of Dr. Lardner to that of his continuator is like the sudden transition in railway travelling from open daylight to subterranean darkness. Particular branches of science may have been treated better than in the Cabinet Cyclopædia; but for a *series* it is the best in the English language.

The most general enumeration of the aids and incitements afforded of late to the study of natural philosophy would be incomplete without the mention of Mrs. Somerville's "Connection of the Physical Sciences." The wonder of a woman sounding the depths of the severest studies of men could not fail to attract curiosity; but what is merely strange is soon forgotten. Her book created a sensation because it was written by a

* In a speech delivered two or three years ago at some Edinburgh Institute, Mr. Macaulay, then M.P. for that city, introduced not only Friar Bacon but Strabo, and the comment of Professor Forbes is worth transcribing: "If we would implant a principle dangerous to the intellectual character and fatal to real progress, it would be that of measuring the value of our acquirements by any *fixed* standard whatever. Yet Mr. Macaulay says, 'The knowledge of geography which entitled Strabo to be called the prince of geographers, would now be considered mere shallowness on the part of a girl at a boarding-school.' The contrary is the fact. The knowledge of Strabo *was* a profound knowledge of geography—it was a knowledge ever increasing, yet ever tempered by the conviction of ignorance—a knowledge which taught his contemporaries to enlarge their acquaintance with the common family of man, to extend commerce and to preserve human life—whereas the knowledge of the boarding-school, unless it be tempered with more humility than can be reasonably looked for whilst such comparisons, are uttered by men of talent upon such occasions, will begin in ostentatious displays of memory, and end in pedantry and contempt."—*The Danger of Superficial Knowledge*, pp. 44, 45.

* The Treatise on Gravitation by Professor Airy forms a remarkable exception.

woman, but keeps its ground because it is written well. Nor must we omit to number the appearance of the Bridgewater Treatises among the casual impulses to popular science. Nothing was less wanted than a work upon natural theology, for Paley had left little to add, and little to amend. He presented no weak point in which particular excellence might compensate for general inferiority. Method, argument, illustration, style, he had them all, and had them to perfection. His rivals could only follow in his footsteps, and follow at a distance. The authors of the Bridgewater Treatises appear to have felt the embarrassment, and, Dr. Chalmers excepted, whose contribution has been truly characterized as Butler done into bombastical Scotch, they turned more of their attention to science than theology. This was the light in which the Treatises came soon to be regarded, and, the circumstances of their publication insuring them a passport to readers of every description, they circulated a good deal of pleasant information, and doubtless lured some, by the specimen of the fruit, to climb the tree for themselves.

Concurrently with the abundant supply of books, partly occasioned by the demand and partly the cause of it, colleges and lectures for the middle classes have been continually increasing. The inducement to learn has been extended in a ratio as rapid as the means. The application of chemistry to agriculture, of steam to travelling, of electricity to telegraphs, of light to the printing pictures of all it irradiates, has so surrounded us with the wonderful effects of science that indifference with many becomes inquiry, and self-interest is often active where curiosity sleeps. The tendency of the age is, moreover, to universality. The former ground-plan of education has been enlarged, though it is to be feared that the elevation is proportionably dwarfed. We have done with building up single pyramids, and prefer to pile a number of scattered heaps. It fares with science as with the rest. It was a saying of John Della Faille that mathematical knowledge was common enough, but mathematicians were rare. So multitudes know something of natural philosophy, but natural philosophers are seldom found. Instead of reaping the harvest, we pluck an ear or two in passing. But whoever complains, the zealots of natural philosophy must be dumb, for their occasional followers are mostly truants from other studies which, were they to make an election, would absorb their regards, and de-

prive scientific pursuits of that sympathy of fellowship which, taken altogether, they never enjoyed in a larger measure than now.

A glance at the long list of writers, English and foreign, upon popular science, ought at once to remove a common prejudice that it is of necessity superficial, for in the catalogue are the names of half the most distinguished mathematicians in Europe. Those who speak of it with arrogance are usually influenced by other motives than enlightened criticism. Among all professions there is a quackery of learning as well as of ignorance, and plodders in mathematics, to preserve the importance conferred by their peculiar possession, will sometimes despise, or affect to despise, the lesser acquisitions obtained by methods which are open to all. An envious thirst for a monopoly of reputation leads them to exalt mathematical science that they may exalt themselves, and decry the science which is divested of the mysteries of their craft, that intruders may be lowered and competition seem absurd. Another class of men, whose race is not extinct, are mentioned by Desaguliers as ridiculing experimental philosophy in the lump, and maintaining that mathematics were too sublime an exercise of mind to be degraded to the level of material things. They used them like chess, as a game of skill, and conceived it enhanced the dignity of their study that it was a game, and nothing more. Desaguliers tells from personal observation the ground of their opinion. They were destitute of the aptitude for experimental philosophy, and, confident that nothing could be too large for their grasp, they took for granted it was too minute. No quarter could be expected to popular science from persons who held cheaply all science whatsoever, unless as materials for barren problems, which exercised ingenuity without rewarding it. D'Alembert, a man of different calibre, eminent for his genius in mathematical physics, yet cared no further for natural phenomena than they could be subjected to the rules of his favorite symbols, and when remonstrated with for his ignorance of discoveries which it became him to know, he would answer, that "for those pretty things there would be time by and by." But he never found the time, because, from a certain contraction of mind, he never found the taste. Truth had no charms for him unless she was clothed in a mathematical dress. His narrow partialities contrast unfavorably with the catholic spirit of Newton, who took the whole of natural philosophy for his province, and,

though beyond any man illustrious for his skill in mathematics, valued truth for herself, whatever her garb, and "looked upon geometry as no further useful than it directs us how to make experiments and observations, and draw consequences from them when made." But the example and authority of Newton are not wanted to accredit common sense, nor does experimental philosophy stand in need of defense from the disparagements of ignorant jealousy.

Mathematics, in their turn, are sometimes underrated. Every branch of literature and learning to be appreciated must be explored. The exterior of a house affords an imperfect indication of the rooms within, and the outlines of a study an inadequate representation of the interest and importance of what those outlines include. But mathematics are under the peculiar disadvantage that, unless they are learnt to a certain extent, it is difficult to form the vaguest idea of their mode of operation. Hundreds of well-informed persons are incredulous that physical facts can be evolved out of a juggle with uncouth looking symbols, and are persuaded in their hearts that they are toys for the amusement of college fellows. Proud of their contempt for what they deem a profitless pedantry, they think ignorance wisdom and knowledge folly. The reputation of the art is not always assisted by the bearing of the professor, for frequently mathematicians appear to disadvantage upon common occasions. Swift told of Newton that, when he was asked a question, "he would revolve it in a circle round, and round, and round, before he could produce an answer." By long habits of cautious meditation his mind had lost the power of concluding quickly, and he submitted trifles to the same progress to which we owe the theory of universal gravitation. The exile of St. Helena has left it on record that Laplace proved incapable in the business of the world—that, seeing in every subject the same kind of subtleties which abound in mathematics, he deserted the practical bearings of a question, to lose himself in refinements which were overborne by the massive course of events. Bonaparte could see all this, without disparaging the great man in his proper walk, to which alone his step was familiarized; but the bulk of observers make no allowances, and are slow to recognize genius beneath the mask of mediocrity. Contempt for the mathematician goes far to destroy the respect for mathematics. It is imagined that there can be nothing surprising in attainments which are mastered

by men of seeming incapacity. The satire of Swift shows the impression which the uninitiated oftentimes imbibe. In the common actions and behavior of life mathematicians are represented as the most clumsy of people, slow and perplexed in their conceptions on all subjects except their own, very bad reasoners, and entire strangers to fancy and invention. Their demonstrations of physical truths are classed with the dreams of former ages—the Newtonian doctrine of attraction with the errors of Aristotle, Gassendi, and Descartes—the attempt to discover the longitude with the pretension to compound an universal medicine. When varied accomplishments are combined with a knowledge of the intricacies of quantity, they often only serve to throw suspicion upon both. It was a standing sneer against D'Alembert that he was a man of letters among geometers and a geometer among men of letters—than which nothing, in his case, could be less deserved, though in general mathematics are as a jealous mistress, who shows most favor to him that serves her singly. To the misapprehensions of ignorance must be added the hostility of envy. There are some dispositions that will revenge themselves upon the study in which they want the opportunity, taste, or talent to excel. Scaliger attempted to square the circle, and, on his errors being exposed, did not blush to excuse himself by the axiom, invented for the occasion, that "no great genius could be a great mathematician." "Tis an old tale and often told." We would fain think beneath our notice what we find above our reach. A French poet used every exertion to be made a member of the Academy, and, failing, left for his epitaph the distich,

"Ci gît Piron, qui ne fut rien—
Pas même Académicien."

The use of mathematics as an instrument for learning science can only be questioned by those who are ignorant both of science and mathematics. There are points which can no more be resolved without them than we can see without eyes or work without hands. They are in numerous cases the exclusive language of natural philosophy; and where they are not its sole language are often its best. Common arithmetic suffices to teach us that the operations of number can neither be anticipated by simple thought nor carried on in ordinary language. We require the aid of symbols and artifices to perform the computations, and conduct us to the answer. But natural philosophy

deals with force and motion, with time and space—in a word, with number and magnitude in endless complications, and in every gradation, immense and minute; and no penetration of genius, deprived of the peculiar processes and signs that constitute mathematics, could estimate and compare quantities which are infinite and perplexed, and track a principle into consequences that are intricate and remote. Unfortunately the higher, which are the most useful branches of mathematics, are difficult to learn, and demand, when acquired, incessant practice to apply them with ease. The conditions of humanity will never permit them to be widely diffused, and where science is inseparable from high mathematics, the labor of reaching the eminence will lead most to abandon the pleasure of the prospect. But, as says the monkish proverb, "the pilgrim that cannot get to Palestine may go to Rome." There will still remain an imposing body of truths which are no ways under the dominion of mathematics, many that may be considered as common ground, and many more that can be reached by such a knowledge of geometry, algebra, and trigonometry, as is not difficult to attain. The progress may be further assisted by sometimes receiving results, where the proof is abstruse, upon the assertion of others, which is merely what is done by the deepest philosophers, who often rely on experiments they never tried, and trust to admeasurements they never made. Natural philosophy, it should be remembered, is founded altogether upon the evidence of our senses; and to the evidence of our senses a considerable portion of it entirely belongs, or may be readily reduced, with a slight assistance from mathematical notions within everybody's reach. It was said by Fontenelle, with lively exaggeration, that with a little better sight the discoveries of chemistry would have formed a portion of our common experience; and now that they are made, it is to simple vision that they chiefly appeal. Nor need the remark be confined to chemistry. The secrets of nature, in multitudes of instances, differ rather from the facts of universal observation by being hidden beneath a veil, than by the difficulty of apprehending them when that veil is withdrawn. Mathematical reasoning in its higher forms is an invaluable art, and in some branches of science carries us a vast deal further than observation assisted by a few geometrical ideas can go; but there are no better grounds for rejecting a large and systematic part, because it is

beyond our power to attain to the whole, than for the mathematician himself to remain in ignorance because his utmost knowledge is an insignificant fragment of the volume of nature. Without having recourse to transcendental mathematics, enough remains, if steadily pursued, to exercise memory and reason, to delight and instruct, to fill agreeably and usefully the leisure of a life.

The inferior method, so far as it extends, has occasionally one advantage over the higher. The symbols of the mathematician stand for actual things; but when his problem is stated, he handles them according to mathematical rules, and needs not to trouble himself, between the premises and the answer, with the realities they represent. Hence he is apt to sit down content with the literal result, without straining his imagination to picture the mode in which Nature works. But the popular author, deprived of the resources mathematics afford, must teach by illustrations that are a species of representation of what actually occurs, and impress the mind with livelier ideas than the mere abstractions of reason can convey. Every one who goes through the process must experience the truth of what is stated by Sir John Herschel and Professor Airy, that in attempting to adapt the intricacies of science to general apprehension they have sometimes made them clearer to their own. But a defense of popular science is not to be considered an argument for the mass of productions which go by that name. Legions of manuals and catechisms consist of a bare enumeration of facts without the principles which govern or the experiments which prove them, and can neither give the beginner, for whom they profess to be written, an insight into science, nor initiate him into the rigor of demonstration. In nineteen cases out of twenty they are the work of persons who, having themselves learned natural philosophy in six lessons, profess to teach it in half-a-dozen—who fill their small phials from another's bottle and adulterate what they steal—who render science easy by suppressing difficulties instead of explaining them, and who keep to its shallows less from the fear of advancing beyond the pupil's depth than of being detected in wading out of their own. It would be a waste of criticism to examine their defects with a view to their removal. Such meagre compilations are wrong, as Garrick said of Elphinstone's play, *in the first concoction*. But the excellent treatises of eminent authors are not free from defects which impede the progress or ex-

haust the patience of the student; and of these it may be thought idle to mention even the principal—for though the complaints have been often repeated, they appear never to reach the only ears that it is important should hear them.

It is an old objection against commentators, that hard passages are dismissed without a note, and easy ones expounded with barren verbosity. Philosophers, like grammarians and divines, have often most to say where least is to be said. When there is a molehill in the path, they are fearful it should obstruct the scholar's progress;* but when a mountain stops the way, he is left to climb it with little assistance, or is deserted at the point where the ascent grows steepest. The reluctance to grapple with difficulties is accompanied more or less with an inability to see them. We overlook the obscurity which has ceased for ourselves. The master who kept a single lesson ahead of his scholar was alone perhaps sufficiently fresh from the journey fully to remember the ruggedness of the road, though, we fear, in such a case his appreciation of the obstructions would much outstrip his power to remove them. His pupil's perplexities would too often be his own. But self-taught men make a near approach to the instance of the master. There is no friendly assistance to which they can have recourse to clear up obscurities. Whatever difficulties their minds evoke their own minds are obliged to lay. The toil they undergo keeps alive a vivid recollection of embarrassments which cost so much to overcome; and when afterwards they undertake to instruct others, they know by experience the value of explanation and what to explain. Of this description of men were Franklin and Cobbett. "I remember," says the latter, in his *French Grammar*, "the parts which were to me the most abstruse, and which it cost me the most time to be able to understand. These parts, therefore, I shall take particular pains to make plain and easy to you." There

lies the secret of the success of his didactic works. He sometimes wrote with imperfect information, often dishonestly, and always with arrogance, for vanity is the vice of self-instructed men; but he and Franklin were unrivalled in the art of bringing into sunshine what others left in shade. The intricacies of knowledge represented in *their* books, and in the books of writers in general, differ as much as objects seen through the horn windows of an ancient house from objects seen through modern glass. Those who have forgotten their early hinderances need to learn them from beginners, for it is vain to undertake to elucidate difficulties without ascertaining them. Molière tried on his housekeeper the effect of his wit, that he might discover what would set the galleries in a roar; Swift read his sermons to the lady's-maid, that she might stop him at the words which were above the comprehension of a country congregation; and a philosopher, to be useful, must condescend to inquire of Ignorance the perplexities which Science presents. But before the author is blamed, it must be seen what it is he undertakes to perform; for books which profess to demand from the reader preliminary knowledge will be obscure to all who have not undergone the required preparation. They have no more reason to find fault, as is frequently done, than to complain of a treatise on the differential calculus, that it did not instruct them in the rules of arithmetic. Nor must they impute to want of skilfulness in the explanation the difficulties which are inherent in the nature of the subject. Science can never be made lazy reading. Those who think it worth the having must buy it with what Butler calls "the *pain* of attention." If the master brings knowledge, the scholar must contribute diligence. A blaze of light will not enable the blind to see, nor perspicuity make the thoughtless understand.

When the difficulties of natural philosophy are neither altogether evaded nor overlooked, they are very commonly disposed of with a conciseness which leads the indolent to acquiesce in imperfect information, and obliges serious inquirers to chase through twenty books to collect the facts which should be contained in one. Brevity may be the soul of wit, but assuredly it is not the soul of science. Of no branch of knowledge can it be said with equal truth that by laboring to be short we become obscure. It is no doubt the case that principles which can be expressed in a few lines are the important acquisition, for a principle is the key which

* The scientific works of Count Rumford abound in examples of the ludicrous extent to which sensible men will sometimes carry their exposition of matters known to everybody. In one of his economic treatises he gives a receipt for a pudding, and then a page of description how to eat it. The concluding sentence will serve for a specimen: "The pudding is to be eaten with a knife and fork, beginning at the circumference of the slice, and approaching regularly towards the centre, each piece of pudding being taken up with the fork, and dipped into the butter, or dipped into it in part only, as is commonly the case, before it is carried to the mouth."—*Rumford's Essays*, vol. i, p. 267, fifth edit.

picks every lock. Once completely mastered, and they furnish the solution to endless, constantly recurring phenomena, which, without their assistance, no diligence could interpret and no memory retain. But principles can only be understood through particulars, and require to be exemplified under every aspect. They are constantly ramifying into branches, whose common source is by no means apparent till they are specially traced, and error and confusion are the certain consequence where it is omitted to be done. The older works were more profuse in illustration than is usual at present, and they are proportionately better. We are aware that the public verdict is generally in favor of small books. They take less money to buy, and less time to read—two strong recommendations were not time and money thrown away. Bossuet complained in his day that there was a large class of readers for whom it was impossible to write. To be brief was to be unintelligible, to be minute was to be wearisome. Matters have not been improving since. Hallam speaks of “the *languid* students of our age;” and no one can question that the appellation is deserved. But languid students never yet made learned scholars; and as the first have already so many to write for them, it would be well for some one to take compassion on the last. When books are made big by necessary developments, they are a great good instead of an evil, for to those that are really anxious to learn they will be found in the end the shortest and the cheapest. Blanks in the information are a worse grievance than even a few superfluous pages. It is not so easy to repair the one as to skip the other. So, too, if it is indispensable to fly over the heads of some or to sink below the level of others, it is better that a few should meet with a little they knew before than that the rest should miss what they wanted to learn. Whatever in a work of pure instruction saves laborious research, and confusing and often ineffectual thought, saves toil and time and temper and money, and increases its value to all that are in earnest. The many that make short excursions for pleasure may shrink from the tedious journeys of those who travel on business—but there should be conveyances for both.

A minor evil of scientific works is the neglect to define ambiguous words. Volumes were filled in former days with angry disputations on *force* and *motion*, which, after much recrimination, were terminated by the discovery that different persons used the same word in different senses. It is com-

mon at present for popular writers on natural philosophy to commence by the announcement that they will pursue a *synthetic* or an *analytical* method. But they seldom stop to state what analysis or synthesis mean—apparently unconscious that the terms are repeatedly interchanged, and that the analysis of one is the synthesis of another. When Newton discovered universal gravitation, he began by the observation of isolated facts which suggested the law. This ascent from particular effects to general causes he entitled analysis. Once possessed of the principle he applied it to explain the remainder of the phenomena, and this was his synthesis. Hooke, his contemporary, employed the same words in the same way, except that he reversed them; and to this hour, though ignorant of the disagreement, some follow Hooke and some follow Newton. The terms have been adopted into the vocabulary of education, to distinguish the plan of commencing with rules and thence deducing their consequences, from the system of beginning with details and proceeding up to rules. A few years ago two individuals of some distinction got into an argument, which grew to an altercation, about the proper method of teaching arithmetic. One was for analysis, the other was for synthesis. A third person, who read with a judgment unheated by disputation, at last pointed out to them that they agreed in everything except a name, or the controversy might possibly have been raging still. A definition, perhaps, is given; but the beginner is haunted by inveterate associations, and endeavors to reconcile the notion he brings with the definition he finds—an embarrassment he would be spared by the simple warning that the term in natural philosophy means something different from the same term in the language of life. Some of the words, again, in the nomenclature of science are directly expressive of false ideas. They derived their origin from mistaken theories, and have survived the errors which gave them birth. At a period when the stars were supposed to be, what they actually appear, equidistant from the earth, they were classed into magnitudes in the order of their brilliancy—the brightest being called of the first magnitude, and the rest in succession according to the gradations of increasing dimness. But now that it is known that the distances are various, and uncertain, the splendor no longer determines the size; a smaller star may be bright because it is near, a larger one faint because it is remote; yet the ancient classification into

magnitudes is retained, and though a sentence suffices to prevent misapprehension, the sentence is often wanting. But nothing has occasioned equal confusion with the use of loose and dubious language. The phenomenon, for instance, of double stars is constantly described with an ambiguity of expression which betrays readers and copyists into the wildest exaggeration. These stars, thousands in number, appear single till viewed through powerful telescopes, when they are seen to consist of two, or more, in apparent proximity. In a few cases one has been ascertained to be larger than the other, and the less to perform revolutions round the greater. A late professor of astronomy, in a London college, misled by the lax language of some who were better informed, announced to the world that what, by the observation of many years, had been found to be true of thirty or forty, Sir John Herschel had discovered to be true of *the whole*—a feat, which with the eyes of Argus, and the hands of Briareus, he might possibly have performed. When independent inquirers are beguiled into statements which carry their own refutation, what is likely to be the fate of the simple docility which reads and believes? The instances of ambiguity are past counting up; and though a critical examination will sometimes save the credit of the author, the meaning which stands out, and catches the attention, may be erroneous still. To uncertain phraseology must be added the fault of unqualified propositions, where the truth of the assertion depends upon limitations, which many assume to be present to the minds of others, because they are present to their own—or suppose it, perhaps, enough that a subsequent page corrects the error by implication—forgetful that some, the meantime, are embarrassed by the inconsistency, and some are misled. Unless the language of science is as rigorous as its truths, facts may be intended, but fiction will be inferred.

Some descriptions of defects are peculiar to individuals, and those not generally of the highest consideration. In the shadowy parts of science which lie beyond the boundary of well-defined discoveries, there is a tendency to carry assertions further than the evidence—to lend certainty to what is doubtful, and distinctness to what is vague. Imagination is always in advance of observation, and impatient of delay counts itself already in the possession of treasures yet to be realized. To give speculations for facts is much the same as to mix up dreams with a narrative of waking experience. But there is one

class of conjectures which, however related, we could wish to see confined within narrower limits—the guesses at causes. The story of the snare which Charles the Second set for the philosophers, when he asked them to explain why a fish could be plunged into a vessel full of water without making it overflow, was doubtless a fictitious satire on the propensity of men of science to concoct a cause for every effect. The attempt, indeed, is often legitimate. In the undulatory theory of light, though neither ether nor undulations can be shown to exist, the supposition explains such a myriad of facts that we can hardly suppose it to be destitute of foundation, and even as an artifice for conceiving and connecting the phenomena, is worthy of its fame. But to invent a cause, without proof or plausibility, for every isolated occurrence, adds nothing to our knowledge, nor imparts order and consistency to what we knew before. A piece of spongy platinum dropped into a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen gas will make them explode: the reason is unknown. An inventor of causes suggests that electricity is at the root of the matter, on no other ground than that it is safe to assert what no one can disprove. To conjecture is easy; the difficulty is to conjecture rightly, and show your conjecture to be true. It is owing to this itch of divination that scarce a discovery can be made but a prior claimant is brought into view; for when a cloud of arrows are shot in the dark, chance may direct one or two to the target. But never did Paley say a truer thing than that *he alone discovers who proves*. If the early guessers had a genuine insight into what they propound, they would explain themselves better, for no one can interpret their dark sayings till they are read by the light of subsequent knowledge. Popular writers, however, in general are not obnoxious to the failing error, nor is it in a spirit of hostile criticism that we have pointed out defects, which, in various degrees, are common to them all. They are faults which dullness may detect, and genius itself cannot totally avoid. They are small in comparison with the many merits, and any one that undertakes the study of science will have more reason for gratitude that so much has been done well, than for murmuring over what might have been done better.

All studies, properly pursued, are capable of yielding pleasure and advantage, and all should have their professors and enthusiasts. But enthusiasm is often the parent of bigotry, and ignorance of contempt. The proficient

wonders that the world should remain indifferent to his pursuit, and the world, in return, is inclined to marvel at the extent of his infatuation. Sir Isaac Newton, who spoke ill of no one, could not, we are told, resist a sneer at antiquarians. "I cannot imagine," he said, "the utility of such studies. All their pursuits are below nature." He held poetry in equal abhorrence, for he quoted with evident approval the observation of Barrow, "that poetry was a kind of ingenious nonsense." The exclusive exercise of a single faculty blunts the remainder, as the blind owe their exquisite sense of touch to the want of sight. But though an overweening contempt for the studies of other men exhibits *our* want of taste, and not *their* want of sense, all descriptions of knowledge have not an equal claim on our attention. Blackstone, in his Commentaries, endeavors to recommend to general notice the study of the law, by descanting on its uses to every class of society. Useful no doubt it would be if we possessed it, but would it be worth the labor of the acquisition? Life is short and knowledge is inexhaustible. Everybody must be content to be ignorant of much, and must make a selection of what best befits his station, his profession, and his partialities. For the dignity of the information, and the exercise of the intellect, there is nothing to be preferred to natural philosophy, and not much that can rival it. But in regard to utility other pursuits have a higher claim on the public at large. Religion and morals are out of the competition, for whatever we may be besides, at least we must be Christians. Social relations are next in importance, and, after professional lore, these are best served by the literature which furnishes social ideas, and teaches the art which renders them attractive. To play creditably their part in the world, to contribute their quota of amusement and instruction at home and abroad, to be useful citizens, and agreeable neighbors, are qualities more to be prized in the bulk of mankind than a devotion to the sublimest contemplations of science, than an acquaintance with the laws of light and water and earth and air, or with the motions of the sun and moon and stars. In short, we must be men before we are philosophers. But letters and popular science, and of popular science alone we are speaking now, may go hand in hand, without clashing together in an inconvenient degree; or if the busy part of the world have no leisure to entertain it, we may particularize some of the disadvantages of ignorance, and the ad-

vantages of knowledge, for the sake of the idle who are in want of a pursuit to make existence endurable to themselves, and we must add, to make themselves endurable to others. We only apprehend that we may be met by the answer of the young and athletic peasant when asked by Marivaux why he did not work. "Ah, sir!" said he with a sigh, "you do not know how lazy I am!"

Desaguliers, without setting out the necessity for knowing science in the formal way in which Blackstone recommended the study of the Law, has scattered through his work some amusing instances of the effects of ignorance on all descriptions of men, from members of Parliament down to humble artisans. A committee of the House of Commons reported, on one occasion, that a man by a machine could raise ten times more water to a certain height in a certain time than was possible from the very constitution of things. The report was followed by a bill to establish a company, or in other words a bill to ruin the simple and enrich the cunning, when a scientific nobleman exposed and defeated it. "Our legislators," is the reflection of Desaguliers on the occurrence, "may make laws to govern us, repeal some, and enact others, and we must obey them; but they cannot alter the laws of nature, nor add or take away one iota from the gravity of bodies." In another place he relates a history, which shows that a member of Parliament, without science of his own, could turn the possessors of that commodity to account. A person to secure his election for Shaftesbury undertook to supply the town with water at his private expense. He employed Mr. Holland, a clergyman noted for mechanical skill, to design the engine and superintend the works, but, on their completion, suffered him to be thrown into gaol for the debts contracted in their execution, while he himself boasted that the engine was his own contrivance, bribed away Mr. Holland's foreman that he might be able to put up water-works for the king, and on the strength of his vote in Parliament, and the credit of the machine, got the appointment of Surveyor to the Board of Works. Electioneering manœuvres have degenerated since. So bold a stroke and so successful is not to be found in the modern annals of corruption and impudence. Desaguliers himself was made a victim in the same sort of way. He had invented a plan for drying malt, which he was about to patent. A Captain Busby, whom he courteously calls a Buckinghamshire gentleman, borrowed his workman,

in friendly guise, to learn the method, when lo, shortly afterwards, comes a letter from Busby announcing that he had *found out* an excellent system of *drying malt*, and inviting Desaguliers to purchase shares in the project. Busby, who to the art of purloining a scheme joined the tact to recommend it, realized no less than twenty thousand pounds. The fortune, however, thus made by one piece of roguery was lost by another, for those were the days of the South Sea Bubble, when men might be literally said to be "ruined at their own request." But water-works were the grand *scientific* imposition. A well-informed lord might hinder an Act of Parliament from passing, which avouched that the laws of gravity had been superseded, but private gentlemen continued to fall a prey to plausible pretenders, and persisted in erecting expensive monuments to their own folly in the shape of some useless and unsightly machine. It is to this water-work epidemic that Swift alludes when the nobleman shows Gulliver a ruined building on a mountain, and tells him that there stood half a mile from his house a convenient mill, which was turned by a stream, till a club of projectors persuaded him to destroy it, and erect another three miles off on the hill, where he had to cut a long canal as a reservoir for the water that had then to be conveyed to it by engines and pipes. He employs a hundred men for two years, the work miscarries, the projectors go off, lay the blame entirely on himself, rail at him ever after, and persuade others to make the same experiment with the same result. Many who did not put up engines of their own lent their money to contrivers. "What they lost by them, and reading this," says Desaguliers exultingly, "will make them remember it." One pompous knave, who obtained considerable subscriptions to his scheme, got leave to pump out the water from Rosamond's pond in St. James's Park. "That performance," says Desaguliers, "and the repayment of the money will come at the same time." Several workmen expended their all in the purchase of patents for inventions, the product of unenlightened conceit, and which, if they had possessed the barest rudiments of science, they would have known to be fallacious. Desaguliers sometimes opposed the patents out of charity, and they consoled themselves with the conviction that he did it out of envy. A principal object which Dr. Young proposed to himself in his celebrated Lectures on Natural Philosophy, was to hinder projectors from be-

coming the dupes of their own presumption and ignorance, for it is amazing with what rashness they will enter upon undertakings for which they are utterly unprepared. It was remarked when the reward of twenty thousand pounds was offered by Parliament for a method of obtaining the longitude at sea, that the greater part of those who contended for the prize did not even comprehend the problem to be solved; and hundreds wasted months, and years, in the attempt to discover perpetual motion, and often fancied their attempts had been crowned with success because they were never at the pains of ascertaining what perpetual motion meant.

The mania is over for erecting water-engines which refuse to work; but while there is game to be caught it will not be difficult to find a bait for the trap. Not an eminent geologist but can tell of mines dug where the disposition of the strata foretold that the search must be vain, and of timely warning repaid by the indignation of suicidal projectors. There is nothing that more irritates a sanguine speculator who is building castles in the air than the friendly admonition that he is walking into a pit. The thoughtless and the greedy, who concentrate their attention on possible gain and avert their eyes from probable ruin, prefer that the dream should be dispelled by the event.

Among smaller articles close-stoves have, in recent years, been a fruitful source of vexation and expense. The authors, or more frequently the plagiarists, of the numberless expedients which were annually born to disappoint and disappear, often railed at the public for not blocking up their bright hearths and warming themselves cheaply—by a black and sullen mass of iron. They seemed to imagine that nothing could be desired except warmth, and that people must be crazy to think of purchasing comfort into the bargain at the cost of a few additional bushels of coals. It is certain that if they had known enough of science to be aware of one of the principal circumstances on which the economy depends, the thousands who have since pulled down their stoves would never have put them up, or would have left them to keep company with their hats in the hall. An open grate consumes fuel with rapidity because the air, which is the supporter of combustion, has uninterrupted access to the fire; while with a close-stove the air can be limited to what is just sufficient to keep the fuel ignited. There is the gain, but the gain is not all. With the common grate, the air

which goes to the fire is carried up the chimney, and gives place to colder currents from the crevices of windows and doors. As the close-stove draws less than the grate, in the same degree less air is taken from the room, and less abundant are the fresh streams brought into it from without. It is this absence of ventilation which constitutes a large part of the economy of stoves. The departure of the heated air is retarded, and the shades of evening find a portion which was warmed by the morning fire still lingering in the pent-up apartment. Dr. Fyfe has demonstrated in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* the startling fact, that in a moderately sized room, if the air were kept at the promised temperature for the promised price, the action of the fire in an entire day would be incapable of changing once the whole of the atmosphere. No independent system of ventilation has ever been found sufficient to remove the close smell which is the heavy accompaniment; and if it did, the economy would be proportionably diminished, for the heated air would be carried off, and there must be larger fires to furnish sufficient relays of warmth to compensate for the loss. The cheapness, therefore, reduces itself to what is the usual secret of cheapness of every description—that the article is bad as the cost is less. Stove-inventors, who, like all the interested advocates of change, equally overrate the evil of what we have, and the benefit of what they propose to substitute in its stead, experience none of these annoyances themselves. They are invariably men of peculiar sensations. They allege that the backs of their legs are frozen by draughts from the door in a degree to which the rest of mankind are strangers, or for which they find a remedy in a screen. But the whole of their sensibility seems to have descended to their legs, for their eyes never miss the joyous blaze, their heads never ache from tainted air, and their noses can never detect the slightest closeness in connection with their stoves. One man's meat is another man's poison. They luxuriate in circumstances which are obnoxious to different constitutions; and hence, perhaps, their wonder that so many Englishmen, who usually have the sense or selfishness to adopt a good thing, should persevere in refusing to be coal-wise and comfort-foolish.

Not only loss of money, but loss of life and limb, is sometimes the result of inattention to natural laws. Persons who ride in a carriage seldom reflect, unless they read it in a book of science, that the motion of the vehicle is communicated to themselves, and that whatever

the rate at which they travel, they have a forward impulse to the same amount. A horse runs away; they leap out, and expect to alight as gently as if the carriage was standing still: instead of which they are hurried to the ground with their acquired velocity, and probably break their legs, if they are not killed upon the spot. But terror often impels to rashness where knowledge counsels prudence. It is not the only occasion in which science is easier to learn than to apply. No one can be better aware than a seaman that the world is round, and yet a sailor was once flogged because his captain had forgotten it. Two men-of-war, one larger than the other, were sailing in company, when the man on the look-out from the larger descried a ship in the horizon, which was not reported by the watch of the smaller vessel. The cat-of-nine-tails was the penalty of his negligence. But the same occurrence happening shortly afterwards to a second person, it was remembered that the taller mast could overlook a portion of the curvature of the earth which must interpose to hide distant objects from the man on the lower, and that the sole fault of the supposed culprit was not to have been able to see through the ocean. The anecdote is related in the "*Fragments of Voyages and Travels*," and those who have not read it there should do so, for the story that has been told by Basil Hall must lose in the repetition.

The inconvenience and injuries which arise from an ignorance of natural philosophy are casual, and happen comparatively to few; but the advantages of knowledge are certain and constant. It is an especial characteristic of natural philosophy that the subjects of its lessons hem us in on every side. We live and move in the midst of them. Were it to be studied solely with reference to its domestic uses and bearings, those who made acquaintance with it for the first time would learn, with equal surprise and delight, that, applied to every-day facts about which there seemed to be nothing to know, it unfolds a world to which indifference is blind. Wherever he may be and whatever he is doing—sleeping, dressing, eating, drinking, walking, riding—man has within himself and the objects which surround him a perpetual exemplification of the greatest discoveries of some of the noblest intellects that ever adorned the earth. If the speculations of science are sublime, the materials from which it is constructed or to which it applies, are ordinarily the homely things which we see and touch and taste every instant of our lives. Nature,

if we may so speak, is a humble artificer. What she does on a grand scale she reproduces on a small one.—Newton's eye, glancing from earth to heaven, saw the cause of the planetary motions in the fall of an apple; and a school-boy who whirls a stone in a sling has actually produced a close imitation of the machinery which is hurrying the earth round the sun. The man of science that sips his cup of tea and ponders its phenomena must summon to his aid hydrostatics, pneumatics, chemistry, with some of the most refined and beautiful parts of optics; and though he should be what Dr. Johnson playfully styled himself, "a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, whose kettle has scarcely time to cool," he would find that he had finished his tea-drinking long before he had exhausted the philosophical lessons. Or to take an instance, the most unlike we can recall—the almanac, which is in every house and hand, is a mere convenience of domestic life: but how intimately is it connected with the laws of the universe? Not one in a thousand properly comprehend it for the want of a general idea of the movements in the solar system. The theory of eclipses, the changes of the moon, the distinction between mean and apparent time, are matters about which the current notions are vague or erroneous. M. Comte heard a well-educated man tell a youth, at a striking eclipse of the sun, that the obscuration would have been greater if the moon had been full. He fancied that the larger the moon appeared the more it must obstruct the solar light: in total ignorance that if we see the whole of its illuminated face it cannot be revolving between us and the sun. When it interposes to cut off the solar rays and cause an eclipse, its dark side is of necessity to the earth. M. Comte insinuates his conviction that this gentleman was not in the rear of his generation. He was not even singular, we may be sure, in the temerity with which he undertook out of the depths of his own darkness to enlighten his son. Few things are more astounding than the confidence with which absurdities are asserted in conversation, unless it be the credulity with which they are received. But we make progress notwithstanding. We are in advance of the days when Protestant countries refused to adopt the reformation of the calendar because Gregory XIII. had set the example. It was thought to be a piece of Romish superstition, and it was considered better to differ from the sun than to agree with the Pope. With something done there is much to do; and

M. Jourdain, in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, made a sensible request when he begged his master in philosophy to teach him the almanac. With the vulgar notion of the almanac in our heads the petition is diverting; but deeper consideration would tell us it was no bad text-book from which to teach, and no contemptible lesson to learn. Common things, we again find, are in the closest connection with the grandest truths. We may begin at the house, but we cannot stop there. By the dependence of facts we are driven to take the world for our province. Thenceforth it becomes a different world from what it was before. In every object there is something to see beyond what common eyes can behold. The marvellous operations of nature are incessantly receiving fresh illustrations. Ingenuity is taxed to apply the principles with which we are stored, and we have the double pleasure of familiarity and novelty—of old truths in an unexpected form. If Lord Bacon could say that the history of the world, without literary history, was as the effigy of Polyphemus with his eye out—that part being wanting which did most show the spirit and life—it is no less certain that nature is without its eye, its spirit, its life, to him that remains ignorant of its interior laws. It may be made to minister, through its ordinary operations or through the instrumentality of others, to his bodily comforts, but it is only through his own exertions that it can minister to his mind. Natural philosophy is like the Genius of the Allegories. The ordinary gazers behold the vision, but he alone can inform them of its meaning.

The universal presence of the materials of science peculiarly adapts it for the instruction of children. Madame de Genlis prefaces one of her tales by the announcement that she is about to relate a history in which what is improbable shall be true, and the only things credible shall be the fictitious adventures round which the marvels are arranged. These matter-of-fact wonders are the operations of nature, upon which she ingeniously makes the fortunes of her characters to depend. But the children for whom the story is designed need not the charm of artifice to interest them in knowledge to which they are attracted of themselves. When the world is new its phenomena never fail to excite attention and provoke inquiry. Yet while we endeavor, and often vainly endeavor, to enlist the sympathies of children in studies to which they are naturally averse, we strangely neglect to avail ourselves of their instinctive tastes,

and by our negligence convert their ardor to indifference. Wonder ceases with novelty, and curiosity ceases with wonder, and we soon sit down quietly under an ignorance we no longer feel. We repress the thousand interrogations with which children assail us till they become habituated to the want of knowledge and forget that the craving ever existed. The little boy marvels why spectacles enable his grandfather to see, and his grandfather, who once marvelled too, is now content with the result, and leaves the cause to the optician. By marking and obeying the bent of youthful inquisitiveness, we should fill the mind with an additional class of ideas that use would make as familiar as the mother-tongue, and invest with interest a multitude of objects upon which now we gaze with listless, because with undiscerning, eyes. Those who assume that the curiosity of children to know is not accompanied by the capacity to understand, would find on a trial that their aptitude is greater than we commonly suppose. To attempt to thrust upon them at the outset a connected system of natural philosophy would, indeed, be absurd: at first they must be followed rather than led. We must wait their questions, suffer their discursiveness, tell them what they are willing to learn, and not everything there is to be told. With natural truths, and in early years, they should hunger and thirst for knowledge before they are fed. When they are satisfied we should stop, and not oblige them to feel the sickness of satiety: the appetite that is forced is less likely to return. Nor is it any use to set them to study science in books. They must be taught by word of mouth and visible examples; for natural philosophy, unintelligible to them when read, is readily taken in when told or shown. But their teachers must understand what they attempt to explain. Children are not to be imposed upon, like their elders, by mystic verbiage; and we infallibly confuse them when we are confused ourselves. Aptitude on their part must be met by intelligence and skillfulness on ours. It is indeed the great drawback to the scheme that the requisite qualifications are rarely to be met with in mothers upon whom the early education of children devolves; and the deficiency is one which, in spite of all that has been said of the unfitness of the study for their sex, we cannot but think they would do well to supply. Miss Edgeworth justly considered the defense of the Edinburgh wit to be complete when he gave utterance to the lively and happy observation—"I do not

care about the blueness of a lady's stockings if her petticoats are only long enough." It is the ostentation of knowledge, and not the knowledge itself, which disgusts, and is doubly offensive when female aspirants are voluble upon subjects of which they understand little—except perhaps the jargon. Pretension is repulsive where we look for reserve, and the woman purchases knowledge too dearly who exchanges for it the attributes which are the charm of her sex. Her native virtues are of more value than acquired learning. The Marchioness du Châtelet, who translated and annotated Newton's *Principia*, was one of these pedantic ladies who studied science that it might minister to vanity, and Madame de Stael, the bedchamber woman of the Duchess of Maine, well known by her lively *Memoirs*, has handed down some traits of her character, which should scare away imitators as the drunken slave scared Spartans from intoxication. She arrived on a visit at midnight, the day before she had settled to come, occupied the bed of another lady who was hastily displaced, complained of her accommodation, and tried a fresh room on the following night; and, still dissatisfied, inspected the whole of the house, to be sure of securing the best apartment it contained. Thither she ordered to be carried half the furniture of the place, chose not to appear till ten o'clock at night, when she made her company less agreeable than her absence, by her arrogance and dictation; could endure no noise, lest her ideas should be disarranged, and, some ink being spilt upon a piece of her translation, raised more disturbance than Newton did himself when his store of invaluable manuscripts were burnt. She complained that she found in her bedroom smoke without fire; and methinks, says Madame de Stael, it was the emblem of herself. She expected to excite homage, and provoked contempt. Her knowledge was doubted, her airs ridiculed, and she was not more hated than she was thoroughly despised. Madame du Châtelet is fortunately rare; but in whatever proportion knowledge, which should ornament and enliven existence, is turned to exaction and ostentation, in the same degree will it be wished that philosophical women were more feminine and less profound. These are the abuses of knowledge, which need not affect its use. There is a medium between "a quiet, humble fool," and the female pedant, "who should walk in breeches and wear a beard."

We hope there are few specimens left of

the sensual school who overlooked the highest part of man, and denied the utility of everything which did not minister to bodily comfort. It is inconceivable that any one of them could be consistent in the doctrine, could only see in a noble tree the materials for boards, food for cattle in the verdure of the field, and medicinal properties in the flowers of the garden; or, if such a man did really exist, he was a subject for compassion, not for argument. Tried by the mere test of pleasure, intellectual gratification is a deeper delight than corporal luxury. But natural philosophy combines both advantages in the highest degree. It has helped on the useful arts to that extent that there is hardly a philosophical speculation which has not yielded, sooner or later, a substantial result, and added to the convenience or the indulgences of life. What can appear to concern us less than the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, or the thousands of stars, which merely look like spangles in the sky; and yet both one and the other are made the means of determining the longitude at sea, of finding the road to any given place over the wide and pathless waste of waters. The niceties of astronomical observations are not within the compass of popular science. But without travelling out of our beat, it would be easy to show that an ordinary knowledge of philosophical truths has filled the world with substantial products. The greater part of the history of scientific civilization is lost, of course, in the night of time. The aggregate result of improvement is apparent. From a rude hut, and a few rude utensils, we have advanced to a pitch of refinement in which the common possessions of the poor outstrip, not rarely, the former luxuries of kings. But the circumstances of the discovery, and the name of the discoverer, are rarely preserved. "In vain," says Dr. Watson, "shall we inquire who invented the first plough, baked the first bread, shaped the first pot, wove the first garment, or hollowed the first canoe." The authors alone of the vast array of mechanical contrivances which are concerned in the production of the commodities of life, conferred an inestimable boon upon the world; but it would be no more use to seek the names of the majority than to ask with Southey—"who ate the first oyster?" The truth is, that those who have contributed to bring any article whatever to its present perfection are usually legion. The addition of each has been insignificant, and, taken separately, neither the merit nor the advantage were ex-

traordinarily great. Everybody is acquainted with Johnson's story of the man who announced himself to a stranger at an inn as "the *great* Twalmley, who had invented the new flood-gate iron"—a description of ironing-box with a sliding door like a flood-gate, and heated by a heater dropped into it, to save it from being blackened by exposure to the fire. The vanity of Twalmley has handed down his name—not indeed to fame—but to ridicule. Yet his contrivance, trifling as it was, must have been serviceable to have kept its ground to the present day; and if he had styled himself the *useful* Twalmley no one could have disputed his right to the appellation. His case is the case of thousands. Their names are not, nor deserve to be, in the Biographical Dictionary, but the fruits of their ingenuity are in every house. The circumstance is encouraging. All may aspire to assist in the work of improvement, when we see the issue of small advances and humble talents. The slow and gradual accumulation of generations of improvement may rival the proudest monuments of genius in the ultimate result. It happens here, as in other things, that what is beneficial to the world is not always that which brings glory in its train.

The simplest contrivances are the offspring of the ordinary experience of natural laws; for science is often only common experience with a prouder name. Our ancestors had not made a formal classification of the varying degrees in which different bodies conducted heat, but they had discovered that wood confined it longer than stone. For the sake of the warmth it was extensively employed in the construction of houses, and for the same reason many of the finest mansions in St. Petersburg are composed of it still. That Russian houses should be some day burnt is almost as much a matter of course as that those who occupy them should some day die. But mankind will always run a great risk for a great advantage, and it required the fire of London to wean our forefathers from their fondness for timber edifices. So long as houses were consumed in detail, every man hoped that his neighbor's case might never be his own. Nothing short of a general calamity could teach them that the laws of nature have no partialities, and that while fire burns and wood is fuel they can never be brought together with safety. Driven to have recourse to less combustible materials, they continued to profit by their observation of natural laws, and since stone transmitted heat more readily

than wood, they built their walls of a goodly thickness, to counterbalance the drawback. The experience that is not recorded has to be bought anew; for a practice may seem absurd if the reason is unknown. When old houses are pulled down, and the quantity of rubbish within the walls is brought to light, it is common to hear a good many gibes at former folly. "A little more solidity," it is said, "in the masonry, instead of a loose mass of dirt and stones, and half the thickness of the wall might have been spared." But it was exactly the thing they did not wish to spare, for they considered warmth no less than strength, and to have warmth there must be thickness. They filled in rubble for its cheapness; and though solid masonry would have stood longer, it is not for modern builders, upon a question of durability, to take antiquity to task. We are beginning to discover that there is something else to be considered in houses besides security from tumbling down. The thin walls so common during the last half-century reverse every effect that it is desirable to produce: the sun's heat penetrates them in the height of summer, and the heat of the fires filters through them in the depth of winter. We have heard the inhabitants of modern streets in London complain that they spend three months in a frying-pan and six in a well. It may be long before better knowledge produces improvement; for houses are built by speculators not to live in but to let.

Patients long bedridden with disease suffer from the continued pressure on the skin, till at length the slightest movement is pain, and sickness is denied its own poor privilege—to toss. Dr. Arnott provided a preventive in the water-bed, which has saved many hours of agony to lingering illness, and would save many more if patients had always the strength of mind to conquer their first repugnance to its use. But though every one is familiar with the properties of fluids upon which the value of the water-bed depends, it is very unlikely that the thought would have occurred to Dr. Arnott unless he had been a scientific man. Such instances are numerous. The contemplation of nature draws attention to resources which, ordinarily unobserved, are courting the notice of watchful eyes, as a man who walks upon the shore may tread, without perceiving it, upon a precious pebble that is picked up by another who searches for what he can find. But science has chiefly assisted art in the appliance of the less conspicuous powers of nature, which are little known save to those who make them their special study. Mirrors

are silvered by a mixture of tin and mercury, which combine in definite proportions and crystallize on the glass. The date of the discovery is uncertain, but according to the best evidence it proceeded out of Venice, at a period when the alchemists were busy with metals in the wild expectation to transmute them into gold. In searching for a chimera they lighted upon a beautiful domestic invention. Their science had many similar results. Of them might have been written the fable of the dying father, who bid his sons dig in the vineyard for a deposit of gold.

To whatever capital invention we turn our attention, we find that elementary science was at work in its production. A scientific amateur, the Marquis of Worcester, described in his *Century of Inventions* a rude method of employing steam to force up water. Captain Savery, a Cornish miner, who contrived the first engine of practical service, borrowed the idea from Lord Worcester's book; of which, anxious to conceal his obligation, he purchased and destroyed all the copies he could find. His own improvements were by no means small, and they were founded upon a very trifling scientific experiment. The engine was next taken in hand by Newcomen, an ironmonger, and Cawley, a glazier, who were no mathematicians, nor, in a wide signification, natural philosophers; but they studied the science connected with the subject, and by a mixture of skill and luck greatly increased the utility of the machine. The boy Humphry Potter next comes upon the stage. A fabulous story, introduced by the suspicious formula "it is said," is related by writer after writer to the effect that, having to turn the cocks upon which the working of the engine depended, he one day observed, in the agony of his anxiety to join his companions at play, a method of attaching cords which would make the machine perform his office for itself. The original source of the anecdote is the narrative of Desaguliers, who was contemporary with the events, and investigated them with care. The authority is the refutation. The steam-engine, he tells us, was self-acting before, and the effect of Potter's improvement was solely to increase the working speed. It was, too, a complex invention, "perplexed with catches and strings," which it was quite impossible to have extemporized upon an impulse. Many of the authors who have related the fable must have seen the truth in Desaguliers, whom they quote—and, strange circumstance for men trained in the rigors of science, could not resist the temptation to relieve their

history by romance. Humphry Potter must be taken from the catalogue of idle boys, and placed in the list of thoughtful and inventive minds. He was a pupil in the best school, the school of example, and living in the midst of ingenious mechanical contrivances was incited to add another to the number. Here was the starting-point of Watt, and it is well known that he brought to his task acquirements more profound than can be included under the designation of popular science; but the information it supplies would have sufficed for his principal invention—the separate condenser—as well as for the majority of the improvements which the steam-engine, in its multiform applications, has since received. Slight knowledge, directed sometimes by talent, and sometimes by genius, actually made many of the steps in the most surprising creation of modern days, and was all that was needed to have made many more. A large volume would not contain the history of kindred examples. As science is diffused the more they will be multiplied, for what escapes one mind occurs to another. Contrivances which seem obvious have not been always the earliest made. The building a separate channel for smoke does not appear to us a far-fetched idea; yet Greek and Roman magnificence was polluted from their inability to devise the arrangement. Shot, which is made by passing lead through a cullender that separates it into drops, lost its globular form, which is essential to its carrying true, by alighting while it was soft, till a Bristol workman in 1782 hit on the simple expedient of letting it fall from a tower, that it might cool in the descent. Invention is not exhausted. Every year something is found out, and we have often less reason to wonder that the discovery has been made than that it should never have been made before. Newton met Bentley accidentally in London, and asked him what philosophical pursuits were going on at Cambridge. “None,” replied Bentley, “for you kill all the game; you leave us nothing to pursue.” “Not so,” said Newton, “you may start game in every bush, if you will but beat for it.”

Lord Bacon assigns to science a twofold object, the relief of man's estate, and the glory of the Creator. There has never, in this country, been a disposition to underrate its last, and most honored use. In the same spirit in which they studied the “book of God's word,” Englishmen have studied the “book of God's works.” Maclaurin heard Newton observe that it gave him particular pleasure that his philosophy had promoted the

attention to final causes, and his followers, who could not rival him in his genius, have not degenerated from his piety. It has been their delight to dwell upon the fact, that though a casual survey of the world proclaimed a Maker marvellous in goodness and in power, yet every hidden law which was brought to light afforded additional evidence of design, and showed him beyond what man could conceive, “wonderful in counsel and excellent in working.” With us the exceptions at least have been few, and none of them deserve to be remembered. But in France atheism, without limitation or disguise, has too often been blended with an extensive acquaintance with natural philosophy; and a living man of science, M. Comte, imputing to the works of creation the imperfections which in reality are in his own judgment, has come to be of the opinion of that impious king, who said that if the Deity had condescended to consult him he could have given him some good advice. Supposing it impossible that a philosopher who had run the range of physics, and written a bulky work in which he contends for the utmost strictness of reasoning, could take up a dogma which shocks the instincts of mankind, without some plausible pretense, we read his observations with close attention and painful interest. We laid down the book astounded at their imbecility and could only re-echo the Psalmist's declaration, that it is *the fool* which has said in his heart there is no God. His argument might have been penned expressly to prove that there is a credulity of scepticism as well as a credulity of belief, and it is difficult to assign any motive for his creed except the morbid passion for distinction which leads some men, and especially Frenchmen, to prefer the elevation of a gibbet rather than walk upon level ground. Yet he had every advantage, for he only undertook to insinuate objections, which must always be easy on mysterious questions, about which knowledge is imperfect.

Atheists are cowards in discussion; they dare not meet the united evidence, and set out in a formal shape the contending system by which they are bound to establish that the contrivances of the world did not call for a contriver. Even of cavils we can fix upon nothing tangible, amidst the cloudy language of M. Comte, except that the arrangements we make are usually superior to the arrangements we find. And this is the argument which is to disprove that there is a maker and governor of the world! Is it so much as a *defect* in the scheme that man

has often to plan for himself? With every thing ready prepared to our hands, ingenuity would languish for want of stimulus; and if it be a curse to eat our bread in the sweat of our brow, a greater curse still, in our present condition, lights upon him whose forehead neither sweats from toil nor aches from thought. As Alexander wept when no more worlds were left to conquer, so we likewise should sigh if a too bountiful nature left nothing to be discovered and nothing to be improved. It is part of our enjoyment here to employ our talents in neutralizing evils, in turning apparent disadvantages into benefits, in finding in hostile agencies elements of power which a presiding genius converts to as many friendly ministers. Nor need we suppose that a progressive development of material advantages, instead of a complete and original perfection, bore hard upon earlier generations, who, living in the infancy of the world, lived also in the infancy of civilization. Man, with respect to corporal comforts, is the creature of habit. To whatever he is accustomed, that he enjoys. The Greenlander, with his wretched hut and barren soil, believes himself the most favored of created beings, and pities the lot of nations which are destitute of the luxury of seals. In like manner it is probable that the early inhabitants of Britain were as satisfied with a cave or a cottage of clay, as we with our mansions adorned with all the products of the arts. So, too, in the same age the king would think himself meanly accommodated in the house of the gentleman, the gentleman in the abode of the peasant—and yet custom has adapted each to his own. It is not the absolute degree of refinement that confers the pleasure; it is the improvement on what we are used to, the addition to what we already possess—and this pleasure has been common to every period in which the wants of mankind were sufficiently keen to excite invention and summon art to the aid of nature. But in all our improvements we can only, by the strength and intellect which God has given us, mould the matter which God has made. If we can sail in ships upon the great deep, it is because *He* supplied us with the wood for their construction, and endowed it with buoyancy to float upon the waves. If we perform prodigies with steam, it is because *He* gave it an elastic power, ordained that fire should evolve it out of water, and provided us with both the water and the fire. We merely use the

things with which *He* has presented us, and presented with a foresight of the end to which our capacities and wants would enable us to devote them. We can adapt, but we cannot create. The greatest genius that ever lived is impotent to give being to the most insignificant particle of dust. It required the powers of Sir Isaac Newton to detect many natural laws; but even the Newtons of the human race can only discover laws—they cannot make them. We may worm out the secret powers with which Nature is invested, and by new adaptations produce effects of which the native elements are utterly incapable; but at best we only avail ourselves of properties already existing, merely develop the latent energies innate in our materials. We pull to pieces and put together, we shape and we arrange, but we cannot add to the world a single atom, no—nor even take it away. Whatever our triumphs, we never passed this limit to human interference, which teaches everybody, capable of being taught, that we are after all only creatures, and that another is the creator. But M. Comte can believe any fable rather than believe a God. He is willing to imagine that the sun, the earth, and the planets may have come into being without an author, been whirled in their orbits, endowed with gravity, peopled with wonders; for, parodying Scripture, he asserts that the only glory which the heavens declare is the glory of Newton. The remark is one example out of many that French wit is often nothing but English flippancy. If the heavens declare the glory of Newton, then whose glory does Newton display? But the poison is too weak to take effect, except upon vain and vicious understandings. The arguments of atheists are like chaff in the wind—they may settle for a moment, but from their natural levity the first opposing current sweeps them away. We do not require the lessons of natural philosophy to teach us to believe. Their use is, that they assist us to adore. The further we go the more we are constrained to wonder and admire; and though we see but in part, and often retire baffled from the effort to interpret nature, we see enough to bring away the most inspiring sentiment with which man can glow—the deep feeling of the Psalmist's words: "All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord, and talk of Thy power; there is no end of Thy greatness."

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DENMARK—ITS PEOPLE AND ITS FAITH.

THE ancient kingdom of Denmark, which at one time played a prominent part in the history of Europe, but afterwards sank into the obscurity of a third or fourth-rate power, has within a very recent period again occupied the attention of the world in general, and of the British public in particular. The European renown of the Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen, first reminded foreign nations of the little kingdom of the North, from which in ancient times a race of heroes had issued to make conquests in more happy climes; translations of the modern productions of Danish literature next created an interest in the country which gave them birth; and within the last twelve-month, the manly and unanimous exertions of the Danish people to maintain the rights of their king and of their country have gained for them the esteem of all impartial minds. A cursory glance at the historical development and present condition of this people, with a view to ascertaining how far the national character has influenced the government with regard to the honorable position it has assumed on recent occasions, will therefore not be without interest, particularly as Denmark is at this moment, in all internal matters, undergoing a transformation, the bearings of which are of great general importance; for, to be of any use to us, our judgments of the effect of institutions on the development of national excellence and prosperity must be based on the experience of all nations.

To the Christian reader no facts recorded in history are perhaps more interesting than the earliest manifestations of the new bond of union which had been introduced among the nations and individuals of the earth, as evinced in the brotherly welcome tendered by the early Christians of Rome to every co-religionist, whatever his country or his calling, and which so strongly excited the astonishment of the pagan Romans. The outward union which was subsequently manifested in the identical forms of worship observed in Westminster Abbey, in the Cathedral of Palermo, and under the dome of Thronthiem; in the universal sway of the Church of Rome, extending from the sun-lit shores of the Mediter-

anean to the ice-bound coasts of Iceland and Greenland—this unity, it is true, again disappeared. But the unity of the Church, such as St. Paul describes it, "one Lord, one faith, one baptism," nevertheless continues, and similar feelings to those manifested by the Christian Romans to their stranger co-religionists are now often evinced in inquiries addressed by members of one national church to those of another, in questions such as these: "What is the position of the church in your country?" "In what relation does it stand to the state?" "What are its peculiar tenets and forms?" "How fares it with regard to sects and parties?" Does not the fact, that questions such as these are often the first which are interchanged between intelligent persons of different countries, prove that they feel that they possess in common one essential good, and that with regard to these matters the advantages and disadvantages of each are those of all? At the present moment members of the Protestant Church have indeed additional reasons for making these inquiries of each other; not only because the Roman Catholic Church, strengthened from within, has been making conquests in the dominions of her adversary, but still more because the German Protestant Church, the Mother Church of Protestantism, is in a state of dissolution and internal decay. This fact renders the position of the Scandinavian Church, which will probably soon be the sole representative of the Lutheran Church, doubly interesting; for in the three northern kingdoms the tenets, symbols, and forms of worship of the Lutheran Church, universally adopted at the period of the Reformation, have suffered no modification since then. The history of the Scandinavian, but more particularly of the Danish Church, cannot indeed boast of any period of peculiar brilliancy; it has exercised no influence abroad; it has been receptive and assimilating, rather than active and conquering; and has therefore remained without any influence on the character of the Protestant Church in general. But in this quiet, self-contemplating, outwardly cold and moderate character, there

is much that is interesting : particularly so, as the same character is revealed in all the most important points of the history of the northern nations. In Scandinavia, Christianity was not, as among the Saxons, established by compulsory baptism, nor either by royal example as in Lithuania, whose Grand-duke Jaghello, on becoming King of Poland, allowed himself and his whole people to be baptized. The Frankish monk, Ansgarius, the father and founder of the Scandinavian Church, who was sent by Louis the Pious to Denmark to preach the Christian doctrines, and who afterwards proceeded to Sweden, opened the hearts of the people for the reception of the new faith, by the holiness of his life and the Christian meekness and gentleness of his character. Not until the Christian religion had for a whole century been quietly working its way forward, and noiselessly gaining many adherents, did King Harold of Denmark, though he had for some time in his heart adopted the new faith, submit to receive baptism, which he had until then refused for fear of exasperating his pagan subjects. Many of the most powerful of these, headed by Harold's son, Svend—who afterwards became so renowned as the conqueror of England—did indeed make armed resistance to the progress of Christianity ; but Svend was ultimately obliged to yield to the spiritual power of the new faith, and even submitted to acknowledge its supremacy by receiving its baptism. However, not until the reign of Canute, the son of Svend, can Christianity be said to have become the established religion in Denmark. To this consummation no doubt the connection with England contributed considerably, as previous intercourse with England had contributed to the introduction of Christianity into Denmark.

The acceptance of the Christian faith in the Scandinavian countries was thus a matter of conviction—a purely spiritual event ; oppression and persecution were but transient phenomena in the history of its progress, for liberty of thought and faith were sacred in the eyes of the Northmen. The pagan religion had indeed been, in the full force of the word, the religion of the state and of the people, and the kings were the religious as well as the civil chiefs ; but the power which was thus vested in them was used by them for the protection of mental liberty. A remarkable proof in support of this assertion is afforded by a letter in which a king of Jutland* recommended Ansgarius to the Swedish king, and in which he says, that fully convinced of

Ansgarius's piety and disinterestedness, he had allowed the latter to adopt whatever means he pleased for the spreading of Christianity in his dominions, and he requests the Swedish king to do the same, as Ansgarius would never propose anything which was not good and right. Still more remarkable is the reception given to Ansgarius by the Swedish king, who expressed the best wishes for his success, and promised to speak in his favor to the people, and that whatever he desired should be done, provided the gods and the people would give their consent.

The gods having been consulted by the means of the drawing of lots, decided that the new doctrines might be preached, and the people assembled in the Thing likewise gave their assent. Yet it must not, therefore, be supposed that Christianity gained easy access into the Scandinavian countries, or that the mental character of the people predisposed them for its reception. On the contrary, the religion of peace and love was contemptible in the eyes of the warlike Northmen ; its meekness and forbearance were looked upon as cowardice and weakness, or it was treated as a kind of poetic fancy of the South. Not until after a struggle of two hundred years did the iron spirit of the North bend to the gentle spirit of Christianity. But the struggle was essentially a spiritual struggle ; no law forbade the promulgation of the new creed ; to do this was considered unworthy, and, perhaps, even superfluous ; the new doctrines were allowed to be preached with a view to their being considered and weighed, but there was no thought of accepting them until they had conquered by the strength of conviction.

The same characteristics prevailed at the period of the Reformation. Young Danes, who had imbibed the opinions of Luther in Wittenberg, returned to their homes and preached the purified faith. To all appearances Catholicism in Denmark, at that period, was in possession of potent means of coercion and repression, for the whole power of the state was in the hands of the clergy and their allies, the nobles. The kings were favorably inclined towards the Reformation, it is true, but they were powerless, and it was the decided bearing of the burgher class alone which rendered the adoption of severe measures of repression impossible ; it was indeed soon proclaimed as a principle of government, that the state ought not to interfere with the liberty of instruction ; that all opinions were equally to enjoy this liberty, and that all parties were under the protection of the king. Not until the Reformation, assisted by the

* This was before all the Danish lands were gathered under one crown.

free municipal institutions of the middle ages, had conquered in each town; not until each congregation had, from conviction, adopted the evangelical doctrines and forms of worship, and Catholicism had been deserted by all except the bishops and the diocesan chapters; not until then was the change in the religion of the state publicly proclaimed. At this juncture the king ordered the Roman Catholic bishops to be arrested, and convoked a diet in Copenhagen, (1536,) in which delegates from the nobles, the burghers, and the peasants, gave in their adherence to the king's proposal, that the Evangelical Protestant Church should, in future, be the church of the state; but on condition that no violation of conscience should be imposed on any. The Roman Catholic bishops were then liberated, and Protestant bishops, invested with authority in church matters only, installed in their places.

As Ansgarius had been the apostle of Sweden as well as of Denmark, so the internal and external development of the church in both these countries continued to be very much the same. Gustavus Vasa, who liberated Sweden from the dominion of Denmark, and who is the founder and regenerator of modern Sweden, did, indeed, exercise a much greater influence on the spread of the Reformation in that country than the Danish kings exercised in Denmark; but from the circumstances of his election and his reign, Gustavus Vasa must be considered rather as the representative of popular opinion than as a monarch acting merely from individual impulse. It cannot, however, be denied, that another distinguishing trait of the northern character, namely, the firm and determined action which follows mental conviction and development, has been more beautifully manifested in the Swedish than in the Danish church. We see evidences of this in the rising of the Swedish people "as one man" to resist the violent as well as secret endeavors of the Polish-Swedish king John III. to re-establish the Roman Catholic church in their country; and there are still more brilliant evidences of it in the heroic campaign of Gustavus Adolphus in Germany, in defense of the whole Protestant world. What immense power was there not concentrated in the little army of 15,000 men with which in 1630 he landed on the coast of Pomerania, and who with him lifted up their voice in prayer and song! What energy of love and faith must not have filled the hearts of his followers, when, on seeing tears of emotion in their eyes, he addressed to them words such as these—

"Weep not, my friends, but pray. The more prayer, the more victory. Diligent prayer is a half-fought battle."

What a heroic faith breathes from his well-known war hymn—"Forfæras ei du lilla hop!"—(Fear not, oh, little band!) which he sang for the last time just before the battle of Lutzen, and which still maintains its place in the Swedish hymn-book as the hymn of the army.

In order to enable the reader to form a true appreciation of the national character of the Danes, we shall now make a digression to mention a few instances borrowed from their political history, reserving to ourselves to return in the sequel to the present position and relations of the Danish church.

In the modern political history of Denmark, the years 1660 and 1848 mark the two most important epochs; the first marks the transition from an oligarchical to an absolute form of government; the latter, that from absolutism to a constitutional monarchy. Previous to the year 1660, Denmark was an electoral monarchy. In consequence of the gradual development of circumstances, which may be traced back through centuries to the very origin of the state, the power, which had originally been vested in the Things or provincial diets, had come to be centered in the hands of a comparatively small number of nobles, who had arrogated to themselves alone the right of electing the kings, on whom they imposed at every new election capitulations still further restricting the power of the monarch and the rights of the lower classes of the community. Even the executive power was entirely in the hands of the nobles, for the Council of State, without whose concurrence the king could not act, was composed exclusively of members of their order. This oligarchy used to speak of *Respublica Danica*, in language expressive of the greatest presumption and of the greatest selfishness, and seemed to be preparing for Denmark the fate of Poland. In vain did the people's favorite, King Christian IV., endeavor to promote the welfare of the humbler classes of his subjects. Every measure he proposed was counteracted by the selfish nobles. An assembly of merchants, convoked by him to deliberate on the commercial interests of the country, was countermanded by the Council of State; the nobles, who constituted the military force of the kingdom, deserted him in the war with Sweden and in the thirty years' war, and even evinced satisfaction on seeing the royal power still further curtailed by the unfavorable conditions of

peace imposed by Sweden. Strong feelings of discontent spread through the other classes of the realm, and particularly among the clergy and the burghers, who had drawn nearer to each other since the introduction of the Reformation, when the former were shorn of that power which they had previously shared with the nobles, and had, in their turn, become oppressed by their former allies. But during the reign of Christian IV. all attempts at breaking the power of the nobles remained fruitless; no change took place until the reign of his successor, Frederick III., after the state had been unnecessarily involved (1658) in a most imprudent war with Sweden, which, having brought the realm to the brink of ruin, ended in a peace which dismembered forever from Denmark her ancient and important provinces in the south of Sweden. The state of ruin to which the country was reduced by this war forced the government, in 1660, to convoke, for the first time since the Reformation, a diet composed of delegates from the nobles, the clergy, and the burghers, to meet in Copenhagen to deliberate on the necessary measures for retrieving the disastrous state of the finances. The nobles had sunk lower than ever in public estimation, on account of their unworthy and unpatriotic conduct in the last war, while the burghers felt strengthened by the noble consciousness of having by their exertions saved the state from foreign subjugation; yet the former had the audacity to insist in the diet on their right of immunity from taxation, and to refuse to bear their share of the additional burdens to be imposed on all. The burghers and the clergy, exasperated beyond further endurance, and being joined by some conscientious members of the first estate, then resolved to carry out a premeditated plan of conferring on the king absolute and hereditary power, on condition of his promising at a future period to establish a form of government which should secure the rights of all. A radical change in the constitution of the state was thus introduced without previous demonstrations, without the least violence, without one drop of blood being shed. The change was the result of public conviction, and simply took form as soon as this conviction was sufficiently matured. The king's promise of a constitution was not kept, but the step which had been taken nevertheless bore good fruits, inasmuch as the state, which was on the point of dissolution, was saved.

The evil genius of Denmark was at the moment satisfied by the cession of the Swedish provinces, but again opened its greedy jaws

in 1807, and in 1814, when Norway, the faithful twin-sister of Denmark, who had followed her through evil times and good, was wrested from her, and left her sunk in the deepest dejection. The Holsteiners and the South Schleswigers then forgot the many advantages they had formerly enjoyed under the Danish flag; too impatient to wait until a brighter day should again dawn over Denmark, they began those efforts for independence which have at length entailed upon them all the horrors of a civil war; for civil war it must be called, as the Schleswig sailors and peasants were, during the late hostilities, always the foremost in the ranks of the Danes, on land as well as at sea.

Previous to 1848 absolutism reigned in Denmark; but it was absolutism tempered by the existence of independent and highly respected tribunals, of a moderately free press, and of provincial estates, and by the mild and popular character of the kings. But those very circumstances were undermining absolutism, and were developing in the public mind constitutional ideas and principles; and while the *Lex Regia* of Denmark and the despotism of her government were the never-failing themes of the sarcasms and satires of the separatist party in the duchies, Denmark, by a strange irony, by a difference between her outward and her inward being, was much nearer the attainment of constitutional freedom than this party and its German allies. There was thus in Denmark, previous to 1848, a conviction of the necessity of free constitutional forms of government; but the people desired to obtain these by legal means, and waited patiently till time should develop them. The late king, Christian VIII., had fixed upon 1848 for the promulgation of a new constitution, but death surprised him before he could put his determination into execution, and the circumstances of the times prepared a very different state of things to that which he had calculated upon. During the eight years of this monarch's reign, the Danish people expressed openly, and without reserve, its displeasure at the new concessions which were repeatedly made to the separatist party in the duchies; it viewed with grief and indignation the endeavors of the disaffected nobles and officials in Holstein and Schleswig to win over to their side the peasantry of Schleswig and the citizens of the towns of North Schleswig, and particularly of the important sea-port town, Flensburg, who were strongly attached to Denmark; and its worst fears were awakened by seeing the king surrounded by ministers who either were not

aware of the danger or misunderstood its character. But the conviction of the Danes, that their government was acting an unwise, and even a suicidal part, led to no feelings of disloyalty, to no illegal or threatening demonstrations; they waited patiently until the time should be ripe.

Thus stood matters in Denmark when the revolution in Paris broke out. A spark from the general conflagration of the Continent kindled the inflammable matter stored up in Holstein. Denmark could only be saved by a change of system, which should surround the king with advisers who possessed the full confidence of the people. The unanimous wishes of the people were expressed in an address to the king, Frederick VII., who, fully concurring in the views of his subjects, at once established, *de facto*, a constitutional government. Harmony and self-sacrificing patriotism reigned throughout the land; the change of system was accepted with unfeigned joy, but also with quiet dignity, and with a full consciousness of the new and arduous duties it imposed on every citizen. Europe has borne witness to the moderation and manly perseverance with which this feeling has inspired them, and with which they have met the rebellion in the duchies and the intervention of Germany.

In the month of October, 1848, a diet (*Rigsdag*) was convened at Copenhagen, to deliberate on the proposals of the government relative to the new constitution, and to several other matters rendered necessary by the circumstances of the times. This diet is still sitting, and is distinguished by its moderate character. Notwithstanding the strong feelings that pervade all its members with regard to the Schleswig question, every proposition in the assembly which could embarrass the position of the government relative to this question, has, with the concurrence of all, been set aside. This assembly has, indeed, laid itself more open to blame for the extreme prudence and slowness with which it proceeds, even in matters of minor importance, than for any tendency to precipitate innovation and disregard of existing rights.

Denmark is thus again undergoing a most momentous change, without any sign of revolution, but with calm, sober consciousness. That in the present instance this is, next to the merciful interposition of Providence, in a great measure owing to the honest, open, self-sacrificing character of the king, no one will attempt to deny, but it must also be admitted, that the national character bears a

great share of the merit. This last assertion is borne out by the testimony of history. Denmark has had her revolutions and her civil wars, it is true; but these have passed by like the thunder-storm that purifies the air. The Danish people has never attempted to found new institutions by means of, or during a revolution; it has always felt that such foundations must be the work of peace and order. No minority has ever ventured to avail itself of its short period of power to force its opinions upon the nation in a permanent form. The dreadful political (not religious) intestine war that raged in Denmark at the period of the Reformation, ended in the establishment of a kind of *status quo ante*, during which the future social and religious relations of the state were peaceably established.

That the reforms of 1660 and 1848 were not attained until the ill-judged measures of the ancient systems had endangered the existence or the integrity of the state from without, might indeed at first sight seem to indicate a want of intelligence and energy in the nation; but the impartial judge will see in this circumstance the natural result of the important geographical position which this little kingdom occupies, and which exposes it to the hostile attacks of its neighbors as soon as it is at all weakened by internal agitation and dissensions. When the Danish provinces in the south of Sweden had been ceded to that power, the maritime powers of Europe, rejoiced at a step which neutralized Denmark's power in the Baltic and in the Sound, took care that it should never be redeemed; and in like manner, the new-born German empire has availed itself of a partial rebellion in Denmark's southern provinces to endeavor to bring under its sway the sea-ports and the maritime population of these provinces. It was for a very long period considered sound policy to weaken Denmark on account of her important geographical position; may not the time now have arrived when it would be equally sound policy to support her for the same reason.

From the æsthetic point of view the Scandinavian character cannot be more faithfully depicted than it is in the hero of the North, such as he appears in the old Icelandic Sagas; warm-hearted but reserved, with resolute look, silent tongue, and strong arm. Is not such also the character of Thorwaldsen, that modern hero of Scandinavia, who is best known beyond the limits of his own country? Must it not be looked upon as more than chance that Thorwaldsen was a child of the

north, and more particularly of that ice-bound island of the north, where the most ancient families of Scandinavia took up their abode? * *Ne quid nimis* is the device of Denmark; in this is her strength, but also her weakness; but is not this fear of overstepping the proper limit the necessary condition of all art, and more particularly so of the sculptor's art?

Since the above was written, hostilities have broken out again between Denmark and Germany, to the great detriment of the commerce and industry of Europe. Denmark has, it is true, been the first to draw the sword anew, but Germany must, nevertheless, bear the blame. Six months of the seven, during which hostilities were suspended for the purpose of negotiating peace, the latter power allowed to elapse without taking any serious steps to open such negotiations; and when at last, in the seventh month, she determined to act in this direction, she negotiated not for peace, but for the renewal of an armistice, which, as regards Danish interests, was more pernicious even than open warfare, while it afforded Germany time and opportunity to increase her means of conquest. Can we then wonder that Denmark should have seized upon the legal opportunity afforded her of proving to the Germans that she is in full earnest in the struggle into which they have forced her, and into which they have themselves been blindly led by ideologues and demagogues, and that she should have refused to renew an armistice which has only served to feed the revolutionary tendencies of her faithless subjects, to weaken her, and to strengthen the hands of her opponents?

The war has recommenced with a disaster which will by the Danes be felt as a national disgrace and as a national calamity; but the Germans will be much mistaken if they think that Denmark's will and power of resistance have exploded in Eckernförde Bay. Germany may not, however, be unwilling to

seize on this, or any other unforeseen event, to make an honorable retreat from a position, the folly of which she has learned to recognize, and to put an end to a war which, instead of proving a mere sham-fight, as she had fondly imagined, has turned out a tragic reality. The Danish people is too well aware of what it has at stake in the contest against a mighty nation like the Germans, to allow itself to be dispirited by a single reverse, or to be shaken in its firm resolution to abide by its national device, "With God, for king and fatherland!"

The present war is, in the eyes of the Danes, a national war; but this must not be understood to imply that they entertain a strong national hatred against the Germans. On the contrary, though they rejoice at having shaken off the leading-strings in which Danish literature has long been held by Germany, and have, in consequence, lost all fear of the mental superiority of Germany, they are at the same time willing to recognize the spiritual debt they owe to that country, and to acknowledge the bonds of kindred which unite all the Gothic races from the North Cape to the Alps; so that it has been said that the same harp resounds throughout those countries, though the tones emitted by its strings are somewhat different on the north and on the south of the Elder. The Danes are even willing to acknowledge that, upon the whole, the Germans have been misled by ignorance and passion, and that they are acting under the impression that they are fighting for a noble cause. But the war against Germany is, nevertheless, a national war, because the Danes feel that on its issue depends their existence as a free and independent nation; and they firmly cling to the hope that the Almighty will provide them with the means of defending their just cause by word and deed, until Germany, ceding either to the force of truth, or to the irresistible power of the world-events, shall at length desist from her unrighteous endeavor to destroy or to subjugate her peaceful neighbor.

* Thorwaldsen's father was a native of Iceland.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE ROMANCE OF RUSSIAN HISTORY.

Histoire des Conspirations et des Executions Politiques, comprenant l'Histoire des Sociétés Secrètes depuis les temps les plus reculés jusqu'à nos jours. Par A. BLANC. 4 vols. Volume the third: RUSSIA.

PROFESSOR SHAW, in the preface to his translation of Lajetchnikoff's striking and interesting romance, *The Heretic*, notices the shyness of English novelists in approaching Russian ground. "How happens it," he says, "that Russia, with her reminiscences of two centuries and a half of Tartar dominion—of her long and bloody struggles with the Ottoman and the Pole, whose territories stretch almost from the arctic ice to the equator, and whose semi-oriental diadem bears inscribed upon it such names as Peter and Catharine—should have been passed over as incapable of supplying rich materials for fiction and romance?" The question is hard to answer, and appears doubly so after reading the third volume of Monsieur A. Blanc's recent work on political conspiracies and executions—a volume sufficient of itself to set those romance-writing who never wrote romance before. It is a trite remark, that romances, having history for their groundwork, derive their attraction and interest far more from the skill and genius of their authors than from the importance of the period selected, and from the historical prominence of the characters introduced. It is unnecessary to name writers in whose hands a Bayard or a Duguesclin, a Cromwell or a Charles of Sweden, would appear tame and commonplace. Our readers need not to be reminded of others of a different—and of one, great amongst all, the rays of whose genius have formed a halo of grandeur, glory, or fascination around persons to whom history accords scarcely a word. But such genius is not of every-day growth; and to historical romance-writers of the calibre of most of those with whom the British public is now fain to cry content, the mere devising of a plot, uniting tolerable historical fidelity with some claim to originality, is an undertaking in which they are by no means uniformly successful. To such we recommend, as useful auxiliaries, M. Blanc's octavos, and especially the one that suggests the present article. English and Scottish

histories, if not used up, have at least been very handsomely worked, and have fairly earned a little tranquillity upon their shelves: the wars of the Stuarts, in particular, have contributed more than their quota to the literary fund. The same may be said of the history of France, so fertile in striking events, and so largely made use of by purveyors to the circulating libraries. Italy and Spain, and even Poland, have not escaped; whilst the East has been disported over in every direction by the accomplished Morier, and a swarm of imitators and inferiors. But what Englishman has tried his hand at a Russian historical romance? We strive in vain to call to mind an original novel in our language founded on incidents of Russian history—although the history of scarcely any nation in the world includes, in the same space of time, a greater number of strange and extraordinary events.

M. Blanc's book, notwithstanding a certain air of pretension in the style of its getting up, in the very mediocre illustrations, and in the tone of the introductory pages, is substantially an unassuming performance. It is a compilation, and contains little that is not to be found printed elsewhere. At the same time, perhaps in no other work are the same events and details thrown together in so compact and entertaining a form. The author troubles us with a few comments of his own, and his reserve in this respect enhances the merit of his book, for when he departs from it his views are somewhat strained and ultra-French. But his narrative is spiritedly put together; and although it will be found, upon comparison, that he has, for the most part, faithfully adhered to high historical authorities, to the exclusion of mere traditionary matter and of imaginative embellishment, yet the dramatic interest of the subject is itself so vivid, that the book reads like a romance.

The Russian history, even to our own day, is a sanguinary and cruel chronicle. Its brevity is its best excuse. The youth of the

country extenuates the crimes of its children. For if the strides of Russia have been vast and rapid in the paths of civilization, we must bear in mind that it is but very recently the progress began. "At the commencement of the eighteenth century," says M. Blanc, "it had certainly been very difficult to foresee that fifty years later a magnificent and polite court would be established on the Gulf of Finland; that soldiers raised on the banks of the Wolga and the Don would rank with the best disciplined troops; and that an empire, of itself larger than all the rest of Europe, would have passed from a state of barbarism to one of civilization as advanced as that of the most favored European states." This is overshooting the mark, and is an exaggeration even a hundred years after the date assigned. If the civilization of St. Petersburg has for some time vied with that of London or Paris, Russia, as a country, has even now much to do before she can be placed on a footing with England or France in refinement and intellectual cultivation. It is difficult to institute a comparison in a case where the nature of the countries, the characters of the nations, and the circumstances of their rise, are, and have been so dissimilar. The investigation might easily entail a disquisition of a length that would leave very little room for an examination of the book in hand. And all that we seek in the present instance to establish will be readily conceded—namely, that in the throes of a country accomplishing with unprecedented rapidity the passage, usually so gradual, from barbarism to civilization, some palliation is to be found for the faults and vices of her nobles and rulers, and for the blood-stains disfiguring her annals.

The early history of Russia, from the foundation of the empire by Rurik to the reign of Ivan IV.—that is to say, from the middle of the ninth to the middle of the sixteenth century—is a chaos of traditions and uncertainties, which M. Blanc has deemed unfavorable to the project of his book, and which he accordingly passes over in an introductory chapter. His business, as may be gathered from his title-page, is with the internal convulsions of the country; and these are difficult to trace, until Ivan Vasilivitch threw off the Tartar yoke, and his grandson Ivan IV., surnamed the Tyrant, or the Terrible, began, with an iron hand, it is true, to labor at the regeneration of his country. A bloodthirsty despot, Russia yet owes him much. The people, demoralized by Tartar rule, needed rigid laws and severe

treatment. Ivan promulgated a code far superior to any previously in use. He invited to Russia foreign mechanics, artists, and men of science; established the first printing-press seen in the country; and laid the foundation of Russian trade, by a treaty of commerce with our own Elizabeth. By the conquest of Kazan, of the kingdom of Astracan, and of districts adjacent to the Caucasus, he extended the limits of the Russian empire. But his wise enactments and warlike successes were sullied by atrocious acts of cruelty. In Novogorod, which had offended him by its desires for increased liberty, he raged for six weeks like an incensed tiger. Sixty thousand human beings, according to some historians, fell victims on that occasion. Similar scenes of butchery were enacted in Tver, Moscow, and other cities. His cruel disposition was evident at a very early age. He was but thirteen years old when he assembled his boyarins to inform them that he needed not their guidance, and would no longer submit to their encroachments on his royal prerogative. "I ought to punish you all," he said, "for all of you have been guilty of offenses against my person; but I will be indulgent, and the weight of my anger shall fall only on Andrew Schusky, who is the worst among you." Schusky, the head of a family which had seized the reins of government during the Czar's minority, endeavored to justify himself. Ivan would not hear him. "Seize and bind him," cried the boy-despot, "and throw him to my dogs. They have a right to the repast." A pack of ferocious hounds, which Ivan took pleasure in rearing, were brought under the window, and irritated by every possible means. When they were sufficiently exasperated, Andrew Schusky was thrown amongst them. His cries increased their fury, and his body was torn to shreds and devoured.

Ivan dead, his son Feodor, who should have been surnamed the Feeble, as his father was the Terrible, ascended the Russian throne. He was the last of Rurik's descendants who occupied it. Even during his reign he recognized as regent of the empire his brother-in-law, the insolent and ambitious Boris Godunof. Possessed of the real power, this man coveted the external pomp of royalty. The crown was his aim, and to its possession after the death of Feodor, who, as weak of body as of mind, was not likely to be long-lived, only one obstacle existed. This was a younger son of Ivan IV., a child of a few years old, named Dmitri or Deme-

trius. The existence of this infant was a slight bar to one so unscrupulous as Godunof, a bar which a poniard soon removed. Feodor died, and his brother-in-law accepted, with much show of reluctance, the throne he had so long desired to fill. For the first time for many years he breathed freely; his end was attained; he thought not of the many crimes that had led to it, of the spilt blood of his child-victim, or of that of two hundred of the inhabitants of Ouglitch, judicially murdered by his orders in revenge of the death of Demetrius' assassins, whom the people had risen upon and slain; the tears of Ivan's widow, now childless and confined in a convent, and of her whole family, condemned to a horrible captivity, troubled not his repose or his dreams of future prosperity. But whilst he exulted in security and splendor, his joy was suddenly troubled by a strange retribution. Demetrius was dead; of that there could be no doubt; his emissary's dagger had done the work too surely—but the name of the rightful heir survived to make the usurper tremble. It is curious to observe in how many details Godunof's own crimes contributed to his punishment. His manœuvres to suppress the facts of Demetrius' death, by stopping couriers and falsifying dispatches, so as to make it appear that the young prince had killed himself with a knife, in a fit of epilepsy, had thrown a sort of mystery and ambiguity over the whole transaction, favorable to the designs and pretensions of impostors. One of the many dark deeds by which he had paved his way to the supreme power was the removal of the metropolitan of the Russian church, who was deposed and shut up in a convent, where it was pretty generally believed he met a violent death. In lieu of this dignitary, previously the sole chief of the Russian church, Godunof created a patriarchate, and Jeremiah of Constantinople went to Moscow to install the first patriarch, whose name was Job. This prelate, whilst visiting the convent of Tchudof, was struck by the intelligence of a young monk named Gregory Otrepief or Atrepief, who could read, then a rare accomplishment, and who showed great readiness of wit. The patriarch took this youth into his service as secretary, and often carried him with him when he went to visit the Czar. Dazzled by the brilliancy of the court, and perceiving the ignorance and incapacity of many high personages, Otrepief conceived the audacious design of elevating himself above those to whom he felt himself already far superior

in ability. He was acquainted with the details of the death of young Demetrius; and from some old servants of the Czarina Mary he obtained particulars of the character, qualities, and tastes of the deceased prince, all of which he carefully noted down, as well as the names and titles of the officers and attendants who had been attached to his person. Having prepared and studied his part he asked leave to return to his convent. This was granted. His fellow-monks wondered to see him thus abandon the advantageous prospects held out to him by the favor of the patriarch.

"What should I become by remaining at court?" replied Otrepief, with a laugh: "a bishop at most, and I mean to be Czar of Moscow."

At first this passed as a joke; but Otrepief, either through bravado, or because it formed part of his scheme, repeated it so often, that it at last came to the ears of the Czar himself, who said the monk must be mad. At the same time, as he knew by experience that the usurpation of the throne was not an impossible thing, he ordered, as an excessive precaution, that the boaster should be sent to a remote convent. Otrepief set out, but on the road he seduced his escort, consisting of two monks. By large promises he prevailed with them to accompany him to Lithuania, where many enemies of Godunof had taken refuge. According to the custom of the times, the travellers passed the nights in roadside monasteries, and in every cell that he occupied Otrepief wrote upon the walls—"I am Demetrius, son of Ivan IV. Although believed to be dead, I escaped from my assassins. When I am upon my father's throne, I will recompense the generous men who now show me hospitality." Soon the report spread far and wide that the Czarowitz Demetrius lived; and had arrived in Lithuania. Otrepief assumed a layman's dress, left his monkish adherents—one of whom agreed to bear the name his leader now renounced—and presented himself as the son of Ivan IV. to the Zaporian Cossacks, amongst whom he soon acquired the military habits and knowledge which he deemed essential to the success of his daring schemes. After a campaign or two, which, judging from the character of his new associates, were probably mere brigand-like expeditions in quest of pillage, Otrepief resumed the cowl, and entered the service of a powerful noble named Vichnevetski, whom he knew to have been greatly attached to Ivan IV. Pretending to be dangerously ill,

he asked for a confessor. After receiving absolution: "I am about to die," he said to the priest; "and I entreat you, holy father, to have me buried with the honors due to the son of the Czar." The priest, a Jesuit, (the Jesuits were then all-powerful in Poland,) asked the meaning of these strange words, which Otrepief declined telling, but said they would be explained after his death by a letter beneath his pillow. This letter the astonished Jesuit took an opportunity to purloin, and at the same time he perceived on the sick man's breast a gold cross studded with diamonds—a present received by Otrepief when secretary to the patriarch. In all haste the Jesuit went to Vichnevetzki; they opened the letter, and gathered from its contents that he who had presented himself to them as a poor monk was no other than Demetrius, son of Ivan IV. Vichnevetzki had in his service two Russians who had been soldiers of Ivan. Led to the sick man's bedside, these declared that they perfectly recognized in him the Czarowitz Demetrius; first, by his features—although they had not seen him since his childhood—and afterwards by two warts upon his face, and by an inequality in the length of his arms.

The Jesuits, never negligent of opportunities to increase their power, saw in the pretender to the czardom a fit instrument for the propagation of Romanism in Russia. They enlisted Sigismund, king of Poland, in the cause of the false Demetrius, who was treated as a prince, and lodged in a palace. Thence he negotiated with the Pope's nuncio, who gave him assurance of the support of all Catholic Europe in exchange for his promise to unite Russia to the Latin church. An army of Poles and Russian refugees was raised, and the southern provinces of Russia were inundated with florid proclamations, in which the joys of an earthly paradise were offered to all who espoused the cause of their legitimate sovereign, Demetrius. The Don Cossacks, whose robberies had been recently checked by Godunof, flocked to the pretender's banner, and so formidable was the army thus collected, that the Czar began heartily to regret having paid such small attention to the words of the monk Otrepief. The Ukraine declared for the self-styled son of Ivan IV.; the voevóda of Sandomir, whose daughter he had promised to marry, acknowledged him as his prince; towns submitted, and fortresses opened their gates to the impostor, now in full march upon Moscow. Blinded by success, Otrepief fan-

cied himself invincible; and, with scarcely fifteen thousand soldiers, he hurried to meet the Muscovite army, fifty thousand strong, and provided with a formidable artillery. Beaten, his undisciplined forces dispersed, and he himself escaped death by a miracle; but his courage was still undaunted. After a few days, during which he slept upon the snow, and subsisted upon a few grains of barley, he succeeded in rallying his scattered bands. These became the nucleus of a new army; and at the very moment that Godunof, rejoicing at his victory, prepared to chastise the nobles compromised in the rebellion, he heard that his enemy was again afoot, more formidable than ever. Furious at the news, the Czar addressed reproaches and menaces to his generals, whom he thus completely alienated; and thenceforth he was surrounded by enemies. A sudden illness soon afterwards carried him off, giving him scarcely time to proclaim his son Feodor his successor. Court and clergy, people and army, paid homage to the young Czar. Amongst others, the general-in-chief of the army took the oath of fidelity; but no sooner was he again at the head of his troops, than he negotiated with Otrepief, and went over to him with all his forces. A few days afterwards the pretender was in Moscow. He strangled Feodor, and proclaimed himself Czar. Never had an impostor played his part with greater skill and such complete success. He had the art even to obtain his recognition from Ivan's widow. He recalled her relations, exiled since Godunof's usurpation, restored them their property and loaded them with honors, and then sent word to Mary that he would be to her a good son or a severe master, as she chose. The Czarina acknowledged him as her son, and was present at his coronation.

Notwithstanding the strength of this evidence, a noble, named Basil Shusky or Zuiski—of the family whose chief Ivan IV. had thrown to his hounds—still contended against the usurper. He had himself seen the corpse of Ivan's son Demetrius, and he declared as much to his friends and partisans, whom he offered to head and lead against the impostor. Before his plans were ripe, however, he was arrested and brought to trial. Otrepief offered to pardon him if he would name his accomplices, and publicly admit that he had lied in stating that he had seen the dead body of the son of Ivan IV.

"I will retract nothing," was Shusky's firm reply; "for I have spoken the truth;

the man who now wears the crown of the Czar is a vile impostor. I know the fate reserved for me; but those you uselessly urge me to betray will revenge my death, and the usurper shall fall."

As he persisted in his courageous assertions, the judges ordered him to be put to the torture. The executioner tied his hands behind him and placed upon his head an iron crown, bristling internally with sharp points; then, with the palm of his hand, he struck the top of the crown, and blood streamed over the victim's face.

"Confess your guilt!" said the judge.

The intrepid Shusky repeated his asseveration of Otrepief's imposture. The judge signed to the executioner, who again clapped a heavy hand upon the iron diadem. But suffering only augmented the energy of the heroic Muscovite, who continued, as long as consciousness remained in his tortured head, to denounce the false Czar. At last, when the whole of the forehead and the greater part of the skull were bared to the bone, he fainted and was removed. The terrible crown had been pressed down to his eyes. He was condemned to decapitation; but Otrepief pardoned him upon the scaffold, and, some time afterwards, was imprudent enough to take him into favor and make him his privy counsellor. Shusky had vowed revenge, and waited only for an opportunity. This was accelerated by Otrepief's fancied security. One morning the false Demetrius was roused by alarm-bells, and, on looking from a window, he beheld the palace surrounded by a host of armed conspirators. The doors were speedily forced; pursued from room to room by overwhelming numbers, his clothes and the doors through which he fled riddled with balls, the Czar at last leaped from a window, and, notwithstanding serious injuries received in falling, he reached a guard-house occupied by the Strelitz. The post was soon surrounded by an armed and menacing crowd; but the officer commanding declared he would defend his sovereign with his life.

"He whom you call your sovereign is a monk who has usurped the crown," said Shusky to the officer.

"He is the son of the Czarina Mary," was the reply.

"The Czarina herself declares him an impostor."

"Show me her written declaration to that effect, and I will give him up; but only on that condition."

Shusky ran to the convent where Mary

lived in a kind of semi-captivity, told her what was passing—that the capital was in his power, and that she could not now refuse to proclaim the imposture of the wretch who had compelled her to recognize him as her son. Mary yielded the more easily that her timorous conscience reproached her with the falsehood by which she had confirmed an adventurer in the imperial dignity; she signed and sealed the declaration demanded, and Shusky hastened with it to the officer of Strelitz. Otrepief was given up. Shusky assembled some boyarins and formed a tribunal, of which he himself was president, and before which the Czar, thus rapidly cast down from the throne to which his address and courage had elevated him, was forthwith arraigned.

"The hour of expiation is come," said Shusky. "The head you so barbarously mutilated has never ceased to ponder vengeance. Monk Otrepief, confess yourself an impostor, that God, before whom you are about to appear, may have pity on your soul."

"I am the Czar Demetrius," replied Otrepief, with much assurance; "it is not the first time that rebellious subjects, led astray by traitors, have dared lay hands on the sacred person of their sovereign; but such crimes never remain unpunished."

"You would gain time," replied Shusky; "but you will not succeed; the Czarina Mary's declaration is sufficient for us to decide upon your fate, and, so doing, we doom you to die."

Thereupon four men seized the culprit and pushed him against a wall; two others, armed with muskets, went close up to him and shot him. He struggled an instant, and then expired. His corpse, dragged by the mob to the place of common execution, was there abandoned with outrage and mutilation. His death was the signal for the massacre of the Poles, whom Otrepief had always favored, affecting their manners, and selecting them for his body-guard. Moscow just then contained a great number of those foreigners; for Marina, daughter of the voevóda of Sandomir, had arrived a few days before for her nuptials with the Czar, and had been closely followed by the King of Poland's ambassadors, with an armed and numerous suite. After an orgie at the palace, the Poles had committed various excesses, beating peaceable citizens and outraging women, which had greatly exasperated the people. Besides this, their religion rendered them odious; and scarcely had the false Demetrius fallen when

the Russian priests and monks raised the cry of massacre. With shouts of "down with the Pope!" and "death to the heretics!" they spread through the city, pointing out to the people the dwellings of the Poles, whose doors were already marked by the conspirators. It was a St. Bartholomew on a small scale. Blood flowed for six hours in the streets of Moscow; more than a thousand Poles were slaughtered; and when the work was done, the murderers repaired to the churches to thank God for the success of their enterprise. Shusky was proclaimed Czar by the will of the people, which, at that moment, it would not have been safe to thwart.

The brilliant success of one impostor, temporary though it had proved, soon raised up others. Shusky was no sooner on the throne than the report spread that Czar Demetrius had not been shot—that a faithful adherent had suffered death in his stead. And a runaway serf, Ivan Bolotnikof by name, undertook to personate the defunct impostor. But although he collected a sort of army of Strelitz, Cossacks, and peasants, glad of any pretext for pillage, and although he was recognized by two powerful princes, one of whom, strange to say, was his former owner, Prince Téliatevski, his abilities and his success were alike far inferior to those of Otrepief. Astrachan and several other towns revolted in his favor; but Shusky marched against him, won a battle, in which Téliatevski was killed, and besieged Toulâ, in which Bolotnikof and the other chiefs of the revolt had shut themselves up. "The besieged," says M. Blanc, "defended themselves vigorously; but Shusky, by the advice of a child, who was assuredly born with the genius of destruction, stopped the course of the Oupa, by means of a dike made below the town, through which the river flowed. The topographical position of the town was such that in a few hours it was completely under water. Many of the inhabitants were drowned; defense became impossible; and Bolotnikof, seized by his mutinous followers, was given up to Shusky. This second false Demetrius was forthwith shot; but his fate did not discourage a third impostor, who, like his predecessor, commanded armies, but never reached the throne. From first to last, no less than seven candidates appeared for the name and birthright of Ivan's murdered son. Three of them were promptly crushed; the seventh audaciously asserted that he united in his person not only the true Demetrius, whom Godonuf had assassinated, but also the one

whom Shusky had dragged from the throne, and two of the subsequent impostors. This was rather a strong dose even for Cossacks to swallow; but these gentlemen rejoiced at the prospect of booty, affected to credit the tale, and bore the pretender's banner to within a short distance of Moscow. There his career terminated. A Cossack chief who had often seen Otrepief, finding himself in the presence of the seventh Demetrius, declared aloud that he was not the Czar he had served, arrested the impostor with his own hand, and hung him on a neighboring tree.

The annals of this period of Russian history are painful from the atrocities they record; and M. Blanc is prodigal of horrors. The interval of a quarter of a century between the extinction of the line of Rurik and the accession of the Romanoff dynasty, still paramount in Russia, was occupied by the constant struggles between usurpers and pretenders, none of whom dreamed of a milder fate than death for the foe who fell into their hands. And happy was the vanquished chief who escaped with a prompt and merciful death by axe or bullet. The most hideous tortures were put in practice, either for the extortion of confessions, or for the gratification of malice. Even Shusky, whom we have shown enduring with noble fortitude the agonizing pressure of the iron crown, learned not mercy from suffering. His treatment of an enthusiastic boyarin, sent by the third false Demetrius to summon him to vacate the throne, was such as Red Indians or Spanish inquisitors might have shuddered to witness. It is recorded, in all its horrible details, at page 52 of the *Histoire des Conspirations*, &c. The torture of individuals, which was of frequent occurrence, was varied from time to time by the massacre of multitudes. We have mentioned that of the Poles. In 1611, after Shusky's dethronement, it was the turn of the Muscovites. The Poles having seized Moscow, insisted that Vladislaus, son of the King of Poland, should be elected Czar. The nobles consented, but the patriarch steadily refused his consent; and, by the law of the land, his opposition nullified the election. Thereupon the Poles ran riot in the city, plundering, murdering, and ravishing; and at last, unsheathing the sword for a general slaughter, twenty thousand men, women, and children fell in one day beneath the murderous steel. A Muscovite army then closely blockaded the place; and the Poles were reduced to the greatest ex-

tremity of famine. They at last surrendered on condition of their lives being spared, notwithstanding which compact many were massacred by the Cossacks. "And yet," says M. Blanc, "the aspect of the town was well calculated to excite compassion rather than hatred. In the streets the cadaverous and emaciated inhabitants looked like spectres; in the houses were the remains of unclean animals, fragments of repasts horrible to imagine; and what is still more frightful, perhaps unprecedented, salting tubs were found, *filled with human flesh.*"

It was under the reign of Alexis, the second Romanoff, and father of Peter the Great, that there appeared in Russia the most extraordinary robber the world ever saw. He claimed not to be a czar, or the son of a czar; the Demetrius mask was out of date, and one real and another pretended son of Otrepief and Marina had been executed by order of Alexis. The new adventurer was a common Cossack from the Don, who went by his own name of Stenka Razin, and to whom M. Blanc attributes, perhaps with a little exaggeration, the ambition, courage, and ferocity of a Tamerlane. In those days the Russian territory was by no means free from robbers, who pillaged caravans of merchandise, but generally respected the property of the czar and the principal nobles, lest they should make themselves powerful enemies. Razin's first act was to throw down the glove to his sovereign. He seized a convoy belonging to the court, and hung some gentlemen who endeavored to defend it. The fame of his intrepidity and success brought him many followers, and soon he was at the head of an army. He embarked on the Caspian Sea, and cruised along its shores, frequently landing and seizing immense booty. At the mouth of the Yaik he was met by an officer of the czar's, sent by the voevóda of Astrachan to offer him and his companions a free pardon, on condition of their discontinuing their robberies. Razin replied that he was no robber, but a conqueror; that he made war, and suffered none to fail in respect towards him. And to prove his words, he hung the officer, and drowned the men of his escort. A numerous body of Strelitz was then sent against him. Razin beat the Strelitz, seized the town of Yatskoi, massacred the garrison and the inhabitants, and passed the winter there unmolested. In the spring he marched into Persia. There he accumulated immense booty, but was at last expelled by a general rising of the population. On his return to

Russia he was soon surrounded by troops; but even then, such was the terror of his name, the Russian general granted him a capitulation, by which he and his men were permitted to retire to their native provinces, taking their plunder with them; and their security was guaranteed so long as they abstained from aggression. This scandalous convention was ratified by Alexis, but was not long adhered to by the bandit with whom the czar thus meanly condescended to treat as an equal. Stenka's next campaign was even more successful than the previous one. Bodies of troops deserted to him, and several towns fell into his power; amongst others, that of Astrachan, where frightful scenes of violence and murder were enacted—Razin himself parading the streets, intoxicated with brandy, and stabbing all he met. He was marching upon Moscow, with the avowed intention of dethroning the czar, when he sustained a reverse, and, after fighting like a lion, was made prisoner, and sent in fetters to the city he had expected to enter in triumph. Taken before Alexis, he replied boldly and haughtily to the czar's reproaches and threats. The only anxiety he showed, was to know what manner of death he was to suffer. He had heard that, in the previous year, an obscure robber and assassin, who pillaged convents and churches, had been cut into pieces of half a finger's breadth, beginning at the toes. This barbarous punishment, of which several instances are cited in M. Blanc's book, was known as the "torture of the ten thousand pieces." "But," exclaimed Stenka Razin, with a sort of terror, so horrible did this death appear to him, "I am no robber of monks! I have commanded armies. I have made peace with the czar, therefore I had a right to make war upon him. Is there not a man among you brave enough to split my head with a hatchet?" The Strelitz guards, to whom these words were addressed, refused the friendly office, and Razin heard himself condemned to be quartered alive. He seemed resigned, as if he considered this death an endurable medium between the decapitation he had implored of his judges and the barbarous mincing he had been led to expect. But his energy forsook him on the scaffold, and the man who had so often confronted and inflicted death, received it in a swooning state.

The characters of few sovereigns admit of being judged more variously than that of Peter I. of Russia, surnamed the Great. According to the point of view whence we

contemplate him, we behold the hero or the savage; the wise legislator or the lawless tyrant; the patient pursuer of science, or the dissolute and heartless debauchee. In the long chapter given to his romantic and eventful reign, M. Blanc shows him little favor. In a work treating of conspiracies and executions, the characters of the sovereigns introduced are naturally not exhibited under their most amiable aspect, especially when those sovereigns are Russian czars and czarinas, to whom lenity has generally been less familiar than severity, and pardon than punishment. The pen of Voltaire has done much for the reputation of Peter the Great, who to us has always appeared an over-rated personage. Historians have vaunted his exploits and good deeds, till his crimes and barbarities have been lost sight of in the glitter of panegyric. The monarch who could debase himself to the office of an executioner, beheading his rebel subjects with his own hand, and feasting his eyes with the spectacle of death when he himself was weary of slaying; who could condemn his wife, repudiated without cause, to the frightful torture of the knout, and sign the order, which it is more than suspected he himself executed, for the death of his own son—may have been great as a warrior and a legislator, but must ever be execrated as a man. Peter was certainly an extraordinary compound of vices and virtues. His domestic life will not bear even the most superficial investigation, and M. Blanc has ripped it up unmercifully. The great reformer—we might almost say the founder—of the mighty empire of Russia, the conqueror of Charles of Sweden, was a drunkard and a gross sensualist, a bad father, a cruel and unfaithful husband. Indeed, some of his acts seem inexplicable, otherwise than by that ferocious insanity manifest in more than one of his descendants. Even his rare impulses of mercy were apt to come too late to save the victim. As illustrating one of them, an incident, nearly the last event of Peter's life, is given by M. Blanc in more minute detail than we ever before met with it. Peter's whole life was a romance; but this is assuredly one of its most romantic episodes. A short time before his death, according to M. Blanc, although other writers fix the date some years earlier, Peter was violently smitten by the charms of a young girl named Ivanowa. Although tenderly attached, and about to be married to an officer of the regiment of Schouvaloff, she dared not oppose the czar's wishes, but

became his mistress. Peter, who took her repugnance for timidity, fancied himself beloved, and passed much of his time in her society, in a charming cottage in which he had installed her at one of the extremities of St. Petersburg. He had enriched her family, who were ignorant, however, of her retreat. Her betrothed, whose name was Demetrius Daniloff, was in despair at her disappearance, and made unceasing efforts to discover her, but all in vain, until Ivanowa, having made a confidant of a Livonian slave, had him conducted to her presence. The lovers' meetings were then frequent, so much so, that Peter received intelligence of them. "His anger was terrible; he roared like a tiger. 'Betrayed! betrayed everywhere and always!' cried he, striding wildly about the room, and striking his brow with his clenched fist. 'Oh! revenge! revenge!'"

"Before the close of the day he left the palace, alone, wrapped in a coarse cloak, his feet in nailed shoes, whose patches attested their long services, his head covered with a fox-skin cap which came down over his eyebrows and half concealed his eyes. He soon reached Ivanowa's house, where the lovers deemed themselves perfectly secure, for the czar had spread a report of his departure for Moscow. Moreover, the faithful Livonian slave kept watch in the ante-chamber, to give an alarm at the least noise. Peter knew all this, and had taken his measures accordingly. Opening an outer door with a key of his own, he bounced into the ante-room, upset the slave, and with a kick of his powerful foot burst the door that separated him from the lovers. All this occurred with the speed of lightning. Daniloff and Ivanowa had scarce time to rise from their seats before the czar stood over them with his drawn sword in his hand. Ivanowa uttered a cry of terror, fell on her knees and fainted. Prompt as the czar, Daniloff bared his sabre and threw himself between his mistress and Peter. The latter lowered his weapon.

"'No,' he said, 'the revenge were too brief.'

"He opened a window and cried *hourra!* At the signal, a hundred soldiers crowded into the house. Mastering his fury, the Czar ordered the young officer to be taken to prison, there to receive one hundred blows of the *battoques* or sticks. Ivanowa was also confined until the senate should decide on her fate. The next day Daniloff received his terrible punishment. Before half of it had been inflicted, his back from the loins to the shoulders, was one hideous wound," &c.

We omit the revolting details. "Nevertheless the executioners continued to strike, and the hundred blows were counted, without a complaint from the sufferer. The unfortunate Daniloſſ had not even fainted; he got up alone,* when untied, and asked to have his wounds carefully dressed.

" 'I have need to live a short time longer,' he added."

Meanwhile Ivanowa was brought before the senate, and accused of high treason and of trying to discover state secrets—a charge of Peter's invention. The supple senate, created by the Czar, condemned her to receive twenty-two blows of the knout in the presence of her accomplice Daniloſſ, already punished by the emperor's order. On the day appointed for the execution, Peter stood upon the balcony of his winter palace. Several battalions of infantry marched past, escorting the unfortunate Demetrius, who, in spite of the frightful sufferings he still endured, walked with a steady step, and with a firm and even joyful countenance. Surrounded by another escort, was seen the young and lovely Ivanowa, half dead with terror, supported on one side by a priest and on the other by a soldier, and letting her beautiful head fall from one shoulder to the other, according to the impulse given it by her painful progress. Even Peter's heart melted at the sight. Re-entering his apartment, he put on the ribbon of the order of St. Andrew, threw a cloak over his shoulders, left the palace, sprang into a boat, and reached the opposite side of the river at the same time as the mournful procession which had crossed the bridge. Making his way through the crowd, he dropped his cloak, took Ivanowa in his arms and imprinted a kiss upon her brow. A murmur arose amongst the people, and suddenly cries of "pardon" were heard.

"The knights of St. Andrew then enjoyed the singular privilege that a kiss given by them to a condemned person, deprived the executioner of his victim. This privilege has endured even to our day, but not without some modification.

"Daniloſſ had recognized Peter. He approached the Czar, whose every movement he had anxiously watched, stripped off his coat, and rent the bloody shirt that covered his shoulders.

* The victim is placed upon his belly (and tied down so that he cannot change his position) to receive this terrible punishment, in severity inferior only to the knout.

" 'The man who could suffer thus,' he said, 'knows how to die. Czar, thy repentance comes too late! Ivanowa, I go to wait for thee!' And drawing a concealed poniard, he stabbed himself twice. His death was instantaneous. Peter hurried back to his palace, and the stupefied crowd slowly dispersed. Ivanowa died shortly afterwards in the convent to which she had been permitted to retire."

If we are frequently shocked, in the course of M. Blanc's third volume, by the tyrannical and brutal cruelty of the Russian sovereigns, we are also repeatedly disgusted by the servility and patient meanness of those who suffered from it. We behold Muscovite nobles of high rank and descent, cringing under the wanton torments inflicted on them by their oppressor, and submitting to degradations to which death, one would imagine, were, to any free-spirited man, fifty times preferable. As an example, we will cite the conduct of a Prince Galitzin, who after long exile in Germany, where he had become a convert to the Romish church, solicited and obtained permission to return to his country. This was in 1740, under the reign of the dissolute and cruel Czarina Anne. The paramours and flatterers who composed the court of that licentious princess, urged her to inflict on the new-made papist the same punishment that had been suffered by a noble named Vonitzin, who had turned Jew, and had been burned alive, or rather roasted at a slow fire. Anne refused, but promised the courtiers they should not be deprived of their sport.

"The same day Galitzin, although upwards of forty years old, was ordered to take his place amongst the pages: a few days later he received a notification that the empress, contented with his services, had been pleased to raise him to the dignity of her third buffoon. 'The custom of buffoons,' says an historian, 'was then in full force in Russia: the empress had six, *three of whom were of very high birth*, and when they did not lend themselves with a good grace to the tomfooleries required of them by her or her favorites, she had them punished with the *battoques*.' The empress appeared well satisfied with the manner in which the prince fulfilled his new duties; and as he was a widower, she declared she would find him a wife, that so valuable a subject might not die without posterity. They selected, for the poor wretch's bride, the most hideous and disgusting creature that could be found in the lowest ranks of the populace. Anne herself ar-

ranged the ceremonial of the wedding. It was in the depth of one of the severest winters of the century ; and, at a great expense, the empress had a palace built of ice. Not only was the building entirely constructed of that material, but all the furniture, including the nuptial bed, was also of ice. In front of the palace were ice cannons, mounted on ice carriages.

" Anne and all her court conducted the newly married pair to this palace, their destined habitation. The guests were in sledges drawn by dogs and reindeer ; the husband and wife, enclosed in a cage, were carried on an elephant. When the procession arrived near the palace, the ice cannons were fired, and not one of them burst, so intense was the cold. Several of them were even loaded with bullets, which pierced thick planks at a considerable distance. When everybody had entered the singular edifice, the ball began. It probably did not last long. On its conclusion, Anne insisted on the bride and bridegroom being put to bed in her presence : they were undressed, with the exception of their under garments, and were compelled to lie down upon the bed of ice, without covering of any kind. Then the company went away, and sentinels were placed at the door of the nuptial chamber, to prevent the couple from leaving it before the next day ! But when the next day came, they had to be carried out ; the poor creatures were in a deplorable state, and survived their torture but a few days."

This patient submission to a long series of indignities on the part of a man of Galitzin's rank and blood is incomprehensible, and pity for his cruel death is mingled with contempt for the elderly prince who could tamely play the page, and caper in the garb of a court jester. But the Russian noble of that day—and even of a later period—united the soul of a slave with the heart of a tyrant. To the feeble a relentless tiger, before the despot or the despot's favorite he grovelled like a spiritless cur. The memoirs of the eighteenth century abound in examples of his base servility. We cite one, out of many which we find recorded in an interesting *Life of Catherine II. of Russia*, published at Paris in 1797. Plato Zouboff, one of Catherine's favorite lovers, had a little monkey, a restless, troublesome beast, which everybody detested, but which everybody caressed, by way of paying court to its master. Amongst the host of ministers, military men, and ambassadors, who sedulously attended the levees of the powerful favorite, was a general

officer, remarkable for the perfection and care with which his hair was dressed. One day the monkey climbed upon his head, and, after completely destroying the symmetry of his hyacinthine locks, deliberately defiled them. The officer dared not show the slightest discontent. There are not wanting, however, in the history of the eighteenth century, instances of heroism and courage to contrast with the far more numerous ones of vileness afforded by the aristocracy of Russia. The dignity and fortitude of Menzikoff—that pastry-cook's boy who became a great minister—during his terrible exile in Siberia, are an oft-told tale. Prince Dolgorouki, the same to whom Anne owed her crown, and whom she requited by a barbarous death, beheld his son, brother, and nephew broken on the wheel. When his turn came, and the executioners were arranging him suitably upon the instrument of torture : " Do as you please with me," he said, " and without fear of loading your consciences, for it is not in human power to increase my sufferings." And he died without uttering a complaint. But perhaps the most extraordinary instance of coolness and self-command, at the moment of a violent and cruel death, to be found in the annals of executions, is that of Pugatscheff, who, however, was no nobleman, but a Cossack of humble birth, who deserted from the Russian army after the siege and capture of Bender by General Panin, and fled to Poland, where he was concealed for a time by hermits of the Greek church. " Conversing one day with his protectors," says a French writer already referred to, " he told them, that once, during his service in General Panin's army a Russian officer said to him, after staring him very hard in the face, ' If the emperor Peter III., my master, were not dead, I should think I now stood before him.' The hermits paid little attention to this tale ; but some time afterwards one of their number, who had not yet met Pugatscheff, exclaimed, on beholding him, ' Is not that the emperor, Peter III.?' The monks then induced him to attempt an imposture they had planned." M. Blanc's account differs from this, inasmuch as it asserts the resemblance to the defunct Czar to have been very slight. Whatever the degree of likeness, Pugatscheff declared himself the husband of Catherine II. (murdered some time previously, by Prince Bariatinski and by Alexis Orloff, the brother of Catherine's lover,) and thousands credited his pretensions. The Cossacks of the River Yaik (afterwards changed to the Ural by Catherine, who de-

sired to obliterate the memory of this revolt) were just then in exceedingly bad humor. After patiently submitting to a great deal of oppression and ill usage, they had received orders to cut off their beards. This they would not do. They had relinquished, grumbling but passive, many a fair acre of pasture; they had furnished men for a new regiment of hussars; but they rebelled outright when ordered to use a razor. The Livonian general, Traubenberg, repaired to Yaitsk with a strong staff of barbers, and began shaving the refractory Cossacks on the public market-place. The patients rose in arms, massacred general, barbers, and aid-de-camps; recognized Pugatscheff as Peter III., and swore to replace him on his throne, and to die in his defense. The adventurer was near being as successful as the monk Otrepief. Catherine herself was very uneasy, although she published contemptuous proclamations, and jested, in her letters to Voltaire, on the Marquis of Pugatscheff, as she called him. It was rather a serious subject to joke about. The impostor defeated Russian armies, and slew their generals; took towns, whose governors he impaled; burned upwards of two hundred and fifty villages; destroyed the commerce of Siberia; stopped the working of the Orenberg mines; and poured out the blood of thirty thousand Russian subjects. At last he was taken. On his trial he showed great firmness; and, although unable to read or write, he answered the questions of the tribunal with wonderful ability and intelligence. He was condemned to death. According to the sentence, his hands were to be cut off first, then his feet, then his head, and finally the trunk was to be quartered. When brought upon the scaffold, and whilst the imperial ukase enumerating his crimes was read, he undressed quickly and in silence; but when they began to read the sentence, he dextrously prevented the executioner from attending to it, by asking him all manner of questions—whether his axe was in good order, whether the block was not of a less size than prescribed by law, and whether he, the executioner, had not, by chance, drank more brandy than usual, which might make his hand unsteady.

"The sentence read, the magistrate and his assistant left the scaffold.

" 'Now, then,' said Pugatscheff, to the executioner, 'let us have no mistakes; the prescribed order must be strictly observed. So you will first cut off my head'—

" 'The head first!' cried the executioner.

" 'So runs the sentence. Have a care!

I have friends who would make you dearly expiate an error to my prejudice.'

"It was too late to call back the magistrate; and the executioner, who doubted, at last said to himself that the important affair, after all, was the death of the criminal, and that there was little difference whether it took place rather sooner or rather later. He grasped his axe; Pugatscheff laid his head on the block, and the next moment it rebounded upon the scaffold. The feet and hands were cut off after death; the culprit escaping torture by his great presence of mind."

It has been asserted that an order from the empress thus humanized the cruel sentence; but this is exceedingly improbable, for she was bitter against Pugatscheff, who, ignorant Cossack as he was, had made the modern Semiramis tremble on her throne; besides, it is matter of history that, after his execution, the headsman had his tongue cut out and was sent to Siberia. Catherine, who had affected to laugh at Pugatscheff during his life, was so ungenerous as to calumniate him after death. "This brigand," she said, in one of her letters quoted by M. Blanc, "showed himself so pusillanimous in his prison, that it was necessary to prepare him with caution to hear his sentence read, lest he should die of fear." It is quite certain, M. Blanc observes, that to his dying hour Pugatscheff inspired more fear than he felt.

The misfortunes of the unhappy young Princess Tarrakanoff supply M. Blanc with materials for the most interesting chapter in this volume of his work. The Empress Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, and predecessor of Peter III.—whose marriage with the Princess of Anhalt Zerbest, afterwards Catherine the Great, was brought about by her—had had three children by her secret marriage with Alexis Razumoffski. The youngest of these was a daughter, who was brought up in Russia under the name of the Princess Tarrakanoff. When Catherine trampled the rights of Poland under foot, the Polish prince, Charles Radzivil, carried off the young princess, and took her to Italy, thinking to set her up at some future day as a pretender to the Russian throne. Informed of this, Catherine confiscated his estates; and in order to live, he was compelled to sell the diamonds and other valuables he had taken with him to Italy. These resources exhausted, Radzivil set out for Poland to seek others, leaving the young princess, then in her sixteenth year, at Rome, under the care of a sort of governess or duenna. On reaching

his native country he was offered the restoration of his property if he would bring back his ward to Russia. He refused; but he was so base as to promise that he would take no further trouble about her, and leave her to her fate. Catherine pardoned him, and forthwith put Alexis Orloff on the scent. He was a keen bloodhound, she well knew, capable of any villany that might serve his ambition. Gold unlimited was placed at his disposal, and promise of high reward if he discovered the retreat of the princess, and lured her within Catherine's reach. Orloff set out for Italy; and on arriving there he took into his employ a Neapolitan named Ribas, a sort of spy, styling himself a naval officer, who pledged himself to find out the princess, but stipulated for rank in the Russian navy as his reward. M. Blanc asserts that he demanded to be made admiral at once; and that Orloff, afraid, notwithstanding the extensive powers given him, to bestow so high a grade, or compelled by the suspicions of Ribas to produce the commission itself, wrote to Catherine, who at once sent the required document. Whether this be exact or not, more than one historian mentions that Ribas subsequently commanded in the Black Sea as a Russian vice-admiral. When certain of his reward, Ribas, who then had spent two months in researches, revealed the retreat of the unfortunate princess. With some abridgment we will follow M. Blanc, whose narrative agrees, in all the main points, with the most authentic versions of this touching and romantic history.

The princess was at Rome. Abandoned by Radzivil, she was reduced to the greatest penury, existing only by the aid of a woman who had been her servant, and who now served other masters. Alexis Orloff visited her in her miserable abode, and spoke at first in the tone of a devoted slave addressing his sovereign; he told her she was the legitimate empress of Russia; that the entire population of that great empire anxiously longed for her accession; that if Catherine still occupied the throne, it was only because nobody knew where she (the princess) was hidden; and that her appearance amongst her faithful subjects would be a signal for the instant downfall of the usurper. Notwithstanding her youth, the princess mistrusted these dazzling assurances; she was even alarmed by them, and held herself upon her guard. Then Orloff, one of the handsomest men of his time, joined the seductions of love to those

of ambition; he feigned a violent passion for the young girl, and swore that his life depended on his obtaining her heart and hand. The poor isolated girl fell unresistingly into the infamous snare spread for her inexperience; she believed and loved him. The infamous Orloff persuaded her that their marriage must be strictly private, lest Catherine should hear of it and take precautions. In the night he brought to her house a party of mercenaries, some wearing the costumes of priests of the Greek church, others magnificently attired to act as witnesses. The mockery of a marriage enacted, the princess willingly accompanied Alexis Orloff, whom she believed her husband, to Leghorn, where entertainments of all sorts were given to her. The Russian squadron, at anchor off the port, was commanded by the English Admiral Greig. This officer, either the dupe or the accomplice of Orloff, invited the princess to visit the vessels that were soon to be commanded in her name. She accepted, and embarked after a banquet, amidst the acclamations of an immense crowd: the cannon thundered, the sky was bright, every circumstance conspired to give her visit the appearance of a brilliant festival. From her flag-bedecked galley she was hoisted in a splendid arm-chair on board the admiral's vessel, where she was received with the honors due to a crowned head. Until then Orloff had never left her side for instant. Suddenly the scene changed. Orloff disappeared: in place of the gay and smiling officers who an instant previously had obsequiously bowed before her, the unfortunate victim saw herself surrounded by men of sinister aspect, one of whom announced to her that she was prisoner by order of the Empress Catherine, and that soon she would be brought to trial for the treason she had attempted. The princess thought herself in a dream. With loud cries she summoned her husband to her aid; her guardians laughed in her face, and told her she had had a lover, but no husband, and that her marriage was a farce. Her despair at these terrible revelations amounted to frenzy; she burst into sobs and reproaches, and at last swooned away. They took advantage of her insensibility to put fetters on her feet and hands, and lower her into the hold. A few hours later, the squadron sailed for Russia. Notwithstanding her helplessness and entreaties, the poor girl was kept in irons until her arrival at St. Petersburg, when she was taken before the empress, who wished to see and question her.

Catherine was old ; the Princess Tarrakanoff was but sixteen, and of surpassing beauty ; the disparity destroyed her last chance of mercy. But as there was in reality no charge against her, and as her trial might have made too much noise, Catherine, after a long and secret interview with her unfortunate prisoner, gave orders she should be kept in the most rigorous captivity. She was confined in one of the dungeons of a prison near the Neva.

Five years elapsed. The victim of the heartless Catherine, and of the villain Orloff, awaited death as the only relief she could expect ; but youth, and a good constitution, struggled energetically against torture and privations. One night, reclining on the straw that served her as a bed, she prayed to God to terminate her sufferings by taking her to himself, when her attention was attracted by a low rumbling noise like the roll of distant thunder. She listened. The noise redoubled : it became an incessant roar, which each moment augmented in power. The poor captive desired death, and yet she felt terror ; she called aloud, and implored not to be left alone. A jailer came at her cries ; she asked the cause of the noise she heard.

" 'Tis nothing," replied the stupid slave ; "the Neva overflowing."

"But cannot the water reach us here?"

"It is here already."

At that moment the flood, making its way under the door, poured into the dungeon, and in an instant captive and jailer were over the ankles in water.

"For heaven's sake, let us leave this !" cried the young princess.

"Not without order ; and I have received none."

"But we shall be drowned !"

"That is pretty certain. But without special orders I am not to let you leave this dungeon, under pain of death. In cases of unforeseen danger I am to remain with you, and to kill you should rescue be attempted."

"Good God ! the water rises. I cannot sustain myself."

The Neva overflowing its banks, floated enormous blocks of ice, upsetting everything in its passage, and inundating the adjacent country. The water now plashed furiously against the prison-doors : the sentinels had been carried away by the torrent, and the other soldiers on guard had taken refuge on the upper floors. Lifted off her feet by the icy flood, which still rose higher, the unfortunate captive fell and disappeared ; the jailer, who had water to his breast, hung

his lamp against the wall, and tried to succor his prisoner ; but when he succeeded in raising her up, she was dead ! The possibility anticipated by his employers was realized ; there had been stress of circumstances, and the princess being dead, he was at liberty to leave the dungeon. Bearing the corpse in his arms, he succeeded in reaching the upper part of the prison.

If we may offer a hint to authors, it is our opinion that this tragical anecdote will be a godsend to some romance-writer of costive invention, and on the out-look for a plot. Very little ingenuity will suffice to spread over the prescribed quantity of foolscap the incidents we have packed into a page. They will dilute very handsomely into three volumes. As to characters, the novelist's work is done to his hand. Here we have the Empress Catherine, vindictive and dissolute, persecuting that "fair girl," the Princess Tarrakanoff, with the assistance of Orloff, the smooth villain, and of the sullen ruffian Ribas. The latter will work up into a sort of Italian Varney, and may be dispersed to the elements by an intentional accident, on board the ship blown up by Orloff's order, for the enlightenment of the painter Hackert. With the exception of the dungeon-scene, we have given but a meagre outline of M. Blanc's narrative ; and there are a number of minor characters that may be advantageously brought in and expanded. "This event," says M. Blanc, referring to the kidnapping of the Princess, "caused a strong sensation at Leghorn. Prince Leopold, Grand-duke of Tuscany, complained bitterly of it, and would have had Alexis Orloff arrested ; but this vile assassin of Peter III. maintained that he had only executed the orders of his sovereign, who would well know how to justify him. He was supported, in this circumstance, by the English consul, who was his accomplice ; and the Grand-duke, seeing he was not likely to be the strongest, suffered the matter to drop." "Some Englishmen," another French writer asserts, "had been so base as participate in Alexis Orloff's plot ; but others were far from approving of it. They even blushed to serve under him, and sent in their resignations. Admiral Elphinstone was one of these. Greig was promoted in his place." An Italian prince, indignant, but timid ; a foreign consul, sold to Russian interests ; a British sailor, spurning the service of a tyrant. We need say no more ; for we are quite sure that before they get thus far, the corps of historical novelists will be handling their goose-quills.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

EARLY LIFE OF DE LAMARTINE, VICTOR HUGO, AND JULES JANIN.

BY P. G. PATMORE.

THERE is nothing more pleasant, and few things more profitable, than to gather up and place on record, at the fitting moment, those slight and (in themselves) insignificant passages in the early life of celebrated men which are very wisely passed by at the period of their occurrence, as not claiming more than the momentary note and recognition of personal friends. But these *buds* of genius, when they have actually blossomed into the "bright consummate flowers" which they promised, are more precious to the memory than are those full-blown flowers themselves to the sense.

It is this consideration which induces us to place before our readers a few private anecdotes of the boyhood and youth of men, one of whom, De Lamartine, has, during the last few months, occupied a more prominent place in the eyes of Europe than any other living individual, and who has, during the greater portion of that period, done more to prove and illustrate the sublime power of intellect over brute force than was, perhaps, ever before effected, within the like period, by any other living man.

Another of those men, Victor Hugo, has done scarcely less than Lamartine, and will, probably, hereafter do still more, to influence the destinies of his countrymen.

The third, Jules Janin, though enjoying European celebrity as a *feuilletoniste*, is of inferior note to the foregoing. But the passage we are enabled to give from his early life is so singularly *à propos* to the political events that have lately occurred in France, that we cannot doubt of its being read with interest and curiosity—the rather that M. Janin has, during the whole of the late events in Paris, kept himself studiously in the background, and abstained from expressing, or even indicating, any political opinions whatever.

The first of our reminiscences relates to

Alphonse de Lamartine when he was a boy of twelve years of age, and perhaps there is not on record a more remarkable instance of precocity of intellect, or one that has been more fully and characteristically borne out in its prophetic promise by after years; for the marking feature of Lamartine's genius is that union of complexional tenderness and sensibility with intellectual enthusiasm, which forms the essence of that religio-poetical eloquence in which his genius consists.

At the period to which our anecdote relates, the widowed mother of De Lamartine resided with her family in a château in Burgundy, in the vicinity of which she was looked up to as the great lady of the district. Among her few habitual visitors was the good *curé* of the neighboring village, who, from his amiable temper and endearing manners, was the delight of all who came within the sphere of his influence, and particularly of the young folks at the château, who honored and revered him as a father, without ceasing to love and cherish him as a playmate and companion. On the occasion in question he had called at the château in passing homeward from one of his visitations of duty and benevolence, and nothing could satisfy his young friends, who crowded round him with welcomes and caresses, but his remaining to dine and spend the rest of the day with them. The lady of the château joined her solicitations to those of her children, and the good *curé's* inclinations strongly seconded their wishes; but there was a serious obstacle in the way.

"It is Saturday," said the good man, "and I've not prepared a line of my to-morrow's sermon. And to compose a good sermon," added he, smiling, "is no joke. It will take me all the rest of the day, and, it may be, an hour or two of the night."

"Oh, if that's all," cried Alphonse, who had receded from the crowd of little suitors

around the *curé*, and was contemplating from a window the scene without, "if that's all, I'll write your sermon for you, *Monsieur le Curé*. I often write sermons, and preach them too—in my head! What shall the text be?"

All present, the *curé* included, greeted this half-serious, half-jocular sally with good-humored smiles or laughter, and the good man himself appeared to yield to the argument for his stay among them. Accordingly he gave a text at random to the young aspirant for preaching honors, and determined to borrow a few hours from his pillow for the composition of his to-morrow's discourse.

After dinner Alphonse disappeared from the family party; but as this was the frequent result of his contemplative habits, nobody took notice of his absence till the *curé* was preparing for his early departure in the evening—when Alphonse made his appearance with a roll of paper in his hand.

"Here is your sermon, *Monsieur le Curé*," exclaimed he, with a smile of exultation on his beautiful and expressive countenance.

The good *curé*, innocently humoring the joke, took the scroll and opened it.

"Well," said he, "let us see what this sermon of our young friend is made of. Suppose we try a little of it upon the present audience," and he proceeded to open and read it aloud. He had not read many lines, however, before his aspect and manner became entirely changed. In a word, the child of twelve years of age had produced a composition of deep thought, fervid eloquence, and high poetry, and the good *curé* pronounced it at church the next day to a delighted and admiring audience.

No coincidence could have been more fitting and appropriate, than that of the first work of the author of the "Meditations" and the "Harmonies Sacrées" being first given to the world within the walls of a religious temple.

The second triumph of De Lamartine, though less precocious than the first, was infinitely more difficult of attainment—since the one was accorded by a partial friend and an unlettered provincial audience, whereas the other was achieved over the *élite* of the critics and men of letters of Paris, rendered doubly fastidious by the presence of the fairest representatives of her female wit and beauty. It took place pretty nearly thirty years ago, when De Lamartine was about eighteen or nineteen years of age, and the scene of it was the *salon* of the celebrated Madame de St. A—, celebrated no less for her beauty than for her talents and literary taste. The young

De Lamartine, who had by this time seriously adopted the *métier* of a poet, had, on his visiting Paris for the purpose of publishing his "Meditations," been recommended to the Countess de A— by a provincial friend; and having herself been allowed to peruse his verses, and judge as to the talents of the young poet, she invited, on the occasion in question, all that was brilliant in Paris, in letters, statesmanship, art, fashion, and beauty—it being expressly hinted to them that they would be called upon to hear and pronounce on the verses of a young poet from the provinces who was entirely unknown to fame.

This open challenge to the exercise of all the literary prejudice and partisanship, all the critical severity, all the irony, all the professional "envy, hatred, and malice" of rivalry, not to mention all the *insouciance* and frivolity of the most frivolous and *insouciant* society in the world, was preparing a hard trial for the boy-poet; and Madame de St. A—, who took a deep and sincere interest in the success of her young *protégé*, felt it to be so. She felt, however, that if, as she believed, he was capable of passing through the ordeal triumphantly, it would at once command for him that reputation which otherwise it might take him years of unrequited labor to acquire.

As the time approached for the young aspirant to recite his verses, the mere curiosity, wholly divested of interest, which prevailed, assumed the shape and tone of a contemptuous irony.

"Who is this that we are to hear?" inquired one.

"Upon my life I don't know," was the reply. "I didn't catch the name, but I think the Countess said he comes from Mâcon."

"From Mâcon!—a poet from Mâcon!"

"Did you say Mâcon?"

"Yes—Mâcon, I think it was—or the moon—I won't be sure which."

And this terrible Mâcon went the round of the *salon*, acquiring new significance at every repetition.

At length the exquisitely harmonious voice of the young poet was heard above the busy hum of the brilliant company, and that politeness which is never absent from a well-bred French assembly, immediately commanded a silent hearing, though it by no means promised impartial listeners. And now (as one who was present on this occasion relates) nothing could be more remarkable, and at the same time more beautiful to

witness, than the magical effect of genius on that assemblage of variously constituted, and apparently ill-assorted elements of social life and character. All present, the statesman, the *savant*, the man of letters, and the artist; the man of fashion, the *millionaire*, the idler, the egotist, and the *fainéant*; the beauty, the fashionable leader, the coquette, the *intrigante*, even the prude—if, indeed, there be prudes in French fashionable society—all were presently reduced, or rather lifted, to that level where truth and intellectual beauty reign supreme, cancelling all accidental distinctions, and abolishing all conventional forms and habits of feeling and of thought; so universally true is it that

“One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.”

The poem which young De Lamartine read on this occasion was that one among his “Meditations” which is entitled “Le Lac.” The surprise and admiration which the entire novelty of its style and mode of treatment at first excited, were presently changed into that profound emotion which all classes and conditions are capable of feeling when under the immediate influence of high genius; and from that evening Lamartine became the most popular poet in France, and has remained so to this day, without a rival, with scarcely a competitor for the laurel except Victor Hugo—who, in fact, owes no little of his inspiration to his boundless admiration of his brother poet; as the following almost involuntary effusion of boyish enthusiasm will testify.

The rhapsody we are about to give was written by Victor Hugo when he was only sixteen years of age, and before the “Méditations Poétiques” of Lamartine had obtained that universal acceptance to which their entire novelty was at first an obstacle, especially among the literary and critical portion of the Paris community, who were still almost exclusively attached to that *classic* school which Victor Hugo and Lamartine have well-nigh abolished even in France, its latest strong-hold.

“Men of the world and of society,” exclaims the boy-critic, “you will laugh at what I say. Men of letters, you will sneer and shrug your shoulders; but the truth is, not one among you knows what the word POET means. Do you find any one answering to the name in your gilded palaces? Do you find him in your luxurious solitudes? And first, as to the soul of a poet: is not the prime and indispensable condition of it, never

to have calculated the price of a base action—never to have taken the wages of a lie? And is there any such man among *you*, ye ‘poets’ of France? Is there among you one man who possesses the *os magna sonaturum*, the mouth capable of uttering great things?—the *ferrea vox*—the voice of iron? Is there a man among ye who is not ready to bend before the caprices of a tyrant or the command of a party? Has not every one of ye acted the part of the *Æolian* harp, changing its tone with every change in the wind that passes through its chords? What have all your odes, your hymns, and your epics done for us? Have ye not denied the true Deity, and offered up on the altars of the false idol an incense as impure as that idol itself? My words are dark, perhaps; they will not be understood by the world. But you should thank me for this. Like the Writing on the Wall, they will be intelligible enough to those whom they most concern! They will want no Daniel to expound them! There would be no difficulty in finding among you those who are ready to flatter power after having extolled anarchy; those who, having hugged the iron chains of an illegitimate despotism, are (like the snake in the fable) breaking their teeth against the file of the law! But a poet? No—not one! For it is to prostitute the term to apply it to any but a firm and upright spirit, a pure heart, a noble and aspiring soul!

“Ever since I could think and feel, I have sought among my countrymen for a poet, and have found him not, and in my destitution I have created the ideal of one in my imagination, and, like the blind bard of the ‘Paradise Lost,’ have attempted to sing the glories of that sun which I could not behold.

“At last, however, I have opened a volume, in which I find the following verses.”

He then gives an extract from “La Se-maine Sainte,” beginning at the line—

“Ici viennent mourir les derniers bruits du monde,” &c.

“These verses first astonished, then delighted me. It is true they lack the conventional elegances and studied graces of our modern bards; but what a sweet yet grave harmony do they breathe! How rich are they in thoughts and images, and those how new and original!

“Further on I find, under the title of ‘L’Invocation,’ the following stanzas:

‘O toi qui m’apparus dans ce desert du monde,’ &c.

"In these sweet and touching stanzas there is something of the manner of André Chénier, and proceeding further I find still more resemblance to the unfortunate author of 'La Jeune Captive;' in both the same originality, the same truth, the same affluence of new imagery; while the pictures of the one exhibit more gravity as well as more mysticism, those of the other more grace, elegance, and *enjouement*. Love is the inspiring deity of both, but in Chénier the love is always more or less that of the senses; in Lamartine the terrestrial passion is purified and elevated by a union with thoughts and sentiments pointing to a higher sphere.

"Chénier, again, has given to his muse the severe and simple attire of the ancient classic models; whereas Lamartine not seldom adopts the style of the Christian prophets and fathers, at other times that of the dreamy muse of Ossian, and the fantastic ones of Klopstock and Schiller. Finally, to adopt a distinction in which there is but little difference, the one may be described as a romanticist among the classicists, the other a classicist among the romanticists.

"In the dithyrambic on 'La Poésie Sacrée,' how truly majestic is the strophe beginning

"Silence, O lyre! et vous, silence
 Prophètes, voix de l'avenir," &c.

"Lastly, in the 'Epistle to Byron,' how beautiful and striking is the passage—

"Fais silence, O ma lyre! et toi," &c.

"Having read and re-read this remarkable volume," concludes Victor Hugo, "I could not help mentally exclaiming to its author, 'Courage, young poet! You are one of that sure tribe whom Plato desired to cover with honors, but to banish from his ideal republic. Expect in like manner to find yourself banished from *our* world of anarchy and ignorance, but do not hope that your exile will be graced by the triumph which Plato would have accorded you—the palm-branches, the trumpet, and the crown of flowers!'"

How singularly is part at least of this prediction of his brother-poet likely to be verified! there seems every probability of Lamartine's being banished from that very republic of which he himself is the chief creator—as Plato, upon his own showing, ought to have been banished from *his*. Certain it is, that he will either be banished from it, or cease to be a poet.

We shall now give portions of a private letter from Jules Janin to a friend in the provinces: it is singularly *à propos* to the existing state of things in France. The letter is without date, but was written about a week after the issue of the celebrated *ordonnances* of the 26th of July, 1830, and expresses the feelings of the young enthusiast on the immediate results of that event, and of the "three days." At the date of his letter its writer was about three or four-and-twenty years of age.

* * * * *

"Yes, my dear friend, it is no less true than strange! At the end of a week's triumph we have achieved our liberty without parting with our royalty—we have still a king, and yet we are free; a king who is a popular one in the only true sense of the phrase—a king who has the wit to know and feel that he is no better than another man in respect of his kingship—a king who shakes hands with his friends, just as you and I do when we meet—a king whose sons are fellow-students with us in our public schools, and who, when we meet them in the streets or the market-place, greet us with a good-humored 'How are you?'"

"Well might Lafayette exclaim the other day, as he took Louis Philippe by the arm, '*This is the republic for my money!*' I echo his words—this is the republic for France!"

"It takes away one's breath even to think of the rapid succession of such astounding events. A throne tumbled into ruins; another throne rising, phoenix-like, from those ruins; our old tricolor restored to us by him, our good Lafayette, who has cherished it in his bosom when all else forgot or repudiated it; the greatest of our writers, our divine Chateaubriand, lifting up his voice, and in words of superhuman eloquence taking a solemn leave of that long line of kings to whom his life had been devoted in vain; those cries of gladness to which our public places have echoed; those tears of joy which even the sternest eyes have shed; this solemn triumph on the one hand—that no less solemn defeat on the other; what can we think or say of all these things?—what, but to repeat the sublime words of Bossuet, 'GOD ALONE IS GREAT!'"

"There are no other words to express these things—things which have baffled all the speculations of politicians, and set at naught all the calculations and combinations of statesmen. In a word, they are miracles—we have passed a week of miracles—and at the end of it, France, arrested in her onward progress for fifteen years, is once more

marching forward in her appointed course. To-day she shouts Victory! to-morrow she pauses, and prays, and weeps!—and lo! on the third day she possesses a king and a charter that are not empty words but solemn verities—verities henceforth and forever!

“But let me, my dear friend, proceed more soberly. I was one of that mighty crowd which created that mighty king. Peers, deputies, citizens, national guards, work-people, women—all indiscriminately entered the Palais Royal—for it was open to all; the Duke of Orleans uttered a few simple words in his new character, of king; and the vast crowd confirmed the office by a universal shout of ‘*Vive le Roi!*’ Then the whole of the beautiful offspring of the new king clapped their young hands, and bowed their heads, and the tears fell from their eyes—and lo! the ceremony of king-making was concluded!

“Can the history of the world show a parallel scene? the monarchy of the greatest nation in the world offered without ceremony—accepted with as little—and there an end! This is not the way in which the imagination creates a great empire.

“Thanks to this happy change, we may now speak as loud as we like; we may write without feeling that our thoughts are hampered, or our pens trammelled; our orators need not weigh their words in a metaphysical balance; or poets need not measure their verses with a moral rule; to sum up all in a word, we may praise Charles X. if our taste lies that way—nobody will trouble us for it!

“What France has desired to be for the last fifty years, that she now is. We have reached the epoch which the author of the *Contrat Social* dreamed of. That which the finest imaginations since Plato have conceived only as a possible state of things, that have a handful of French citizens turned into a living reality. The true solution of the problem of government has been discovered.

“What that solution is, my friend, you of the provinces have at present no conception of. When you think of a court, it is as of a place beset with splendid equipages, lackeys covered with gold lace, chamberlains, masters of the ceremonies, pages, and what not.

You cannot imagine a king otherwise than enthroned in a gilded palace, surrounded by officers of state, guarded by household troops, and followed wherever he goes by crowds of bowing courtiers. Thank Heaven, we have changed all this, and shall henceforth have a king who lives in the midst of his family, walks about his capital with an umbrella under his arm, wears a plain frock-coat, and converses with his friends as one gentleman does with another. You knock at the door of his house—the porter opens it—‘Is his Majesty within?’—‘Yes, sir;’ and the next minute you are speaking to the King of the French!

“Alas for fawning courtiers, and titled valets, and hired flatterers! alas for etiquette and ceremony! alas for the whole breed of the Dreux-Brezés! Their reign is at an end. They have already grown obsolete—defunct—they rank among the things that were.

“‘But all this,’ you will say, ‘applies to the metropolis only.’

“Yes—but do not fear but the good will extend itself all over France, and that you will have your share of it. There will be no more despotism at second-hand, more insupportable than that which comes direct from the fountain-head. Your noble old city of — will assume a new aspect. The miserable little *tracasseries* of its aristocracy of wealth—the intrigues and impertinences of its *bureaucratie*—the petty cabals and tyranny of its *préfets* and public functionaries—all these will find their just level, and it shall go hard, but by and by your honest laborers, and skilful artisans, shall not be ashamed to show their faces in the presence of one of M. Peyronnet’s clerks.

“Finally, you will choose your own magistrates from among yourselves; and who knows?—even your *préfet* and *sous-préfet* may learn to act and feel like simple citizens—unless, indeed, they should be above taking example by a king.”

In concluding these extracts, we cannot help wondering whether our pleasant and witty friend, Jules Janin, will recognize his own writing of eighteen years ago, in all these agreeable vaticinations which have since been so sadly falsified.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Soul; her Sorrows and her Aspirations. By FRANCIS W. NEWMAN, formerly Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford.

This publication, from the character of the author and the great noise he has made in the world, is itself sure to make a great noise. It is denominated "*An Essay towards the Natural History of the Soul, as the True Basis of Theology;*" and, as far as we can comprehend the meaning of a *Natural* theory, deduced from the perception of a *Spiritual essence*, affects to do that in religion which has been done in morals and metaphysics, on the precept that "the noblest study of mankind is man." A new system demands a new vocabulary and new definitions of the old. Thus the reader must understand that his *Soul* is "that *side of human nature* upon which he is in *contact with the Infinite*, and with *God*, the Infinite Personality." All else is but leather and prunella, and the consequence is, that by aiming so high, all that is really useful, good and precious among mankind is destroyed for the sake of an impracticable and unapproachable phantom. This is the evil of the book and the doctrine. A transcendentalism is substituted for the exercise of human duties, beneficent morals and practical religion. A vague and ideal communism with the inconceivable Supreme is the be all, and the end all; and all the rest of existence is a mere nothing, *vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas*. Now, it is evident to demonstration that such a condition in the business of life and intercourse of the world is utterly impossible. To reach it the individual must become an ascetic and seclude himself, solitary in the desert, far from the haunts of his fellow creatures; or he must imitate the fanatic fakirs of India, and sit down in the sun, forever wrapt in the contemplation of his own navel, like the sect of Navellers, thence so called. Mr. Newman merely substitutes the Soul for this corporeal object, and his system is only a variety of Hindoo superstition, and as old as Plato. We repeat, therefore, that in requiring us to attain a state which cannot be, or consist with society, the writer demands the sacrifice of every substantial virtue and real blessing, and like Ixion, embraces a cloud, ourselves being no better than shadows. His enthusiasm stops nothing short of this, and the excitement he propounds could not be satisfied with less than Joe Smith and Nauvoo, or Jumpers and mysterious Love Feasts.—*Literary Gazette*.

The Seven Lamps of Architecture. By JOHN RUSKIN, author of "Modern Painters."

[A very beautiful reprint of this able work has been issued from the press of Mr. Wiley, of New York. The favorable estimate of the *Britannia* is

echoed by all the British press; and the American reader will find in it a freshness and originality of thought, and a poetic beauty of expression which will justify all that is said in its praise.—Ed.]

Mr. Ruskin's mind is of that vigorous and searching nature which can be satisfied with nothing less than the elucidation of pure principles in art. He will accept nothing mean because it is showy, nothing vicious because it is common, nothing false because it is specious. He has no kind of respect for the cant of art, nor for that superficial volubility which often passes for knowledge. He observes and he investigates for himself; and, gaining thus very clear and very decided conceptions, he expresses himself in a strain of copious eloquence, which rivets the mind by its fullness of meaning, and fascinates the fancy by its singular appropriateness of language and richness of imagery. It is the great merit of this author that he is never commonplace. We may agree with him or not, but always as he speaks he makes us feel that we are in communion with a powerful and cultivated intellect, and that his inspiration comes from the noble exercise of God-given faculties. Writing like his is so rare that we cannot expect it to soon become popular; but as a relief from the *Times*-and-*Chronicle*-made opinions one is in the constant habit of hearing—from the mere manufactured thought with which people now store their minds in the morning, as regularly as they take rolls, coffee, and eggs—we receive it with grateful welcome. Even its eccentricities are most acceptable and wholesome as a stimulant to mental exertion. But we must be careful not to class as eccentricity what at first appears strange and even incomprehensible. It is the distinctive promise of original genius to surprise us by the boldness and novelty of its conceptions—to make discoveries which we were not prepared to receive, and which, therefore, we hesitate to adopt; and this is so true that perhaps no author well worth a second reading ever thoroughly satisfied us with a first. It would be strange, indeed, if the scholar could rise to the height of his master by a single lesson. The surprise with which the highest intellectual efforts of all kinds inspires us is a salutary admonition that we should study before we criticise them.—*Britannia*.

Julamerk, a Tale of the Nestorians. By MRS. J. B. WEBB, author of "Naomi."

The proposed object of this work, that of exciting a warmer interest in the welfare of the steadfast and persecuted people of whom it treats, is so laudable that we should have been inclined to overlook many minor errors, and pass over many ordinary deficiencies. But Mrs. Webb has not given herself

the trouble even to get hold of the true state of the case. She has blindly adopted the absurd theories of Dr. Grant, as to the Jewish origin of the Nestorians; an hypothesis which was forever set to rest by the mission sent to these mountaineers, some years back, by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the Royal Geographical Society; and she, most inopportunately, reproduces this hypothesis at a moment when Layard's rich discoveries of Assyrian antiquities have cast an additional interest on those whom that distinguished traveller, like his predecessors, looks upon as the only existing descendants of the Assyrians or Chaldeans of old.

Few finer fields for romance lay as yet untrodden than these few followers of a primitive Christianity. Their patriarchal manners, the simplicity of their habits, the antiquity of their faith, the chaste ceremonies of their church, their hardy lives and the wondrous country in which they dwell, unrivalled in the magnificence of its mountain scenery, afforded materials of the most available character. Then, again, their persecutions, down even to the slaughter of the men, women and children in that horrid cave near Lizan, as described by Layard, were surely within the domain of the author's proposed objects; instead of which, we have a story, partly of a sentimental and partly of a pious character, of a Nestorian lover and a Jewish maiden, with some brief allusions to Mar Shimon and Nurullah Bey, the murderer of Schultze, and some still fainter attempts at description; but all of which are rather calculated to have the effect of wearying the reader with the already too much neglected Nestorians, than of interesting him in their cause.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

Visit to Monasteries in the Levant. By the Hon. ROBERT CURZON.

This book is possessed of some most excellent qualifications; it is instructing and pleasing. It has the happy property also of containing within it much that will find favor with every description of readers; it has subjects for all—grave and gay, serious and ludicrous, romantic stories, perilous adventures, hair-breadth escapes, amusing anecdotes, and most touching incidents.—*Bentley's Miscellany*.

Southey's Common-Place Book. Edited by his Son-in-Law, J. WOOD WARTER, B.D.

Within four of 600 pages, in double columns, this ample repertory bears witness to Southey's indefatigable reading and collective industry during the long period of his literary life. A more miscellaneous work never was published; and it is fortunate in having a good index to direct attention to the authors and subjects so multitudinously quoted. Otherwise its perusal is like wandering in a vast forest where every kind of tree, shrub and flower, and every kind of animal are to be found; so that you look around and at every turn make acquaintance with a new object, though the whole is a perfect maze of produce, which may be grouped as *one tree of knowledge* bearing many useful and pleasant

fruits. The preface describes it as showing "the wonderful stores, the accumulated learning, and the unlimited research" of the gifted collector; and the Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, and French authors, besides our own English from early times, who are liberally referred to, warrant the truth of this character.

There are two parts; the first and longest consisting of choice passages, moral, religious, political, philosophical, &c.; and the last, of selections apparently got together during twenty years to be wrought into a History of Manners in England, which Southey projected.—*Literary Gazette*.

Napoleon Louis Bonaparte, First President of France. Biographical and Personal Sketches, including a Visit to the Prince at the Castle of Ham. By HENRY WIKOFF.

This is a book introduced to the English public by Mr. Chapman the publisher, and full to overflowing of that fierce and furious writing which appears to be so dear to American authorship, but on a subject which the recent march of events has endowed with great public interest. Of the author himself, or of the execution of his work, it is impossible to say much that is favorable. His temper and temerities remove him from the pale of moderate sympathies; we have no wish to chafe his anger, and to correct his misinformation on things English and European would take up too much of our time and space. Patience has its limits, and Mr. Wikoff is just the sort of man to find them out. His hatred of England is cordial and intense. He hates her institutions, her history, her race, her literature. She has in his eyes no redeeming point.

Our author advertises himself as an intimate friend of every member of the Bonaparte family, and proves his assertion by here reporting private conversations held in the secrecy of their homes by those illustrious personages. Such services should not go unrewarded, and the least that the President of the young Republic can do for his laudator is to make him eaves-dropper to some foreign court—St. Petersburg, for example.—*Athenæum*.

Memoirs of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers; including their Private Correspondence, now first published from the Original Manuscripts. By ELIOT WARBURTON, author of the "Crescent and the Cross."

MACAULAY is, we presume, a name to conjure with, and especially at a time when it so loudly fills the trump of Fame; and we have no hesitation in coupling with it that of Warburton, as the producer of a work of very high literary character and lasting historical value. It will stand properly in its place on the library shelf by the side of that brilliant performance, which has achieved so great and immediate a triumph; and, for the sake of true English history, they ought to be so ranged and read together—the conflicting opinions of the authors inviting this juxtaposition.—*Literary Gazette*.